WITH THE "OPHIR" ROUND THE EMPIRE

WILLIAM MAXWELL

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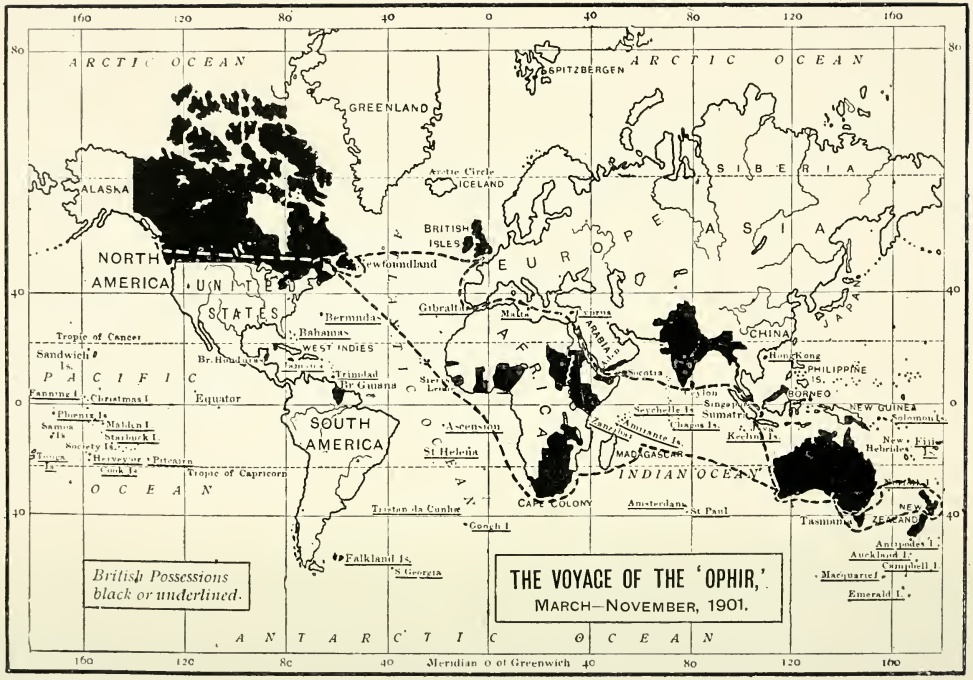
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WITH THE "OPHIR" ROUND THE EMPIRE

An Account of
the Tour of the
Prince and Princess
of Wales
1901

By
WILLIAM MAXWELL
Special Correspondent
of the "Standard"

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To my Wife

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PREFACE.

I DESIRE to express my deep gratitude to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales for the gracious manner in which they received my colleagues and myself, and gave us the great privilege of recording their memorable tour through the Empire.

This is a record, not of ceremonies, but of impressions and incidents, and is made in the hope of interesting rather than of instructing those who have felt the inspiration of that racial and Imperial pride which has come upon the people of Greater Britain in these later days.

My thanks are due to the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Earl of Selborne, for granting me permission to accompany their Royal Highnesses; to the officers of H.M.S. *St. George*, *Royal Arthur*, *Gibraltar*, *Ophir*, and *Niobe*, for much kindness during this long voyage; to the Ministers and Governments of many Colonies and States; to the directors of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways in Canada; and to

*

M310583

my confrères in many parts of the world, and especially in Australia and Canada.

To the proprietors and the Editor of *The Standard* I am indebted for the liberty to make use of the material contributed by me during the tour. The letters have been in most cases re-written, and contain new matter.

To Mr. J. Walter Jones, who accompanied the Prince throughout the tour, I am indebted for most of the photographs in this volume.

W. M.

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WITH THE 'OPHIR' ROUND THE EMPIRE.

CHAPTER I.

THE IMPERIALISM OF GREATER BRITAIN.

The Britains beyond the Seas—A Pilgrimage without Parallel —Colonial Loyalty—"The Old Home."

If you would know what is meant by Greater Britain you must take ship and circle the world twice over, and after that you must travel by train or horse distances of which Europe can give you no conception. And everywhere you will meet men and women of your own race, living practically the same lives, having the same thoughts and ambitions and the same moral and religious standards. Surely in the dim past this little island of England was a vast continent, and some benign power scattered its fragments over the face of the earth so that they might grow and multiply. They have fallen thick in the Northern and Southern hemispheres, for there are many Britains destined to be great, not only from their limitless resources, but from the energy and vitality of their people. It is the fashion among those who visit the United States for the first time to be awed by the restless activity of its citizens, and to see in that nervous display of energy the impending downfall of Europe. There are volcanoes in many parts of the world, but the scientist will tell you that the energy of them all is not one-hundredth part of the energy calmly and quietly expended by the thermal

springs. And thus I believe it is with these new Britains. For nearly eight months we journeyed from country to country and from capital to capital, and in all of them we have seen, not convulsions, but a ceaseless flow of energy directed to objects that must make a people great.

And the nearer we came to the rising and the setting sun the more clearly did we see the dawn of a new hope. The heir to a throne set in the hearts of a world-spread people saw with his own eyes that the union of our race is not the shadow of a dream, but a truth toward which men are tending. In Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand, in South Africa, and in the islands of the sea to which our course was bent, the presence of the Prince and Princess has quickened the spirit of brotherhood, and brought us nearer to the accomplishment of the desire of statesmen and patriots. Under the shadow of the sword we have seen that pride of race and loyalty to the Empire are undying impulses. The loyalty of men who have carried our language, our customs, our traditions, our creed, and our freedom over ten million square miles is of the strong, personal kind that endures no sordid ends. We have heard it again and again strike the deep chord that will vibrate to the doom. Who having seen and heard can doubt that the bond which time and blood are welding will last and give strength and security to every part of the Empire?

In their pilgrimage of nearly forty-seven thousand miles the Prince and Princess of Wales only once set foot on foreign soil, and that was at Port Said, where

Britain rules if she does not reign. They visited seventeen British possessions in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and America, with an area of seven and a quarter million square miles and a population of nineteen million. Of these, eleven million are of European origin. The vast majority are English, Scotch, and Irish, who by courage, industry, and energy have made new Britains in the waste places of the earth. They have changed their sky, but not their character. Climate, milieu, and occupation, no doubt, create modifications, yet they are not deeper nor more marked than the differences among people of several counties in England. The Australian and the Canadian are as British in their habits, ideals, and mode of life as the men and women who pass their lives in these islands. The real difference is in their surroundings. Space and light and air are the common heritage. Their towns are not hot-beds of dirt, disease, and crime. Men, women, and children alike live clean, wholesome lives. Seeing, one could not but regret that the stream of emigration from our crowded cities cannot be increased, or at any rate diverted from the United States to our own lands, whose limitless resources await only labour and capital.

We have made some advance in knowledge and common-sense since the day when statesmen spoke of the Colonies as a burden to be laid aside at the first opportunity; but we do not yet realise the potentialities of these national estates. The value of the trade between the United Kingdom and her Colonies is estimated at £200,000,000 a year, and of this sum the countries visited by the Prince and Princess contribute

more than one hundred millions. Yet we have but scratched the surface, and the danger in Canada, at any rate, is that we may leave the capitalists of the United States to reap the harvest which we are reluctant to sow. And in these Colonies there is another and a more valuable asset that cannot be stated in figures. They may be made the home of millions of healthy, contented, and prosperous citizens of the Empire, who will carry on the traditions of our race, and be to us—as we have been and will be to them—a source of strength and pride when the enemy is at our gate.

In years to come, when destiny has set them on the throne of this great Empire, the Prince and Princess will not be strangers to their people in the uttermost ends of the earth. They have met and spoken with the men to whom are committed the interests of the King's dominions beyond the seas. They have noted the material, moral, and social condition of the people, and the resources and potentialities of their countries. They have been the central figure in a succession of brilliant ceremonies. Everywhere they were received with a heartiness that must have assured them of the sincerity of the attachment of the colonists. It is the custom to talk of loyalty as a sentimental virtue, and to assert that the only sure bond among men is common interest. In the Colonies it is recognised that loyalty lies at the root of every powerful nationality, and that security and progress are made certain by the unity of the Empire, by the defence of its rights and the maintenance of its prestige. It is true that they saw the people only in moments of enthusiasm, and that the cities were adorned

for a holiday. But under the trappings incidental to a Royal reception there was a sentiment of Imperialism and loyalty so strong, so impulsive, and so natural that it could not be mistaken for the mere effusion of a passing excitement.

Their Royal Highnesses have brought back many pleasant memories, but the most inspiring memory of all is of the energy and vitality of the people, of their strength and pride of race, and of that passionate Imperialism which has acclaimed them in every part of the world. They have returned with experiences that will be of service to them and of benefit to the people. And above all they have seen that this Empire of ours is neither old nor in decay, but has only begun to realise its strength, and to feel that inspiration of unity which will give it greater power and nobler ambitions. Let Britain be as loyal to her children as they are to her, and she need fear no splendid isolation. We who live in the heart of Imperial traditions and associations until they become as the breath of our nostrils do not always understand and value at its true worth that sentiment which unites the scattered race that calls England "Home." You must touch the limits of the Empire before you can realise the force and vitality of the sentiment and can sympathise to the full with those who speak of "the old home," even though their eyes may not have seen this little island. As in the magnet the strength seems greater at the poles, so in the uttermost ends of the British Empire do you feel the strength of that pride of race which fires the imagination and stirs the heart.

CHAPTER II.

THE GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR.

Arrival at "Gib."—Sir George White—Recollections of Ladysmith—The Channel Squadron—Again Under Weigh.

WHEN Alexandre Dumas came to Gibraltar and saw the famous Rock shrouded in fog his surprise was great. A Frenchman and a novelist, he was not at a loss to explain this unnatural phenomenon. Before the arrival of the British the skies were blue and the air was clear. At first the Englishman was content; but, after a time, he was seized with an uneasy suspicion that something was wanting to his happiness. A brilliant genius made the discovery, and won the undying gratitude of his countrymen. "What we lack is a fog." Being an eminently practical people, the English made a fog, and lived happily ever after.

Certain it is that rain and mist are often the lot of Gibraltar even when the Mediterranean is a sunny lake of laughing blue. On Tuesday, March the 12th, when the *St. George* cast anchor in the Bay, the sun shone; but next day the rains descended, and dark clouds hung like a pall over the bold grey crag that keeps ward of the Straits, boding ill for the voyage of the *Ophir*. We left Portsmouth on Thursday, the 7th of March, and three days later sighted the coast of Portugal. The time had come for firing practice, and decks were

cleared for action. Live shells were hoisted from the magazines, men mustered at their quarters, guns were run out, and two huge triangles of wood and canvas with flags at the corners were dropped astern as targets. The *Juno*, as senior ship, took command, and steamed ahead, flying signals that we were to follow in a circle and open fire with our starboard batteries. Such a target is not easy to keep in sight. A sudden squall arose, and when the moment came, behold the target was nowhere to be seen on the ruffled waters! Obedient to our small companion, we went back upon our course in vain search. Next day we were more fortunate. Off Lisbon we sailed into sunny waters.

Once more the decks were cleared and the men mustered. Our great guns, fore and aft, each of 9.2 calibre, firing a shell of 380 pounds with a cordite charge of 160 pounds, moved to the touch of their captains as if their 22 tons had been so many ounces. Thick tongues of crimson flame darted from the side of the *Juno*, lightning flashed and thunder rolled from her fighting tops, and smoke wrapped her graceful lines in the fog of war. The battle had begun. Sweeping in wide circle, she poured shot and shell from her starboard batteries until the sea rose in fountains of spray, and a trim little yacht, coming out of the sunny distance, paused in her flight and hung on the wing like a startled sea gull. Then the *St. George* opened fire with her heavy armament. To the dull roar of the 9.2 guns was added the crash of ten 6-inch guns with a 100-pound shell, of twelve 6-pounders, two 9-pounders, and five 3-pounders. Shell after shell rent the air and churned

the sea around the targets, each sounding its familiar note—now the rush of an unseen express train, now the scream of an hysterical woman, now the hiss of rifle bullet.

We went ashore on Wednesday, and I called upon the Governor, Sir George White, whom I had not seen since that memorable day in March of 1900, when the relieving force marched in triumph through the streets of Ladysmith. We strolled in the garden of the Residence, which was a convent five or six centuries ago, and contains many objects of historic interest. It is a beautiful little garden of date palms and orange trees hanging with golden fruit, and a wonderful dragon tree said to be a thousand years old. A dainty little maid in white sat upon a swing in a green bower. "This is part of the Governor's duties," said the General, giving the board a push that sent a rosy, laughing face high in the air. We talked of Ladysmith. The subject came naturally, for I was one of the besieged. I recall Sir George White's parting words in Natal: "Whatever controversy may arise in connection with the siege, there is at least one point of agreement—we were a happy family." How could we be otherwise with a leader of such old-world courtesy and chivalry, with men like General Sir Archibald Hunter, "brave as a lion, gentle as a child"—to use his late chief's words—like General Sir Ian Hamilton, ever alert and keen, and like Colonel Sir Edward Ward—"the best supply officer since Moses"—full of resource and the contagion of good spirits.

Everybody knows now that the unflinching courage

and steadfast determination of Sir George White saved the Empire and the army from lasting disgrace. These are qualities one would naturally look for in the soldier who rushed the heights of Charasiah and slew with his own hand the leader of the Afghans who had checked the advance of the Gordons. I am not going to enter into any controversy about the famous heliograms of Sir Redvers Buller. General White, as many of us then in South Africa have long been aware, did not act upon advice which at first he believed had been misinterpreted, and which, when repeated, drew from him a reply that will be memorable in the annals of war.

We were not sorry to see the last of the Rock. For three days we in the *St. George* had played the part of Cinderella, and been at the beck and call of our elder sister the *Juno*, who, after all, carries no 9.2 guns, and displaces only 5,600 tons of water. While she lay calmly in the basin displaying her dark hull and military tops to the admiring gaze of landsmen, we had to ride at anchor in the bay. Our berth near the mole was wanted for the Channel Squadron, and yet the Squadron could not be seen, for, like the Armada, it was not in sight. This may seem a small matter. But it becomes a crying grievance when you crave for the pleasures of the land, and are not sure where your ship may be in the morning. Shore boats are not as the sands for multitude at Gibraltar. Indeed, there is a belief, amounting almost to conviction, in Naval circles that the last boatman is being buried at the very moment you are in dire need of his services. The Channel

Squadron came at last, and then we learned what it is to be only a first-class cruiser instead of a battle-ship. We were banished forthwith as unfit to associate with these steel-clad leviathans, chevied from one station to another at the bidding of a string of insolent flags, until the young gentlemen in blue serge who were trying to take life pleasantly in the Mediterranean Club found themselves involved in a distracting game of hide and seek. There was nothing for it but to go on board at once, lest the flagship should take it into her erratic head to order our much-harried *St. George* to some inaccessible point. And all the while the *Juno* lay within reach of the shore, with an air of quiet seniority that was not conducive to sobriety of language. Our cup was filled to overflowing when, in view of the warships, she bade us weigh anchor and follow in her wake.

Let who will lament the glories of sailing-days. There is no more beautiful object than a warship under steam, when the hot life is in her, and the snowy crests of violet seas dance under her streaming bows. She is the embodiment of strength and grace. Every movement of her smooth moulded sides, and every caress of the waves that linger in sheer delight of her curved lines, disclose some new and unexpected charm, until even the landsman can understand why she is the sailor's mistress. So the *Juno* looked as she steamed proudly out of the bay to the sound of music and of cannon. The Rock rose stern and grand behind us. Scarlet tunics of marines drawn up on the quarter-deck shone in the sunlight. The *St. George* throbbed and quivered into life. Once more we were under weigh. Our course

lay for Port Said, through the Malta Channel. It was not to be our good fortune to call at the Island, or to see those marine monsters which the inventive genius of Sir John Fisher and the Mediterranean Fleet had prepared for the entertainment of the Prince and Princess. We had to content ourselves with the stories that reached us—how, none can tell—stories of wonder-stricken artificers and bluejackets summoned to the quarter-deck to say whether they could make a sea-serpent that would wriggle, a forty-foot dolphin that would swim, and other marine marvels undreamt of by Munchausen.

Four days went by, and at noon on Wednesday we had made 1,134 miles, at an average speed of twelve knots. The coast of Algiers slipped silently past us like a dim shadow, out of which rose snow-capped mountains. We passed Malta in the night, unseen yet not unspoken. From the mast-head of the *St. George* rises a slender shaft of wood and metal. Below, on the after-bridge, in a glass-screened shelter, are two dark boxes, on which an energetic and lively Torpedo-Lieutenant, Mr. Trousdale by name, performs mysterious rites. You may know when he visits them, for instantly there issues from the chamber a series of crackling protests like the grating of steel on a gritty grindstone. Thereupon the Lieutenant comes forth and gives you news of De Wet, and water-tube boilers, and quarrels about railways in China, as gravely as though he were reading from the columns of the morning newspaper, which you have not seen for fifteen days. When we went to breakfast ten hours after passing Malta, there

lay on the table a telegram announcing that De Wet had reached Senekal, that the Admiralty had decided to have no more Belleville boilers, and that Russia and England were almost fighting about the railway at Tientsin. It was no message from Mars—only a message from the *Juno* and her wireless telegraph. Thirty miles from Malta she had "called up" the guard-ship and asked for news. "There is none" was the reply. Ten minutes later the guard-ship repented, or was better informed, for the mysterious boxes began to click, and an unseen hand, at a distance of over thirty miles, wrote this news.

MALTESE VILLAGERS EN ROUTE TO WELCOME THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES ON ARRIVAL AT THE VERDALA PALACE.

CHAPTER III.

SCENES IN THE SUEZ CANAL.

Port Said—A Marine Clapham Junction—Our Reverential Pilot—Suez and its Sights—We Set Sail for Aden.

THE traveller who looks for the picturesque, or who has a mind to emotions, sets little store by Port Said. Its human types and local manners have been modified by contact with Europeans. It is a change-house for the East and the West—a marine Clapham Junction. There is none of the mystery and glamour of the East about Port Said. It is obtrusively commonplace, frankly dirty, and as wicked as the people who pass through care to make it. Men of every race and colour and condition meet here; yet you may walk the streets a week and not stop to admire one stately Arab in flowing burnous, or one proud Bedouin in splendid rags. The Egyptian in fez and long garment of striped cotton—about as elegant as a bedgown—is not an attractive creature, and at Port Said he is even less interesting than at Cairo or Alexandria. We left him without a pang, after lying for two hours in front of the fine offices of the Suez Canal Company. The *Juno* remained to coal, drawing less water than her consort. With full bunkers the *St. George* draws 26 feet 8 inches, and would not be allowed passage through the canal, whose maximum draught is 25 feet 7 inches. We therefore made for Suez, where 530 tons of coal awaited us at 39s. 3d. a ton—10s. per ton dearer than at Port Said. There were a few pre-

liminaries before we entered the canal. Our pay-master, Mr. Pritchard, handed over to the Company a bill for £792 15s. 7d., that being the amount of the canal dues at 9 francs a ton, on a Board of Trade certificate for 2,219 tonnage. Happily a large part of this sum comes back to our own pockets as shareholders in the canal, thanks to the foresight of Lord Beaconsfield. The reflection helped us to bear with equanimity the evidences of an alien administration that dictates the language of Port Said and the nationality of the pilots of the canal. Our first pilot was a bronzed and genial Frenchman, who looked like the master of a Thames steamboat. His fault was a too demonstrative reverence for the authorities that the wisdom of the Company has set over him. When we passed the superintendent of the Port Said section he bowed low and much. We chanced upon the general superintendent, and he almost tumbled off the bridge in excess of joy. The navigating officer, Lieutenant Grant, kept a sharp eye on him after that, being filled with gloomy forebodings as to what might befall the pilot if so exalted a personage as a director suddenly came along. Fortunately we were spared that catastrophe, and, steaming at five knots, made our way slowly through the shallow waters, followed by a little American army transport that looked too frail to brave an Atlantic storm. Two or three times we had to tie up to the bank in order that vessels might pass.

The level reaches of tawny sand that bound the canal glided silently past, fading from tremulous heat into a mirage. A herd of camels browsed among the

thin acacia bush and rank herbage. Some wild duck rose from the salt edge of a lagoon. A group of natives washed their clothes at a gushing fresh water pipe, their dark brown bodies gleaming like copper in the sun. A family—man, woman, boy, and girl, obviously French—came out of a neat little house with its border of green that marks a station in the canal, and gazed after us. They must have a lonely time, these custodians of the Suez Canal on the fringe of two deserts, with no company save goats, and cattle, and steam dredgers. At the ferry across the old caravan route waited a string of camels. They raised their heads and gave us a supercilious stare, while their dark-visaged masters in turbans and picturesque raiment sat on the sand with the grave and contemplative air of men for whom time and distance are not. Whither were they tending, these sons of Ishmael, about to enter that unbroken solitude in which centuries of commerce and countless generations of bare and sandalled feet have failed to leave a trace that the wind and the sand of the desert may not wipe out at will? To Jerusalem or to Damascus, which I have seen them enter after long and weary months in the deserts of Arabia, or it may be to Mecca itself—Mecca the holy and the unchangeable.

At night we tied up to a buoy in the open water beyond Ismailia, a few cables from a British India steamer which two panting tugs were trying to pull out of the mud.

"Have you a pilot on board?" shouted the crew, pausing in the work of shifting cargo and dashing the sweat out of their eyes. There was no mistaking the

tone. Bitter sarcasm and wrath were in the voices. They put the question out of pure and disinterested friendship. A word and they would have announced their readiness to provide the whale, for they, too, had had a pilot. I am not sure that we could not have obliged them next day, when we nearly ran our propeller against a buoy at Suez. But we could not then prophesy as to the conduct of the round little Frenchman who came on board at Ismailia with a blue and white check kerchief under his arm, and sulked because he could not have cocoa and serge, and other articles that he considered indispensable to the pilotage of a British man-of-war.

We hurried through the Bitter Lakes, slowed down in the narrow reaches, tied up for a Japanese warship and a British merchantman, and came at last in sight of the hills beyond Suez. It was Sunday and Suez, yet we wanted to go on shore. When we anchored a couple of miles from the beach and looked upon the pilot we thought regretfully of the invitation of the stranded British India crew. Captain Anstruther, of the *Cockatrice*, the guardship of the station, almost gave up the chase of us, and the coal contractor was in despair. His lighters were ready to coal us close to the shore, and could not venture so far into the gulf because of uncertain weather. Though of foreign aspect, he spoke English with such ease and perfection that he could only be a Greek—one of those ubiquitous, enterprising polyglots who are the Jews of the East. We coaled next day, and those who could went on shore to escape the dust and dirt.

Suez is of the East, if not actually the East. When you have traversed the sea wall by rail or donkey, when you have quitted the main street with its shops and cafés of European style and have plunged into the reeking bye-paths, you might imagine yourself in some mean Damascus, or Jerusalem, or native quarter of Cairo. The houses of sun-baked mud have some originality, and here and there a moulded window or gateway arrests the eye. But it is the people and the costume that attract—the strange mingling of races and the perplexing diversity of dress and colour. The narrow streets and bazaars are crowded. Tinsmiths and coppersmiths at work in their narrow cells add a musical note to the cries of fruit vendors and water carriers. Under heavy canopies that cast a black shadow on the divans sit grave seniors in turbans, smoking the hubble-bubble, and drinking Turkish coffee with the solemn, contemplative air that gives grace to almost every action, however trivial, of the true Oriental. From the square come the dismal notes of the tom-tom, keeping time to the gliding feet of a group of dancing girls who are competing for piastres with a conjurer and his booth. We drove to the Sweet Water Canal, which lies hidden a mile or two away behind a belt of vivid green. Our driver had been a Cairo donkey boy, and had lost none of the manners of the race. Until we had firmly resisted the offers of a guide he knew no English. We had not time to congratulate ourselves on the fact before he proclaimed himself master of five languages, and certainly he was never at a loss to make himself understood. Of course he was a "Scotsman," and his name was

"George Lindsey," while his scare-crow of a horse was called after a popular English beauty. Why do the donkey boys of Egypt always aspire to Scottish nationality?

The *Juno* joined us in the afternoon, having kept us informed of her movements in the Canal by means of our wireless telegraph. Next morning, the 24th, we set sail for Aden on the last stage of our voyage before the coming of the *Ophir*. We passed Marah, known as Moses' well, into whose bitter waters the leader of the Israelites cast the tree and made them sweet to the parched lips of the wanderers in the wilderness of Shur. Before sunset we sighted Mount Sinai among the stern, barren hills that overlook the land of the Midianites and the Amalekites. The peaks of Jebel Katherin were like shadows in the shining distance; on the north, Horeb, "the mountain of God," and on the south, Jebel Musa, the Mount of Moses, where the law-giver received from the hand of Jehovah the tables of the Ten Commandments. There is no more impressive scene than the solitary extent of the desert under evening light. The sun sinking in lines of scarlet and gold dyed the sea with intense and lurid splendour, and gave to every gentle breath of the waves a new and ever-changing life. Westward across the level space of sand the mist of the night advanced like the shadow of death, and the white earth seemed to crumble under our feet, leaving only those spectral mountains veiled in silence and in mystery.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAMOUS TANKS OF ADEN.

A Day of Festival—The Town—The Great Reservoirs—The *Ophir* comes in Sight—The Sultan of Abdali—Between the Monsoons.

WHEN Shedad bin Ad sent his retainers to explore the peninsula of Aden, they reported a valley with green trees and huge serpents, overlooking the sea. The trees are gone, and even the serpents have fled this scorched crater of a volcano that sears the eyeballs, bakes the throat, and makes men babble of green fields and water brooks.

Sunday, the day of arrival, chanced to be a festival; but I was not able to make out what particular saint was being honoured by a Ziarah or visitation. A venerable Arab with whom I chewed the leaves of the Kât—a drug which is supposed to produce great hilarity of spirits and an agreeable state of wakefulness—informed me that there are no fewer than fourteen local saints to whose memory have been erected prayer-houses, or masjids. Their claims to reverence have a wide range—from devout and learned shaikhs like Hakam, bin Abban, bin Othman, bin Affan, grandson of the third Caliph after Mahomed, who nightly prayed by the sea shore and exclaimed, "I, with the fishes and beasts, Thee do worship," to wealthy men who gave much in charity, and men of the rare virtue of the released slave, Jauhir Abdalla, "who carried on the business of a cloth

merchant with such honesty and uprightness that no one was ever known to lose by dealing with him." Whoever the saint may have been, he was honoured in a becoming manner. Everybody, even the youngest child who usually appears in a state of nature, put on clean and gay apparel. In a narrow lane, between white-washed houses at the foot of a mountain of brown lava, you came upon a microcosm of Arabia. Here was a group of Arab merchants and shopkeepers with silk or cotton turbans rolled jauntily round the head, loose jackets of dyed cotton reaching to the hips, white kilts wound about the loins and held by parti-coloured waist-bands, and scarves of Surat silk thrown artistically over the left shoulder. They were sipping coffee flavoured with ginger, and playing "tab," a game resembling backgammon. In the shadow of the door, through which floated the scent of frankincense, squatted three or four women in shirts or tobes of silk girdled with green leather belts, their bright red shawls half drawn over their tattooed faces. A few yards beyond several sturdy Somalis in white tobes, with shaven heads, looked on smiling at a game of Sari, or prisoners' base, played by boys whose heads were plastered thickly with white earth to make the hair crisp and frizzy. Four Hindus in bright attire bent over an Indian draught-board. Jews, drinking a vile spirit distilled from dates, Dankalis in sheepskin wigs dyed crimson, Persians, Abyssinians, Seedees, and all those Asiatic and African races that make the population of the settlement, were crowded in this picturesque lane. Even these have their "dudes" or "mashers"—gay young "bucks" tricked

out in as many colours as a pantaloon, swaggering up and down the street and displaying their necklaces of double rows of speckled beads clasped with great lumps of beautifully polished amber.

The town of Aden cannot be seen from the shore. It lies at the back of the lava hills in an arid sun-burnt crater, swept by a hot, sandy wind known as the Shamal, or north wind. Through this town the Prince and Princess passed to inspect the famous cisterns or tanks, those marvels of antiquity and of engineering skill. My driver was a belated hadji, whose green turban proclaimed his pilgrimage to Mecca, and we were quickly beyond the noisy supplications of the crowds of beggar children who make a visit to Aden one long and sore trial to the patience. For some distance the road runs almost parallel with the bay until you come to the village of Maala, whose white-washed houses and mat huts are occupied chiefly by Somalis. A winding road leads up to the main pass, a deep cutting through red lava, which in the sunlight looked like a wall of fire. We halted for a caravan toiling slowly and silently out of the crater —camels bringing coffee-berries, pulse, fruit, vegetables, and kât from the districts of Mokha and Hajariya; camels and oxen laden with wax and ghee, and grain, and saffron, from the interior of Yemen, whose armed guardians have braved the dangers of a journey through the land of the predatory Subaihi tribes. Once through the defile a rapid descent carries us past the barracks of the native Indian regiment, a company of which, in shirts and turbans, are exercising on the brown plain.

The white town spreads out over a broad table land

shut in by precipitous and jagged cliffs of brown and grey and green lava, for the most part solid and compact, yet in places resembling a coarse sponge, and in others passing into scoriæ. What strong enchantment has drawn men to this wild and wasted valley set among hills that are as the burnt-out wreck of a nether world? The very earth on which we tread with blistering feet is white and carious, like the dusty floor of some infernal lake in which the bones of men have melted and dried in liquid fires. Mountains of mouldering ashes heave around as if the hidden flame struggled to break its prison and leap in one overwhelming torrent upon the pale town. Scattered blocks of dull red stone lie heaped one upon another like cinders cast from some mighty furnace, and upon the jagged lava peaks that lift themselves against the glowing sky the torrid sun beats down until they seem like tongues of flame. Yet centuries of men have fought and endured hunger, and thirst, and toil, and wounds to possess this inferno—prophets and pirates, kings and caliphs, Hebrew, and Turk, and Christian, from the day that Seba, son of Cush, ruled the land until the *Cruiser* and the *Volage*, two of her late Majesty's ships of war, bombarded and carried it by assault. The ruins of forts that crown every summit attest the importance which bygone generations attached to this arid spot, while the tanks are startling evidence of former magnificence.

When and by whom these great reservoirs were made is uncertain. Some authorities put the date at 1700 B.C., when the great dam at Mareb was built; others ascribe them to the second Persian invasion of

Photo: Joseph D. Coutinho, Aden.

VIEW OF ADEN.

Yemen, in the year 600 A.D. According to the quaint chronicle of the Arabian traveller, Ibn El Mojawir, the wise men of Hind believed the tanks and aqueducts to be the work of two magicians, who were Efreets of the Jinn, and laboured unceasingly for seventy years. For generations the cisterns were hidden under stones and soil washed down from the hills, and it was not till 1856 that the work of restoration was begun. There are, in and about Aden, fifty tanks, with a capacity of over thirty million gallons, and about a score of these have been repaired. Thirteen of them can store nearly eight million gallons, and have a depth of one hundred fathoms.

The hills that form the wall of the crater are almost circular. Those on the west are steep and hard, without any absorbent power of soil or vegetation, so that rain falling upon them would be carried rapidly toward the sea. To arrest this precious flood, which comes in decades, and not in years, the reservoirs were constructed. Their shape is fantastic, for advantage has been taken of every feature in the ground. Here a dyke has been built across the gorge of a valley; there a curve of masonry shuts in an angle. One is a great pit, eighty yards across, with a double staircase cut out of the rock. Another is a tiny lake dotted with white islands, while out of the depths of a vast quarry rises a pillar of stone shaped after the fashion of a minaret. Channels have been cut in the gently sloping surface so that the overflow of one cistern shall be caught and stored in another. Each reservoir is faced with stucco, so hard and white and polished that it looks like marble. Alas! they were

empty, and have been for several years. A green puddle in the topmost tank under the hills was all the moisture to be seen. Yet an attempt is made at cultivation. Several plants struggle feebly into life, and a banana tree gives shade to the well from which itself draws existence. On the hillsides are several hanging tanks, the white walls and gates of which are cool and pleasant to look upon. The supreme importance of this water question at Aden may be measured by the fact that nearly every drop of water drunk or used has to be distilled from the sea and paid for in hard cash. Wells are few, and water is not always sweet after carriage in leather bags on the backs of camels and small donkeys. From Shaikh Othman, a village of Abdal, on the shore of the bay, is an aqueduct, but condensers alone are reliable sources.

Having seen the cisterns we rode back to the town and walked through its streets and bazaars. They are full of the bright colour and still life of the East. The mixture of races is not so apparent as at Steamer Point, where a demand for labour has been created by shipping and coaling companies. Arabs, Jews, and Persians are the majority, and do the bulk of the trade. The Jews have a speciality in ostrich feathers, of which considerable quantities are exported. The process of drying and cleaning is guarded as a secret, and the short and spoiled feathers are made into boas. Apart from this there is no special industry in Aden, though the market-place, with its flocks of fat-tailed, black-faced sheep from Berbera, its bales of cotton and silk, and its camels laden with hides and grain, are indications of prosperity.

We returned to Steamer Point by way of a long tunnel through the north wall of the crater, passing the barracks of the West Kent Regiment, close to the bay on whose blue waters slept a fleet of native craft, from sea-going buggalows with long over-hanging stem, square stern, and raised poop, to small dug-outs.

It was with relief that we saw the lights of Aden fade in the distance. For five days we had seethed and boiled in this tropical kettle, awaiting the coming of the *Ophir*. At seven o'clock in the morning of April the 7th her grey hull glided over the horizon, and moved silently toward the little volcanic island at the entrance of the harbour. During the night she had been signalled from Perim, the bare rock, seamed with dry water-courses and covered with coarse grass, in the Straits of Bab el Mandeb, where a detachment of Indian troops keep guard over this important coaling station. Aden is under the government of India, and the Political Resident went on board without delay. Before noon the Sultan of Abdali paid his respects, and presented the Princess with a necklace of gold sequins, a beautiful piece of Arabian work.

Aden is not a place where you would look for lavish display. Nothing that is green or beautiful grows on this cinder heap, and no man lives there for pleasure or for the good of his health. Yet Aden succeeded in making an admirable show. Camels had for days come into the town laden with millet leaves and stalks from the interior of Yemen. These feathery leaves and palm-like branches adorned triumphal arch and pavilion. The deluge of paint had dried up and left even the native

quarter a vivid white and green. Plant pots had not escaped the flood, and so fresh and green were the shrubs near the landing stage that one could not avoid the thought that they, too, had submitted to the ubiquitous brush of the painter. Fairy lights, fed with evil-smelling cocoanut oil, hung in festoons along the beach. The Prince and Princess were welcomed in a pavilion, and received an address from Mr. Cowasjee Dinshaw, a wealthy Parsee merchant, whose father had a like honour in 1875, when the King visited Aden. A group of Indian and Arab ladies in robes of silk, officers in white uniform, and the Sultans of two tributary States, gave colour to the scene. The Sultan of Abdali is a handsome man with a strong, dark face, and looked imposing in the rich, dark dress of an Arab sheikh. His retinue, short, sturdy youths of true Bedouin type, carried their curved daggers in heavy girdles ornamented with silver, and had a wild, barbaric aspect and attire that sent the imagination in full flight across the inhospitable deserts of Arabia. Outside, in the sun-scorched square, stood the guard of honour of the West Kent regiment, and the Aden troop of Bombay cavalry—tall, lithe men in khaki and turbans. Beyond them towered the bare, rugged mountain of brown lava, with scintillating points of white, and blue, and red. These bright dots, that looked like figures carved on the rock, were Somalis, Arabs, Hindoos, and Seedees, who had come to greet "the great lord of the seas." They made a strange picture, the like of which I have seen only on the dusty slopes of Syria and Palestine, when the German Emperor made his pilgrimage.

Sweltering days and hot, breathless nights marked our passage across the Indian Ocean. We were between the monsoons, and suffered. The sun beat relentlessly upon the white decks and upon the dull sea until it was a viscous oil through which the *Ophir* appeared to force a way with effort. On her spuming heels slipped and glided the graceful *Juno*. At night she was three or four points of light—white and green, and the *Ophir* a silent palace of lights which some genii had taken up out of a great city and set down in a dark and desolate plain. Those hot, breathless nights! The very air sweated and grew sour. Deck and cabin alike were ovens in which men panted and perspired, and dreamed bad dreams, and awoke to imagine that they had not slept for a hundred years.

CHAPTER V.

THE BEAUTIES OF CEYLON.

Arrival at Colombo—Reception of the Prince and Princess—The Cocoanut Valley—Kandy—A Graceful Welcome.

THE Singhalese liken the island of Ceylon to one of their own beautiful elongated pearls. It is a pearl set in sapphire and crowned with emerald. That must be the thought of any man who has sailed in the shadow of the palm-fringed shore and lingered among the mountains of the interior. When the *Ophir* cast anchor before Colombo the sun had risen, and the dark peaks were creeping out of the blue mist. The sea was dotted with canoes—hollowed trunks of trees with outriggers to balance them. They look as unstable as the coracles in which our rude ancestors first tempted the ocean, yet they stand the roughest weather and fly before the wind like a bird. Within the fine breakwater, of which the first stone was laid by the King in 1875, were men-of-war wreathed in flags—the *Highflyer*, flagship of the East India station, the *Pomone*, the *Marathon*, and the *Porpoise*. The beach was a gleaming line of colour, for the natives were waiting to welcome the Prince and Princess. Colombo, never cool, is hottest in April, and after Aden and the Indian Ocean one turns with longing to the free air of the mountains. For this reason the stay in the capital was short, though it gave time enough to demonstrate the enthusiasm of the colony and to enable their Royal Highnesses to appreciate the hearti-

ness of their welcome. The broad white streets were filled with men and women, whose colour and dress proclaim how varied are the races that compose the British Empire. There were Singhalese of sienna complexion, with bright cloth wound artistically round their graceful figures, the women wearing white bodices and the men twisting their hair into a chignon held by large combs. Something of the feminine they have, too, in the oval face, the arched eyebrows, and the lustrous dark eyes that look out upon the world with gentle and kindly humour. The Tamils, descendants of the invaders who overran the northern province, are distinguished by having the right side bare to the hip, the women having ornaments in their noses, and the men bearing on the forehead religious symbols in white, black, red, and yellow. Moormen—the name given to Mahomedans who are not Malays—with shaven heads and gorgeous camboys, or loin cloths, Afghans in gaudy attire, "burghers"—a mixed remnant of the Dutch occupation of the island—and coolies formed solid walls of colour, upon which the sun shone with dazzling radiance.

The Prince and Princess were received in the kiosk or pandal erected in front of the jetty. These pandals are characteristic of Ceylon. They are pavilions or arches of bamboo, adorned with foliage, fruit, and flowers, and have a lightness and an elegance rarely seen in this form of decoration. The pandal in which his Royal Highness accepted the addresses of the Legislative Council, the Municipal Council, and the Chamber of Commerce was large enough to hold a great company of Europeans and representatives of the native community. From the

green pillars hung bunches of green cocoanut, plantains, orchids, and lotus blossoms. Behind the daïs on which their Royal Highnesses took their places stood two Singhalese boys in silk comboys, gently waving long golden fans of split bamboo. Under the long, delicate fringe of leaves that curtained the sides of the pavilion one caught glimpses of the crowded streets. Near the entrance were a troop of planters in khaki and a troop of Bombay Lancers in turbans, while over against them were the Lascoreen Guard, in quaint dress of crimson and gold, with lofty hats of the old Grenadier type, and having the appearance of the Vatican Guard. The journey to the railway station was through crowds of natives, some of whom attempted to imitate a British cheer, while the majority clapped hands and shouted a welcome. When their Royal Highnesses had given a glance at the devil dancers and the representatives of the ancient kings and queens of Kandy—groups recalling the waxworks of some country fair—they entered the saloon, and the signal was given for the departure. Two little daughters of the station-master scattered burnt rice in front of the engine, that being the Eastern manner of wishing good luck, and presently the train steamed toward Kandy.

The ancient capital of the Singhalese is in the hollow of hills that rise nearly two thousand feet above the sea. Though the distance is only seventy-five miles by rail, the scenery is most varied and most beautiful. The journey is a debauchery of vegetation—an orgie of colour. Nowhere, save perhaps in South America, are the jungles so dense and the plants so luxuriant. For some miles

the train glides rapidly along the lowlands, past paddy fields—mere swamps, out of which the rice will presently spring—bordered with palms, among which the brightly clad natives move like brilliant butterflies. The ascent begins beyond Veyangoda, the centre of a cocoanut area, and the nearest station to the Kelani Valley tea district, to which a narrow gauge railway from Colombo is being constructed. From that point to Polgahawela, or the Cocoanut Valley, is a succession of pictures not to be surpassed in any part of the world. Away in the distance are mountains modelled from the Alps. Their rugged flanks are clothed in eternal green, and shine like emeralds in the dazzling sunlight. Above and about them hover the blue clouds, forming their crests into fantastic shapes. Deep valleys and gorges divide the hills, and seem to pour out a torrent of trees and foliage and flowers. Here are suriya trees that bear delicate primrose blossoms, gorgeous crotons, banyans overgrown with orchids, climbing lilies, and giant ferns, over which that strange and graceful palm—the giraffe of the vegetable world—casts its shadow. Rain came down in a torrent, and down the seamed sides of Allagalla roared brown cataracts that spread over the rice fields or were tamed and imprisoned in the terraces of the tea-planter. Winding slowly up the mountain, now between deep cuttings, now on the edge of a precipice, we came to Polgahawela, where the Prince alighted for a moment to receive an address from some native chiefs. At the foot of the pass known as Kadugannawa, which the Kandyan leaders held for generations against the Portuguese and the Dutch, the line rises 1,400 feet in a little more than twelve

miles. From this height we look down upon the yellow river that flows past gentle slopes, clothed in long, straight lines of green. The short, vivid shrub which seems to fill the landscape is the tea plant, the source of Ceylon's prosperity and the cause of those brown huts, about which are clusters of coolies, and of those great buildings that have the appearance of mills and factories.

The sun was sinking behind the mountains when we came to Kandy. This village, set among the hills in a green bower, was once the capital. Hither the King fled after the Portuguese invasion in 1552, when it was reported to him at his new capital of Gotto that a ship had anchored near Colombo containing a race of men "surpassingly white and beautiful, wearing boots and hats of iron, eating a white stone and drinking blood, and having guns that could break a castle of marble." Kandy has none of the wonders of Anuradhapura and the buried cities of Ceylon, with their mountain figures of Buddha and their vast temples carved out of the rock. Yet it has relics of ancient state and dignity. There is the Temple of the Tooth, or Dalada Maligawa, an object of veneration to four hundred millions of people in the island, in India, in Burmah, and in China who have faith in the "Four sublime Verities," and aspire to that Nirvana which is the preparation for extinction and release from the Wheel of Life. There is, too, the lake—one of those great engineering works in which the kings of the East delighted, to the well-being of their people and to their lasting fame as rulers and as artists. And, coming to later days, there is the Pavilion and its garden, one of the most beautiful in the world.

To this country house of the Governor the Prince and Princess were driven. Their progress from the railway station was a triumph. Only in the native trading quarter are there streets of the conventional kind—avenues of whitewashed shops and houses open to the inquisitive eye of the stranger. The town is a network of country lanes, dividing lawns of vivid green, now wandering by the lake, now winding under spreading branches of bamboo and palm and cinnamon tree up to some dainty bungalow with deep, cool verandah and rows of white pillars, about which climb lilies and ferns and orchids. It was through lanes like these that their Royal Highnesses passed. On either side was a border of dazzling colour—white and red and blue, in all those delightful combinations and shades that make the East. These were the people of Kandy and the villages round about—Tamils and Singhalese, and Moormen and Afghans. Each wore the distinctive dress of his race, and each welcomed the visitors after his kind, some with shouts, some with cheers—feeble imitations of their masters—some with clapping of hands, and still more with that stolid gaze and immobility which characterise men who dwell under the sun. At several points were pandals or arches of welcome—delicate frameworks of bamboo, shaped like temples or towers, or simple arches adorned with flaming lotus blossoms, with the tender green of the bamboo, the rich green of the young cocoanut, and the russet gold of the cocoa pod. Nothing could have been more natural or more graceful than the welcome to Kandy.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SACRED ELEPHANTS.

A Strange Spectacle—Devil Dancers—Presentation of Colours to the Ceylon Mounted Infantry—Durbar in the Audience Room—The Exile from Egypt—The Temple of the Tooth.

OF all the spectacles presented to the eyes of the Prince and Princess the strangest and weirdest was the Perahara, or procession of elephants. These processions are part of the Buddhist ritual, and Ceylon is noted for its elephants. A sacred stud of forty is kept for festivals, the chiefs in the neighbourhood acting as guardians. It was dark when the performers began to assemble at the entrance to the Pavilion grounds—a long line of animals and men in fantastic dress. The air flamed with torches and reeked with cocoanut oil, and thousands of natives filled the lanes with a medley of colour. Their Royal Highnesses, having dined, came out upon the balcony of the white house with the massive white pillars. The gardens were shrouded in blackness and silence. Suddenly out of the distance came the sound of tom-tom and the shrill note of the Chettey pipe. There is a subtle sameness in all Eastern music. The tom-tom and the pipe of the devil dancer were in my ears as the echo of Dervish drum and omobeiha sounding the charge at Omdurman. The head of the procession appeared. It was a white elephant on a cart drawn by a patient bullock, and attended by a headman in flat, round cap. One was naturally curious to learn why this very obvious property

animal should have the place of honour, seeing that so many magnificent beasts were behind. "Because it is beautiful," replied the headman, hiding under an air of grave courtesy his surprise that any should doubt its claim to be leader. Noisily and slowly the procession unfolded itself in waves of yellow light from hundreds of long torches held by brown-skinned Singhalese. The order of their coming was after this fashion. First walked a company of men in loose robes of white and red, or clad only in camboy or waistcloth, the light gleaming on their shining bodies. Behind them marched three elephants in rich trappings, the middle and largest having a crimson gold-embroidered cloth drawn over his head, leaving only eyes and ears uncovered. On their heels whirled the devil dancers—lithe figures, stripped to the waist, the sweat streaming from their dark bodies as they leapt and turned and chanted a strange, monotonous chant to the beating of drum and the shrieking of pipe. Some were children, others white-headed and of a solemn countenance grotesquely out of harmony with their strange antics.

No chief of any pride and dignity would deign to appear in these processions without his devil dancers. I do not know whether rank is measured by the number or by the energy of the devils. It was none the less manifest that distinctions exist even in devil worship, for the number, the dress, and the noise seemed in proportion to the gravity and magnificence of the chieftains who followed these cyclones of colour and sound. The Kandyan chief may be a handsome and even an imposing man. He has the dignified solemnity of the Turk and the beard

of the prophet. His dress, too, is splendid. In the days of the kings it was simple white, but since they can no longer be courtiers at home, the chiefs have put on the dress of their kings. Round the waist are wound nearly sixty yards of white silk, embroidered with crimson and gold. The many folds are gathered at the waist into a great bulk, and end in gold fringes, that fall over tight white linen trousers, with broad, frilled edges. The feet are bare, but on the head is a hat in shape not unlike a shrine, and in wealth of gold and gems not unworthy the altar of some saint. The upper part of the body is clothed in a zouave jacket, richly embroidered in red and gold, and worn over a white frilled shirt. Each chief has on the second finger of the right hand a ring of enormous size, resembling in shape the apostolic ring of the Pope. The chiefs walked in companies of six or seven, having between them elephants and devil dancers and torch-bearers. When they drew near to the balcony there was a short halt, and the procession, turning to the left, re-formed in front of the Pavilion. The elephants ranged themselves in line on the green lawn that shone a strangely vivid green in the light of the torches. The devil dancers gathered together in the centre, and gave themselves up to a frenzied dance. Not the dancing dervishes of Damascus, not the howling dervishes of Berber could excel them in antics and noise as they sweated and turned and threw themselves into the air with an energy and an abandonment that had at least the semblance of religious frenzy. Their exertions were rewarded by a few words of thanks from the Prince, who declared himself greatly pleased and interested.

On Saturday the 13th the Prince received from the planters—a numerous and an enterprising body of men, to whom Ceylon owes its prosperity—an address enclosed in a very beautiful coffer of ivory, set with twenty-five different gems of the island. His Royal Highness was also interested in a king cocoanut and a fine specimen of Jack fruit, brought by Mahan Mudaliyar Bandaranaike from Fort Hangwella, where the King planted two trees during his visit in 1875. In the afternoon there was a presentation of colours to the Ceylon Mounted Infantry and to men who had served in South Africa. One of the Prince's missions was to thank the Colonies for the patriotism that sent into the field so many of their sons. India and Ceylon were not laggards, and in Lumsden's Horse they had as fine a body of soldiers as any commander can desire. During the march to Pretoria it was more than once given me to record their acts of bravery and to admire their skill with the horse and the rifle. The presentation of colours was a simple and graceful little ceremony. A company of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry—who are the garrison of the island—was drawn up on the lawn in front of the residence. On their right were the Ceylon Mounted Infantry, and on their left the Planters' Rifle Corps—all dismounted and in khaki service kit. The Prince addressed the men, thanking them for their patriotic services, and recalling the devotion of one family of planters—named Thomas—who sent to the front three of their sons. Dr. Coplestone, Bishop of Colombo, blessed the colours, and Major Gordon Reeves, who raised the corps, received them on his knees, promising to defend them with his blood and his life. A

more delightful place for such a ceremony would be hard to find—smooth green lawns, soft as velvet to the foot, long avenues that lose themselves among banyans, and bamboo, and cinnamon, and palms, the fragrance of flowers, and away in the distance the purple mountains, over whose rugged sides and bold crests hung dark thunderclouds.

The durbar in the evening was interesting. It was held in the Audience Hall, a building of some antiquity, if one may judge from the richly carved pillars of dark brown wood that support the ceiling. The chiefs stood on each side of a broad avenue, carpeted with a beautiful piece of work from the looms of India, and leading to a daïs. Upon this platform were four chairs—one of them was taken from the temple—behind which stood pages in white native dresses, the sons of chieftains, carrying long split bamboo avanas with which to fan the air. On the sides of the daïs were several handsome tusks of ivory, some of which were lent by the Buddhist priests. The wives and daughters of the headmen—gentle-looking, dusky maidens and women, in soft robes of white silk—sat on the right, while Europeans and others had places under the roof, that sloped down to the open sides of the hall. Among them were three men wearing the fez. The tall and portly man in the middle, with the grey beard, strong, healthy face, and dark eyes, whose keenness was masked behind blue spectacles, was none other than Arabi Pasha. He has lived in exile here since his failure to make himself master of Egypt, and seemed to have grown content with his lot in this beautiful island, which he has now left for his old home on the banks of

the Nile. There were many chiefs, and their degrees were marked. The principal were presented separately to the Prince, who shook hands with them. Others of less degree were presented in groups, and having made obeisance by clasping the hands in front and bending sharp from the waist were dismissed with a smile. One or two drew their gold-handled daggers, and clasping the blade between their hands held the handle towards the Prince in token of allegiance. Only two native ladies were presented to the Princess, who remained seated, and bowed as they came to the foot of the daïs. Both were aged—one the mother of the native police magistrate—and both returned with unconcealed delight to their places, where they were looked upon by their less favoured sisters with that frank envy and admiration which school girls give to a clever companion who has just been the object of some special attention.

After the durbar a visit was made to the Temple of the Tooth. It is told of King Bhatiya Tisa that his great piety admitted him alone of laymen to the secret passage of Ruwanveli dagoba to gaze on the wondrous relics and treasures that filled the inmost chamber. The Buddhist priests—those strange-looking men with shaven heads and faces, clad in yellow or red robe according to their degree—are not always eager to display the treasures of their temples. To the Prince and Princess and to those of their company who succeeded in penetrating to the inmost chamber everything was shown, from the long, yellow piece of ivory which is Buddha's tooth to the image of him cut out of a giant emerald. Their Royal Highnesses leading, under the conduct of the high priest we

passed through a narrow doorway between two pairs of enormous tusks, and came at last into a low-vaulted room with bare walls. This apartment was filled with yellow and red-robed priests, some of whom held lighted tallow candles. They chanted a low, weird chant as we walked between their close ranks. The chant ceased as soon as their Royal Highnesses entered the small chamber cut out of the rock in which is the sacred tooth. Tradition says that the King of Kalinga—the modern Orissa—unable to defend the relic from the fanaticism of the Brahmins, sent it for safe keeping to Ceylon in charge of his son and daughter, concealed in the folds of the daughter's hair. The tooth lies in a shrine of pure gold, encrusted with pearls, rubies, emeralds, and catseyes. This little casket is enclosed in five other shrines of precious metal, the last two being covered with rubies. A dagoba or bell-shaped shrine on a solid silver table, and beneath a crimson canopy sparkling with gems, encloses the six shrines. When my turn came to inspect the relic, it lay on a tiny tray of gold. It was as unlike a human tooth as one could imagine. Their Royal Highnesses looked upon the relics with manifest interest, and remained a considerable time in the hot atmosphere of the cell-like room, to which even much wealth of gold and gem failed to give an aspect or an air of dignity or solemnity.

CHAPTER VII.

BOER PRISONERS IN CEYLON.

Adam's Peak—The Boer Camp—Krugersdorp and Steynsville—General Olivier—The Fighting Predikant—Play and Prayers—Children in Camp—The Irish-American Brigade—The Foreign Contingent.

DIYATALAWA is the headquarters of the Boer prisoners of war in Ceylon. It is in the province of Uva, ten hours from Kandy. The Governor of the Colony, Sir Joseph West Ridgeway, put a sleeping coach at my service, and I set out to see some of our friends the enemy. The planters having eaten and drunk and shown their loyalty after the manner of Britons, whether they dwell in the wet woolly heat of Colombo or in the fogs of London, were returning to their estates in the interior of the island. They swept down upon the station at two o'clock on Sunday morning with aggressive energy. Vigour of body and spirit have not been sapped by change of sky, for they are a hardy, independent, and even boisterous race, these men who fill our teapots and their pockets. When day dawned we were winding slowly up the mountains to a height of six thousand feet. The air was cool and refreshing after the heat of the plain and the valley. The character of the scenery was different. The vegetation had lost some of its tropical luxuriance, and far as the eye could see the slopes were covered with long, straight lines of low, bushy shrub, which was unmistakably tea. Though bare in comparison with the teeming exuberance of Kandy, the country is very beautiful.

Purple ridges girdle the horizon, and lofty hills rise into the solemn space of clear blue sky. Like a watch-tower in the midst of them stands Adam's Peak, trodden by many pilgrims, for Buddhist and Hindu and Mohamedan claim the "footprint" on its summit as the sign of Buddha and Siva and Adam. Clouds wreath its sharp sides and haunt the shapely crest, now falling like a veil over some hidden shrine, now stealing ghost-like across, until the sun came out of the east and smote upon the summit and scattered them in fair white foam. We drifted past the jungle, that primæval wilderness of forest in which the elephant and the leopard and the boar and the buffalo roam with the python, the cobra de capello, and the tic polonga for dangerous company.

After Ohiya we were in a new land—a land of bold, bare hills, rolling like monstrous waves of green over close-shaven valleys, and in the distance shone iron roofs and white tents. We were descending upon the Boer camp. It was no strain on the imagination to carry one's thoughts back to the Elandsriver valley and the British prisoners at Nooitgedacht. The hills are the same, and the bareness of the land is the same. Whatever complaint they make, the Boers cannot say that they are prisoners in a country that banishes all thought of their own. The likeness must appeal to them. Colonel A. C. Vincent, of the Scottish Rifles, is commandant, and met us at the station and conducted us to the camp, which is about a mile distant.

As I approached the camp I was struck by the contrast it presented to the places in which the Boers confined their prisoners of war. I remember the tin shed at Pre-

toria in which many of our officers spent nine months; the racecourse, where our men were left exposed to heat and cold and rain; the enclosure at Waterval outside Pretoria, in which our soldiers found fewer comforts than the worst criminals in any civilised community; and the barbed wire fence at Nooitgedacht, where British officers and men were herded like cattle without shelter from the fierce sun and the fever-laden air of the valley. The camp covers a table land of considerable extent four thousand feet above the sea. It is reached by a well-made road, and has an aërial line from the railway for carrying stores. A double barbed wire fence surrounds and divides it into two unequal parts. That part nearer the railway is known as Krugersdorp, and is inhabited mainly by Transvaalers, while the burghers from the Orange River Colony have christened the other part Steynsville. Two sentries stand at the entrance to Krugersdorp, and we are admitted through a low wooden gate. At intervals on the right of the road are small shops with corrugated iron roofs—precisely like the "winkle" or village store in the Transvaal. Here is the barber, and there the universal provider, the one trimming the black beard of a Boer, the other sitting among his tins and his boxes with an air of placid content that the "winkle" keeper on the veldt might envy. Six or seven men are walking leisurely in front of us. One of them is in white dress, and wears a white helmet like a planter; another is in flannels and a straw hat—he might be coming from a spin on the Thames. The others are as well, though not so distinctively, dressed, and have red or yellow puggrees round their helmets or hats. "What do these colours

mean?" I asked. "The red marks an officer, and the yellow a man who serves in some capacity in the camp, such as clerk. The two wearing the yellow belonged to the Irish-American brigade."

Krugersdorp and Steynsville are made up of long huts or houses of corrugated iron, placed wide apart, and giving accommodation to fifty-six prisoners. They are furnished with camp-beds, and down the centre is a table flanked with benches. Here the men sleep and eat. The officers have similar houses, though they are divided into living and sleeping apartments. Officers of high rank occupy separate houses, each having the exclusive use of a good-sized bedroom and a living-room. We called on General Olivier, whom I met once when he was fighting in the Transvaal. He is a tall, heavy, black-bearded man, with a free-and-easy manner and a good-natured laugh. We were received cordially, and seated round the table talked of the war. "When do you think it likely that you will go home?" asked someone. "You must be a better judge of that," replied the general with a laugh, as his glance fell upon the yellow telegraph form in the colonel's hand. "Is there any news?" he continued. "No news." "I thought from your smile that you brought good news," said General Olivier, with the same ready laugh. Bidding our host good morning, we resumed our walk through Krugersdorp, and easily fancied ourselves back in Middleburg or Machadodorp. We passed the closed door of General Roux's house. He is known as "the fighting predikant," and has brought to Ceylon the odium theologicum as well as the irreconcilable spirit that has always characterised the Dutch Church in South

Africa, and has made it a breeder of strife instead of a peacemaker. As far as I could gather during the short visit, the Boers are divided into three parties. There is the irreconcilable section, who, if free to-morrow, would take up arms again. These are a numerous body, and are kept up to the mark by men like General Roux. There is the peace party, who are prepared to accept British rule, but dare not proclaim the view to their compatriots, and there is the obstinate and unintelligent lot, who believe that the Boers are conquering all before them, and that a fleet of foreign transports is on its way to Colombo to rescue them from prison. Few even of the educated Boers credit the reports that come from South Africa through British sources, though within the last few days they had begun to discuss as probable the rumour of negotiations by Botha.

On the road to Steynsville we passed the galleys or open sheds in which the prisoners were cooking their dinner, and the swimming bath, where Boers young and old were disporting themselves. The recreation hall is close at hand—a large, well-ventilated room, covered with palmeto. A stage occupies one end of the building, and there is a piano, for which the prisoners themselves paid. Since the removal of the foreign element the recreation hall has been used as a chapel, the Boer having no taste for amusements which he looks upon as sinful. People in Kandy and Colombo complain that they are deprived of the military band, and that it is reserved for the prisoners. On the other hand, the prisoners have requested that the band should not play more than once a week, as it "interferes with their devotions." Most of their time is

spent in singing psalms and listening to long sermons, of which they seem never to grow weary. The naturally austere and religious character of the people has been strengthened by their confinement, until in many cases it has become a form of mania. As we approached the hospital we passed through a crowd of young men coming from a religious service, carrying bibles and hymn-books. Some of them saluted the commandant, while others gave an aggressive stare. The hospitals—one for convalescents and another for serious cases—are cool and comfortable buildings, lined with match-board, and furnished with every necessary article. Boer doctors and Boer attendants look after the sick, and the cordial manner in which the commandant was welcomed in the wards was convincing evidence that he does everything in his power to heal and make them comfortable and contented. There were about one hundred patients, and hardly a serious case. Among the convalescents was a nephew of De Wet. The little cemetery is on the hillside, and eighty-four white stones mark the resting-place of prisoners to whom death has given release. The number is small, having regard to the fact that at one time there were nearly 5,000 men, that some have been here since August the 8th, 1900, and that many came from the veldt weak from long labour and privation, and having in them the germs of that dread camp follower, enteric.

Some hysterical people have sought to raise an outcry against the presence of young boys in camp. These children have been represented now as victims of British oppression, now as heroes who outshone David in prowess, slaying giant Guardsmen and holding at bay

whole battalions, and ending their warlike career in prison rather than take the oath of allegiance, even at the muzzle of a revolver. The Boer will entertain you with stories of this kind to your heart's content, especially if you are a woman or one of those "patriots" who have no country. I remember listening to these legends on the railway platform at Pretoria. The narrator was a sturdy little youngster of seven years—a miniature Boer, with the slouch hat and rough, untidy dress—a chubby little, bright-eyed boy, whom every Tommy petted, though they could not understand a word of his "lingo." His pockets were bulging out with sixpenny and threepenny pieces, and he produced with much pride a new purse that his friend Atkins had given him. Like Samson, he had "slain his thousands," and was on his way to his mother in charge of one of the survivors. There are children in the camp at Diyatalawa—250 of them go to school, and are taught by Dutch teachers at the cost of the Dutch South African Fund. They came with their fathers and brothers and uncles, and have no near relatives to whom they could be entrusted. If any misguided person wishes to tear them from prison let him come with a strong guard, for he certainly will need it. All I can say is that they are better fed, better clothed, better taught, and better housed than the majority of the children in the Transvaal at this moment.

These model villages have even a bank. For prudential reasons, and to avoid the temptation to bribery, no prisoner is allowed to have in cash more than twenty cents or a quarter of a rupee. In order that he may suffer no inconvenience from this restriction of pocket-money,

notes are issued for fifty cents, one rupee, five rupees, and ten rupees. These notes, signed by the commandant, are accepted as cash when presented by prisoners. They have drawn about 27,000 rupees, and, thanks to the generosity of sympathisers in Holland and South Africa, have still to their credit nearly 70,000 rupees. Even this wealth does not make them less prone to those little economies and tricks that have earned for the Boer the qualification "slim." Some draw their allowance, conceal the notes, spend nothing, and report to the commandant or to Colonel Jesser Coope their inability to pay for their clothes.

Before leaving I had a talk with some members of the Irish-American brigade—Major Menton, formerly of the Transvaal detective service; Captain O'Reilley, whose advertisements for recruits were the most entertaining reading in the *Standard and Diggers' News*, and who now claims to have saved the Rand mines from destruction; Sergeant-Major F. Reilley, W. Howie, and F. A. Dunlop. They are a cheery lot, whatever may be their record, and the authorities find them always ready to assist. Some have employment in the camp, and amuse themselves by making collections of beetles and butterflies, and by prospecting for gold. One of them showed me a piece of gold-bearing quartz. Captain O'Reilley was arranging the fireworks that were to follow the procession of elephants on Monday in honour of the Royal visit to Kandy. They have a large mess tent and sleeping tents to themselves, and having the Irishman's good humour appear to be as nearly happy as men can expect to be.

My impressions may be summed up. The camp is healthily situated, every attention is paid to sanitation, and the hospital arrangements are excellent. No needless restrictions are put upon the men. They are free to move about the camp at will, and every day an officer may take parole accompanied by ten burghers, for whom he is held responsible. They may employ themselves as they please. Many are experts in carving, and others keep shop in winkles built within the enclosure. I was shown a large number of articles—guns with limbers, work-boxes, pipes, picture frames, paper-knives, carved out of bone and ebony—that were being sent to museums in Holland. They are better clothed and cleaner than I have ever seen them in their own country. Their houses are clean and comfortable. Their conduct is good, and they have given little trouble since the foreigners were sent to another camp. Each officer may have three glasses of wine, spirits, or beer a day, the issue being based on two-thirds of the mess, as abstainers were in the habit of drawing their allowance of intoxicants and selling to men who were not entitled thereto. The food is that of the British soldier, with such additions as they chose to buy with the funds so liberally put at their disposal. It is true that they complain. One of their grievances was that they do not get enough beef. Most healthy men would be more than content with one pound and a quarter of beef a day. The Boers gave their prisoners at Pretoria and at Nooitgedacht half a pound of meat twice a week. In Colonel Vincent they have a sympathetic and at the same time a just and firm guardian, while in Sir J. West Ridgeway they have a governor who in-

vestigates thoroughly any real grievance, and is always approachable by memorial. On the whole, then, the Boer prisoners at Diyatalawa have every cause to be as contented with their lot as can be expected of men whom the fortune of war has for a time robbed of their liberty.

The foreign contingent I did not see. They were a constant cause of trouble among the Boers, and have been removed to Ragama, nine miles from Colombo. They are in charge of a civilian, Mr. Allnutt, and live, I was told, under similar conditions to those of the burghers. One indulgence they have because of the hotter climate near the coast; they have native cooks. The foreigners number 340, and are of twenty-four nationalities, including a Turk and a Dalmatian. The commandant at Ragama is Captain Ingram, of the 1st Gloucester Regiment.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MYSTERY OF RACE.

Our Last Night at Colombo—Our Singhalese Fellow Subjects—On Board Again—Prickly Heat—A Welcome Storm.

THE last night at Colombo was one to live. The white streets with the blood-red earth were rivers of light and colour. The Prince and Princess were in the Queen's house receiving the homage of English men and women whom *fors aut ratio* has left to simmer on that sultry shore. The people were in the streets, waiting for midnight, when the warships would burst into streams of fire and the Prince would come forth to see the rockets rain stars from the dark heaven. Sickly oil of cocoanut and acrid sweat of black humanity gripped you by the throat, but all the perfumes of Arabia would have been dear at the loss of this spectacle. The East was out for holiday, and had put on its coat of many colours. Sienna-faced Singhalese, shaven Moormen, who look as if they would disembowel you for a slip in the Ten Commandments, ringed and bangled Tamils, gaudy, swaggering Afghans, and naked Chetties—a chromatic scale of yellow and black, with flakes of crude white and red and blue, and all the glorious dyes of the East—flowed along the streets, and the light of wick and wire flashed from them new and dazzling shades. Men on horseback—handsome fellows carved out of satin wood, richly clad, picked their way with sloping lance. Rickshaw boys—slaves of the cent—clamoured a passage, and men in naval and military

uniform went by with stolid faces, and were swallowed up in the swirl of the multitudinous, many-coloured East. It was a strange and wondrous sight—this palpitating mass of aliens who had been quickened into life by the touch of an unseen hand. They have the air of men who prosper and are content, living in the shadow of a great security. What were their thoughts?

Among men of our own race, even of our own colour and faith, whose civilisation has followed the same or parallel lines, we are not altogether strangers. We know something of the habits, the traditions, the impulses, and the prejudices that mould their opinions and prompt their actions. The machinery and the material of thought are not unfamiliar factors, and we can tell with an approach to accuracy how they will work under certain conditions. But among people whose voices carry no message, whose history, creed, impulses, prejudices, and habits of thought differ from our own as strongly as their colour, their language, and their dress, we are as men looking at a strange picture-book, without any text to enlighten the understanding. The form and the colour please us—the blues and the reds and the whites, intense vivid hues that gleam and shine like living lights under tropical skies—the supple brown bodies that move with the grace and strength of an untamed lord of the jungle, the calm, intelligent faces, lit by dark, gentle eyes—all these things appeal to us. But we are strangers still. Only to the few who have spent their lives in the quest is it given to pierce the veil that divides us in thought. The history of European relations with the East has been written in letters of blood. How few they are that can read the signs!

Most of us are as deaf and dumb men gazing upon shadows from another world. Once only had we the sensation of lifting a corner of the veil and peering into the strange land beyond. It was in the Temple of the Tooth at Kandy, when we passed through crowded rows of dark, ascetic faces and shaven heads—priests whose yellow robes covered prescribed rags, and whose voices chanted a low, weird song—and saw before us on a jewelled dish of gold that finger length of yellow ivory which is a most sacred relic to one quarter of the people of the earth. Not to many, even among princes, is granted the privilege of looking upon the tooth of Buddha. The vulture-like throng of priests, who worship no god, and seek only the end of sentient existence, the gloomy vault hewn out of the solid rock, the gold and the gems in barbaric profusion, and that little piece of ivory consecrated in the hearts and minds of four hundred millions of men, from far Thibet to Burmah and Ceylon, filled one with strange thoughts. As the high priest paid homage to the relic, devoutly and humbly, one felt how hard it must be to know the thoughts of men who accept life a curse and death a transmigration through the animal, the vegetable, and even the mineral kingdoms, to that Nirvana which is extinction for all time. Yet the Singhalese are a simple people, and their religion, though without a god, teaches them charity, purity, patience, and courage. The streets of Colombo on that last glowing night show that some, at any rate, of these lessons are not forgotten.

At midnight the Prince and Princess were released from a ceremony which they endure with admirable patience and carry through with grace. They drove

along the streets, still palpitating with people, and from the deck of the *Ophir* saw the harbour light up with a myriad colours and the warships lined against the sky in festoons of fire. Next morning the guns boomed a farewell from the shore, flags flew from masthead to stem and stern, ensigns dipped, and we took leave of Ceylon with pleasant memories of its beautiful scenery, its gentle people, and its able Governor, Sir J. West Ridgeway, whose kindness and hospitality won the gratitude of all.

Notwithstanding the attractions of Colombo and Kandy, it was a pleasure to return to the *St. George*, and to see the graceful *Juno* and her consort glide into their places behind the Royal ship. To our escort were added the *Highflyer*, a second-class cruiser, and the *Melpomene*, a third-class cruiser, both of the East India station. They kept us company for eight hours, and then the *Highflyer* steamed north, leaving the *Melpomene* to return to Trincomalee after taking letters on board. There are reforms in battleships that even a Chancellor of the Exchequer would advocate strenuously after such a month of hot days and stewy nights as we endured since we left Port Said. They were days when the heart's desire was to have nothing to do, nothing to think about, nothing to wear, and to be fed by some occult and unconscious process. To think of the men in the hot bowels of the ship —the stokers fanned by the breath of the furnace, and the engineers living in an atmosphere that almost chokes you when it comes up from below in a hot, oily blast, is to realise that we have invented at least one inferno of which Dante never dreamed. We sweated till the overwrought pores became inflamed, and protested in prickly heat. Our

clothes clung to our bodies like clammy, feverish hands, and as we looked upon the oily waste of water in which the *Ophir* and the *Juno* were like painted ships, we felt that the "Ancient Mariner" did not lie. Rain brought a momentary sense of relief. It fell with tropical violence for several minutes on the three last days, beating upon the awnings and the decks with the patter of bullets—huge drops shot from the low thunder clouds. Then the sun licked it up with hot lips, and it was gone in vapour. And the nights! In the most torrid lands night usually brings to the aid of sleep the cool refreshment of a breeze. In the deserts of the Soudan, where the sun gives 120° in the shade, the nights under the stars have consolations. Sirocco-swept Syria, Arabia Felix, with its blighting sandy Shamal, Mozambique and the bush veldt of the Transvaal, with their furnace breath, have nights in which the earth cools rapidly and gentle winds fan you to sleep. But the tropical sea is pitiless, and holds fast to the heat of the day to distil it through the breathless night. We fled the cabins, and lay about the quarter-deck until the floods descended and drove us below to soak and gasp in unrefreshing sleep.

On Friday the storm broke before midnight. The sea was calm and unruffled and the air a vapour bath. Torn and streaming thunder clouds moved over the Southern Cross, and lost themselves in the hollow of the night. Dark, fantastic forms stole out of the horizon, and from behind them leapt tongues of yellow flame, that spread over sea and sky, until the whole world seemed one vast fire, burning with a cold, lambent flame. The thunder roared and rolled and the rain came down in cataracts,

and *Ophir* and *Juno* and *St. George* were written on the yellow sky in lines of ink. On the morning of that day we saw the dark island of Pulo Rondo, and beyond it the hills of Sumatra, that great and fertile island, which the Dutch hold, and in which our astronomers were making ready for the eclipse of the sun. We were in the Straits of Malacca, steering through the islands for Singapore. The end of our tropical discomfort was in sight.

CHAPTER IX.

SINGAPORE AND THE MALAYS.

First Impressions—A Singapore Sunday—Durbar in the Town Hall—The Sultan of Perak—Malay Problems.

SINGAPORE has attractions, but they are of the kind that are seen at their best in blue-books. It is very nice to know that this is one of the greatest ports in the world, that ten thousand ships enter the harbour every year, and that the value of its imports and exports is four hundred and fifty million dollars. These are facts gratifying to our imperial and commercial instincts. But most people who are not salamanders, and have not had the privilege of being brought up in incubators, would rather view them from the cool distance. Only when we escaped this vapour bath did we think of the scenic and social potentialities of Singapore. There are beauties beyond the town—gardens and orchards where the red mangastine grows and the evil-smelling durien for which men cultivate an unnatural taste. I have pleasant memories also of a drive, in the cool of the evening, to the impounding reservoir, and of meeting the Princess of Wales on her way to admire this beautiful English lake that was lately a swamp. But Singapore after all is a business house, and a port of call for the far East. It is supposed to be a British Colony. It looks like a bit of China with a leaven of Dutch and German. You can smell the Chinese as soon as you have left the little land-locked harbour with its border of perspiring green.

The Dutch and German you have not long to search after, for their names are written large on the great warehouses and stores that proclaim the prosperity of Singapore. On the road from Borneo wharf, where the *Ophir* and her escort filled their bunkers, your rickshaw runs past acres of coal piled like ramparts, and coolies from China, who swarm like ants in dirty loin cloths and conical hats of straw, with baskets slung on bamboo poles. They are carrying coal to the ships. Despite their multitude and activity, ships have to wait every day to their loss, for wharfage is limited. It is whispered that the Tanjong Pagar, or company that controls the docks, has grown too fat to be enterprising, and that masters of ships in want of coal are beginning to patronise the Dutch establishment, Pulo Way.

But Singapore was not thinking of business. For two days there was holiday in honour of the Royal visitors. They landed on April 21st, under a remorseless sun, and were received by the Governor, Sir Frank Swettenham surrounded by the British community, and some of the principal Chinese. The Sultans of Pahang, Perak, and Selangor were in the company, but the Sultan of Johore had taken a holiday in Europe. The reception was of the conventional kind—a pavilion hung with flags and flowers, three or four banks of ladies in cool, white dresses, and five score perspiring Englishmen in frock coats and silk hats. After a few presentations, the Prince and Princess drove to the house of the Governor among the trees overlooking the bay.

It was Sunday, but the people have no fine scruples. In their quiet, Oriental way, they made the most of the

Photo: G. R. Lambert and Co., Singapore.

STREET IN SINGAPORE.

occasion. The streets and buildings—Singapore has some fine shops and offices—were gay with flags. The esplanade, running close to the blue edge of the bay, with its crowded shipping, and bordered by a belt of trees, amid whose rich green shone the scarlet "flame of the forest," or flamboyant acacia, looked bright and refreshing. Groups of coolies found it a pleasant retreat and a safe place for indulging the national vice of gambling with dice and a small square of cloth divided like a chess board. These games are prohibited, but no one pays attention. The Chinese quarter was especially gay. These inscrutable yellow men in shiny black or blue, with pig tails getting into the way of their heels, have peculiar aptitude for decoration. Their principal street, a long, broad thoroughfare that might have been transported from Pekin, was covered with a canopy of blue, white, red, yellow, and green, from which hung thousands of coloured lanterns. At either end stood an arch, round whose columns fiery-tongued dragons coiled themselves under hideous masks. The Chinese were very proud of this display, and certainly it did credit to their taste as well as to their patriotism. My rickshaw boy, I am convinced, took me a couple of miles out of my way in order that I might admire the dragons and the lanterns, and would have kept me circling all day round a pagoda erected at a cost of two thousand dollars. After I had driven him off he kept his head turned for half a mile, so that he might not lose a glimpse of this coloured paper monstrosity, around which a small Chinese population were squatted with wondering eyes. The Tamils, too, had done their best to show their pleasure, and had

built an arch of many-shaded reds and golds. In short, nothing appears to be wanting to impress the Royal visitors with the wealth and loyalty of this strange and interesting community.

At the durbar, in the Town Hall, on Monday, were men of many races—Chinese, Arabs, Malays, Tamils, and all the medley of blood that makes the East. They came with tributes of loyalty, and laid them at the feet of the son of their suzerain—tributes of words, and of gold, and silver, and ivory. In the twelve deputations that added to the pile of precious caskets were men whose history one would have listened to with eager interest. Who was the Chinaman in feminine dress, with the peacock feather stuck in the back of his fool's cap? Why did he appear and reappear as if no presentation and no address could be regular without him? What were the thoughts of the two sober-looking Malays, sons of a deposed Sultan of Johore, when they noted the absence of the occupant of their father's throne, and saw men smile and shrug their shoulders? But the figures that attracted most were the four behind the chairs of the Prince and Princess. They were picturesque if not imposing men, in shining raiment. Three of them wore jackets and trousers in which gold and silver threads were cunningly blended with heliotrope and green. From the waist to the knees hung the graceful folds of the sarong, or skirt of shimmering silk, in tartan and deep orange shade. The fourth and central figure was dressed more after European fashion, though the blue sarong and the brown irregular features proclaimed him Malay. These were the native rulers of the Federated

Malay States—the Sultans of Perak, Pahang, and Selangor, and the Yam Tuan of Negri Sembilan. The deputations filed past with addresses and caskets—British-born subjects, the municipality of Singapore, the general community of Penang, the municipality of Penang, the general community of Malacca, the Singapore Chamber of Commerce, the Malays, the Chinese, and the Straits Chinese British Subjects Association, the Arabs, the Tamils and Chetties, the Chinese representatives of the Federated Malay States, and the Moslem Association—a microcosm of East and West, in silk hat and turban, frock coat and burnous. The heap of scrolls and caskets grew larger and larger until it overflowed the table. Malays brought a fine tusk mounted in gold, the men of Penang a lordly bamboo set in gold, and Chinese of Malaya a fire-screen on which their most famous craftsmen had employed their ornate skill, and had graven the address. When these presentations were at an end the Sultan of Perak—he of the semi-European dress—was invested with the order of a Knight of Michael and George, the Prince putting on his shoulders the blue and red ribbon.

The ceremony must have gratified these native rulers, for they hanker after titles of honour, and love place and power. They spring from a proud and sensitive race, full of prejudices and contradictions. Exclusive and suspicious, the Malay is still tolerant of strangers; he is a Mahomedan, yet no fanatic; a man of peace, though an enemy not to be despised. I had an interesting talk with the Sultan whose name had just been added to the roll of knighthood. Though reserved in manner, his

Highness of Perak gave his opinions readily. When he spoke of the visit of the Prince and Princess his pleasure and loyalty were manifest. Of his loyalty he has given proof, and indeed with reason. His State, with an area of ten thousand square miles, is peaceful, and extremely prosperous. There has been no disturbance since the murder of the British Resident in 1874, when it was necessary to bring troops from India and China to restore order. Piracy, once so common in the Malacca Straits, is unknown. The Malay has no use for his murderous kris, and even the despised Sakai aborigine roams the jungle unmolested, with his blow-pipe and poisoned dart. The development of the country has been remarkable. In 1879 the people numbered only 81,084; to-day they are 295,000. The revenue has increased from a quarter of a million dollars, in 1875, to six and a half million dollars; the imports from eight hundred thousand to nearly twelve million dollars, and the exports from seven and a quarter million to nearly twenty-six million dollars. This prosperity depends mainly on the tin mines, which in 1899 yielded a revenue of 3,037,000 dollars on an output of 18,960 tons. The Sultan takes an active and intelligent interest in everything affecting the welfare of his people. Schemes for education, for railways, for reclaiming and cultivating the land, and for improving the health and adding to the comfort of his subjects, have his strong support, and he has recently given valuable assistance in the attempt to codify certain portions of the Mahomedan law as modified by Malay custom.

More interesting perhaps than these signs of material

progress are the relations that exist between these semi-independent States and the suzerain. The history of these States is a record of great achievement by courageous, capable, and masterful men. Little more than a quarter of a century ago they were for the most part snake-haunted swamps and jungles, infested by people who had the reputation of being lazy, sullen, and vindictive, and ruled by chiefs who derived their wealth and authority from slavery, piracy, raids, and murder. Perak slew its first British Resident in 1874; Pahang, in 1889, accepted a Resident after a struggle in which blood was spilt; Selangor submitted, in 1874, after acts of piracy that called for vengeance; and it was not until 1898 that the nine States round Malacca, now known as Negri Sembilan, were reunited under one head. Six years ago these States entered into a federation, the success of which is beyond doubt. In wealth and civilisation they have progressed by leaps and bounds, and offer to the world an example of what may be accomplished by firm, just, and enlightened administration. These things we owe to men whose very names are unknown to the people at home. To them has been entrusted the novel and responsible task of regulating "the general administration" of pseudo-independent States with powers that have never extended beyond those of mere advisers. Their position is peculiar, and has no parallel in India or Egypt, or any country owning British suzerainty. It says much for the character and capacity of these Residents that they have won the confidence and controlled and directed the powers of the men to whom they were sent "as advisers, not as

rulers," with the official warning that " if they take upon themselves to disregard this principle, they will most assuredly be held responsible if trouble springs out of their neglect of it." The native rulers are content. Their revenues and their influence have increased rather than diminished under this advisory sway. Federation has brought them into closer personal relations, and has given them a greater sense of power. These are the views held by the Sultan of Perak, and I have reason to believe that they are the opinions of his brother chiefs of Pahang, Selangor, and Negri Sembilan.

There is a greater problem awaiting solution, and that is federation from the Straits of Singapore to George Town. Such a union would appear to be a natural sequel to the federation of the Malay States. Upon this subject, however, there is at present no unanimity. Divergence of interests, and the curiously independent State of Johore, which shuts the island of Singapore from the peninsula, are urged as insuperable objections. The political and social conditions of the States and of the Colony are dissimilar, and in some respects vitally dissimilar. The States have little or no white population, and the natives are out-numbered by Chinese immigrants, whereas in Singapore there is a white population, small in proportion to the Chinese, yet controlling local affairs. There can of course be no permanent union without equality, and to merge this white and practically self-governing Colony in a confederacy of native States would seem impolitic and unnatural. Time and circumstances will bring the solution. Meanwhile the idea has support, even in Singapore, and circumstances

are tending to draw closer the bonds, not only among the native States, but between the States and the Colony. Railways are binding them together. The proposal to carry the railway from Seremban in Negri Sembilan to Johore Bharu is about to be realised. This will give direct communication from Singapore, through the peninsula as far north as Pinang. The commercial and political advantages of this extension of the Malay railways are obvious. Johore must share the material benefits, and will be brought into closer touch with the Settlement, until the time comes when the control of its affairs passes from the India to the Colonial Office. This will be a step in the direction of federation. The fiscal and commercial obstacles in the way of complete union are insignificant. The ports of Singapore and the native States are free ports, and their commercial prosperity is in a very large measure interdependent. The revenue for the Colony in 1899 was 5,200,000 dollars, whereas that of the Federated States amounted to the sum of 33,765,000 dollars, an increase of more than four and a half million dollars on the revenue of 1898, and the increased value of trade was twenty-six and a quarter million dollars. This enormous growth of trade in the States has naturally suggested some attempt to equalise the incidence of taxation, and is found among the reasons advanced in favour of extending the principle of federation so as to include the whole of the Straits Settlements. As far as I can learn, the native rulers look upon this proposal without alarm. They have every confidence in the wisdom of the acting-governor, who is also their high commissioner, and believe that any change

would not deprive them of a voice in the affairs of their country. The danger they foresee and are most anxious to guard against is the swamping of their own race by the rapidly rising flood of Chinese immigration. The Malay will do no laborious or menial work, and has handed over to the indefatigable yellow man the undeveloped wealth and resources of his country. He is content with a small part of the inheritance which was his birthright, and he has the common-sense to see that he is master in his own house only as long as he can claim the protection and support of the British. That is the reason why the Malay chiefs look with indifference upon the scheme to draw them closer to the island of Singapore. They would not actively oppose it, yet if consulted they would rather we left well alone.

CHAPTER X.

A TRIP TO CHINATOWN.

The Chinese of Singapore—The Two Chinatowns—The Decoration of the Merchant Quarter—The Great Green Dragon—A Marvellous Procession—An Opium Den—A Tea House—The Singing Girls.

WHEN the Chinese are not content, they swarm into the streets with sticks and poles, and belabour any white man that may have the ill luck to get in the way. When they are pleased, they hang out paper lanterns and walk the streets with paper monsters having cloven tongues and bellies of fire. The lanterns have been burning and the monsters have been roaming about for two nights. The Chinese in Singapore are content, and indeed they have reason, for theirs is the land and the increase thereof. They are the ants and the bees of the Colony and of Malaya, from Perak to the Straits. Their tongkangs crowd the bay with square sails, and their flat-nosed sampans are as flying fish for multitude. The "hi-yow" of seven thousand rickshaw boys is their cry. Theirs are the shops and the bazaars, the woods and the forests, the tin mines and the revenue farms, and all that makes the Mexican dollar. Their industry and enterprise brook no rivals. The Malay will not stoop to labour beyond his own paddy field. He is the patrician and the sportsman, and looks with scorn upon the infidel Chinee who toils in the heat of the day. The Hindu, the Tamil, the Chettie, and all the races of Southern India, are poor creatures to

rub shoulders with the brawny, sleepless yellow man. It is a pity, with starving millions of our own so near, that this great labour market should be a Chinese monopoly. But there is no choice. The Indian will not or cannot, and the alternative to failure is the Chinaman.

Now that they have outgrown the novelty of firm and just government, the Chinese of Singapore are not merely orderly, but grateful. It is hopeless to expect to make friends with them—nor is it desirable, for the only relations they understand are those of master and man. Enough that they are good servants, and are grateful for the protection of the British flag. They showed their gratitude by large contributions to the fund for the sick and wounded in South Africa. Five of their merchants sent one thousand pounds each. The presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales gave them another opportunity, and they seized it with characteristic zeal. From the moment their Royal Highnesses set foot on shore until the *Ophir* turned her white prow to the south, the Chinese were conspicuous beyond all others in their demonstrations of loyalty. The most richly dressed men and women among those that received them on the wharf were Chinese. The most elaborate decorations were Chinese. The most costly casket for an address was Chinese. The only show worth remembering was Chinese.

There are two Chinatowns—the merchant quarter, with broad streets and neat shop fronts of carved wood, on which are savage-coloured legends—and the coolie quarter, with seething lanes of yellow men. In the shops you will find broidered silks from China, panels of inlay from Japan, carved ivories, little devils in silver, Malacca

canes, and solid bamboos from Siam. The streets were canopied from end to end with strips of cloth—red, white, blue, yellow, and green. Garlands of lamps hung from walls and canopy—big-bellied lanterns swaying in the wind, brazen dragons, fishes that never were in sea, demons that made mouths at you, and soft little gems of oiled paper, gleaming and flashing like rubies, and emeralds, opals and sapphires, carbuncles and turquoise, amethyst and chrysolite, and all the jewels of Ceylon. At the entrance to every street stood arches of many-tinted paper, out of which crawled scaly green dragons with fiery eyes and open, flaming mouth. When the lanterns were all lighted and the streets were packed with people, the scene was fantastic and bewildering—a coruscation of stars and comets, that seemed to follow and hover about the Prince and Princess as they led a line of rickshaws drawn by coolies in scarlet—like red demons. That was on Sunday night. On Monday there were developments.

Their Royal Highnesses were still at the Governor's residence—a palatial sort of building, set among fine trees, overlooking the Straits. They had dined with the Acting-Governor, Sir F. Swettenham, and were waiting for the procession of lanterns. In its way this procession was as strange and almost as weird as the procession of elephants and devil dancers at Kandy. The assembly was on the Esplanade, along which my perspiring rickshaw boy struggled and shouted, now dodging the red jaws of a wrathful dragon as they closed with a vicious snap, now narrowly escaping the fate of Jonah in some monstrous fish, whose internal accommodation was ready illuminated, and now by a hair's breadth avoiding shipwreck of a glow-

ing junk. When the procession moved its wonders began to unfold. They have an odd taste in reptiles and demons, the Chinese, and can produce marvels with skill and ingenuity that stamp them as artists in the unnatural. Some of these monsters came, I am told, from temples, and were escorted by bands of devil dancers, beating tom-toms. The pit of Acheron, the Stygian creek, and the primæval swamps must have been dragged for models. There were serpents darting flaming heads and writhing forty yards of shimmering green over oily, yellow shoulders. There were dragons, vampires, devils, fishes, ghouls, and afrites—all that was fabulous and monstrous —magnified a hundred-fold, and lighted like constellations. The only objects with which a "mere foreign devil" could claim familiarity were the junks, the boats, and the elephants. The elephants were of paper, and white, but their very presence betokened another racial element in the procession, for the Chinese do not understand these great living monuments of patience and intelligence. The elephants were the offering of the Tamils who had a share in this entertainment. I did not attempt to follow the trail of the demons, with their escort of shrieking dancers and tom-tom beaters. The crowds were too dense and too evil-smelling.

I encountered the great green dragon again in the early hours of the morning. He was crawling through a narrow lane in the coolie quarter, amid a greasy, yellow throng of worshippers, who were letting off Chinese crackers in his honour. His head was darting flame in one street while his tail was turning the corner of another. Tan-Poh-Chuan was our guide and interpreter, and we

were a party of nine bent upon seeing the Chinaman in his true habitat. The Chinaman of commerce is a creature of Western civilisation—a sleek, smiling human being, somewhat eccentric in dress according to our notions, yet highly intelligent and shrewd, and in the way of acquiring those nerves, if not that moral fibre, which are conspicuously wanting in his unsophisticated countrymen.

"Hi-yow, hi-hi-yow!" The rickshaw boy knows no language under the sun, and understands no signs, but he can make way through a crowd at the risk of your neck. On we dashed, Tan-Poh-Chuan's pig-tail waving in front, wrestling with mobs, turning corners, darting among scurrying rickshaws with reckless speed. The road was long and devious, carrying us through dark and noisome streets, until we plunged into a new world—the world of Chinatown. The streets were crawling ant-hills of oilskin-faced men. How they swarmed and stank! Every other shop was a restaurant, before which were wooden benches and packed rows of half-naked men, devouring rice and chicken like vultures. Those who were not eating surged round little stands, over which men of inscrutable yellow visage presided. Gambling is strictly forbidden, but in Chinatown the coolie is a law unto himself, and his hard-earned "cash" clinks on the fan-tan board. Tan-Poh-Chuan hurried us through the ugly crowd, until we came to a dimly-lighted and almost deserted street. Stopping before what looked like an empty coach-house, he knocked thrice. A voice answered, some signal was given, and the door opened to admit us into an opium den. It was not a luxurious establishment, though cleaner than any of the dens I have seen in New York or

Chicago. Three Chinese reclined upon the mats on raised couches that stretched along the sides of the room. Their heads rested on porcelain pillows, and the sweet, acrid smell of opium smoke came from long bamboo pipes held over tiny lamps. Two other Chinese, who had evidently just risen, were drinking a dark mixture out of a dirty kettle, and in a small compartment hidden behind the door a boy was preparing lamps and pipes by passing wires through the metal bowls or roses. Everything about the place was mean and sordid, more like a stable than an ante-chamber to the paradise of dreams and houris.

Tan-Poh-Chuan threw off his white coat, rolled up his pig-tail, and set about preparing pipes. The process is long and delicate. You unfold the tiny strip of dry leaf in which lies the black, viscous drug, and dip into it a thin wire. When you have a small globule on the wire you heat it into the flame of the lamp, and spread it in imperceptible layers over the bowl or rose of the pipe. Take another globule, heat it until it bubbles, and plug it into the central duct of the rose. Then you stretch yourself luxuriously on the mat, rest your head on the porcelain pillow, hold the rose over the lamp, and in a dozen whiffs it is finished. I am told that the gates of the paradise of dreams are not thrown open till you have offered the burnt sacrifice of ten pipes. We had neither the time nor the temptation to repeat the experiment of smoking the drug that has the flavour of senna with the sweetness of molasses.

The theatres were closed, and Tan-Poh-Chuan led the way to a tea-house. It was nearly midnight, yet the

streets seethed with the yellow flood. We walked up a steep flight of steps into the arms of a Chinaman, who barred our entrance with the air of a man whose private house we had invaded. A word from the faithful Tan-Poh-Chuan, and his straight, narrow eyes lighted. Half-a-dozen sturdy hands seized a wall of the house, and down came a section that looked as permanent as the building itself. Beyond this cleverly designed screen lay a winding passage, leading into a room with a balcony looking out upon the street. It was a large apartment, with divans and settees and curious chairs of carved ebony. Lamps were lighted. The table was spread with a crimson cloth, and tea was brought in cups on brass stands, with saucers over instead of under them. The tea was so weak that it had to be imagined, though we were assured that it was the choicest of China leaf, brewed after the true Chinese fashion. Other delicacies were laid before us in little porcelain plates—tiny buttons of cocoa-nut, slices of sugar cane, a tasteless speckled red berry, pieces of putrid fish, and bits of banana. All these we tasted, and even made cigarettes of Chinese tobacco that smoke like candle grease. At intervals an attendant cooled our brows with cloths steeped in hot water and sprinkled with eau de Cologne.

A Chinaman appeared with a little glass case, in which were enshrined rows of Chinese characters. After long and serious consultation with Tan-Poh-Chuan, he painted marks on the glass over certain of the characters. These we afterwards learned were the names of the singing girls—yellow little Cantonese in shiny black gowns, who beat with sticks on a metal instrument about as pretty

and as harmonious as an anvil, and sang a monotonous chant as musical as the note of a corncrake to the accompaniment of a coffee mill. Their song was as a Chinese play for duration, one singer succeeding another, until in despair we bargained for the barbaric fiddles that made a hideous cacophony by way of accompaniment. Truly the music of China does not soothe Western ears, though when the damsels—than whose demeanour nothing could be more modest—tried their skill on an instrument akin to the dulcimer the effect was delightful, and made one forget the agonies of the fiddle and the anvil. Having exhausted these sedate amusements, we called for the bill, and were presented with a document like the ornate paper cover of a tea-chest. The faithful Tan-Poh-Chuan eyed it with well-simulated amazement, and debated it with ever-growing fervour for the space of fifteen minutes. The proprietor of the establishment was by turns apologetic, explanatory, indignant, and despairing, and in the end allowed a discount of ten per cent. We got to the ship, a mile and a half from shore, before the end of the middle watch, though Chinamen rowed us in flat-nosed sampans.

On the 19th of June, 1819, Sir Stamford Raffles wrote from the island of Singapore :—"My new colony thrives most rapidly. We have not been established four months, and it has received an accession of population exceeding 5,000, principally Chinese, and their number is daily increasing." The people continue to multiply daily—still principally Chinese. They monopolise the tin mining industry that has ruined Cornwall by supplying sixty-five per cent. of the tin used in the world. They are the main-

stay of trade and commerce in the Federated Malay States. They are the skilled artisans, the workers in wood and metal, the merchants, the market gardeners, the revenue farmers, and the menials of the Colony. No one loves them, yet we offer them double and even treble wages, pay a subsidy of five dollars per labourer, and give them free passage from Chinese ports. Three and a half millions are receiving famine relief in India, but the people will not come to this land of plenty, or they come with so many caste prejudices that a whole village is required to look after the wants of a few individuals. I am told that the Chinese in Malaya and Singapore are very easy to govern when they have once realised who is master. It is many years since they gave serious trouble, though recent attempts have been made to establish secret societies at Kinta and Larut, in Perak, and smuggling in timber and jungle produce is not unknown on the coast. Despite their obvious virtues, one cannot avoid the feeling that they are debased creatures, with strange and sordid habits and unaccountable impulses—who still have the audacity to despise us.

CHAPTER XI.

FREEMEN OF THE SEA.

King Neptune comes on Board—The Prince presented at Court —Sunday Service.

IN the Indian Ocean we received the following message from Commodore Winsloe:—"His Royal Highness, whilst at Colombo, had a telegram from Mr. and Mrs. Neptune, expressing an intention of visiting the ships of the squadron on April 25th. H.R.H. hopes that you will permit their visit, and as there must be many young men on board your ship who have not yet had the honour of a personal introduction to this old sea-dog, he trusts you will allow the ancient custom of the Service to be carried out for the entertainment and amusement of the ship's company." Captain Bush, of the *St. George*, replied:—"Please inform H.R.H. that I have ordered the hawse plug to be kept open on the 25th inst. for King Neptune and his wife and daughters, and I shall have the honour of presenting my débutantes to them."

This ancient and honourable custom of the sea has fallen on evil days. It would be almost as hard to find a bluejacket or marine who has crossed the Line with ceremony as it is to discover a sailor in His Majesty's Navy who can dance a hornpipe. Old Neptune loves the white-winged ship, and cares not for steam, and the man learned in dynamics and electricity and torpedoes and smokeless powder, and all the new science of the sea,

has no time and no taste for frivolity. We crossed the Line on the night of the 23rd, and saw nothing of the Sea King. Next morning we began to think of him as a distant relation of the sea serpent. But at night a strange story ran through the ship. The navigating officer, it was whispered, being on the fore bridge, with thoughts bent upon charts and soundings, was confronted by a startling apparition. A long white beard rose out of the deep, and a gruff voice hailed him: "Come a' board, sir!" The voice was followed by a lady and a row of sea-dogs, with beards of tow hanging to the waist. Now, Lieutenant Grant is a man whose word not even the youngest middy would dispute. He had seen the procession with his own eyes, and his education in classical mythology enabled him to identify the lady as Amphitrite. Neptune undoubtedly had arrived. Captain Bush received him on the quarter-deck as he stepped from his chariot, amid his retinue of brawny, brown fellows, stark to the waist, with locks of seaweed. The Sea King drank a glass of grog, and declared himself well and hearty, though a trifle despondent at the thought that less reverence is paid him since the introduction of steam. He then withdrew for the night to his traditional quarters —the sand tanks and chain locker.

We rose next day in the shadow of a great event. The order was this:—"Mr. and Mrs. Neptune intend coming on board this ship at 9.30 a.m., leaving at 11.45 a.m., after which make and mend clothes." These last words seemed to hold a mystery. "After which make and mend clothes." Officers as well as men evidently anticipated trouble with their garments, one might have thought,

were this not the usual order of that day. At any rate, they came forth in rig that would merit court martial—shirtless, bootless, stockingless, clad in discarded whites. Neptune, crowned and sceptred, made his way through rows of grinning bluejackets and marines, and took his seat above the first and deepest of three canvas tanks slung from the boat deck on the starboard. The doctor, in big blue spectacles and tall hat plastered with quack advertisements, pulled out of his capacious pockets clinical thermometer and bottles of physic. The clerk opened his register and sharpened his pencil, the latherer dipped his whitewash brush into the soap-pail, and the barber put an edge on his gigantic razor. The victims were herded, and the levée began. The Rev. T. Cromwell Bush, the captain's brother, led the way. He was the first to trust himself to the revolving stool over the deepest tank, to have his lungs sounded with a monstrous stethoscope, to be physicked and spun head over heels into the salt water, there to be seized by sea-dogs, ducked and hurled into the second tank, and to crawl through a hole into the third. Officers, bluejackets, marines, stokers, and artificers followed, and enjoyed the process so much that some were suspected of having been presented more than once. At last the physic began to run low, the arm of the latherer to grow heavy, and the sea-dogs weary of wrestling. When the last drop of vinegar and water went down a reluctant throat the physician, in despair, threw himself after his victim, and was nearly drowned in his tin hat.

Meanwhile, similar scenes were enacted in the *Ophir* and *Juno*. The Prince himself was made a freeman of

the sea, and the members of his suite also went through the customary formalities, to the amusement of the company. Captain Bush signalled that one hundred and fifty presentations had been made in the *St. George*, and that Mr. and Mrs. Neptune had taken their departure at noon. Thereupon his Royal Highness, being a sailor, observed that the main brace of the three ships required splicing; and spliced it was to the great content of all.

This was the sole diversion of the voyage to Australia, and was a welcome relief from the daily routine. In a ship of war all days seem very much alike—except Sunday. Wherever he finds himself—on the burning sands of the Soudan, in the dreary bush of Australia, in the sweltering heat of the Red Sea, or in some ice-bound Arctic steamer—the Briton will have his Sunday and, if possible, his service. In a mail boat the captain is chaplain, and unless he is a novice he will decline to share his office even with an ordained priest. To accept aid of any kind is to discover the representatives of half a dozen sects, who insist on their right to minister to the spiritual wants of their fellow-passengers. In a warship there is usually a chaplain, who may also be naval instructor to the midshipmen, and at least one officer is a Roman Catholic, who may conduct a service. The *St. George* has for chaplain and naval instructor the Rev. William Hall. Every Sunday morning, after the captain has done the round of inspection, the church bell rings and the men congregate on the quarter-deck. Under the awning are rows of benches, facing a reading desk draped with a white cloth, on which is a black cross. Beyond the desk are chairs for the captain and officers. These services are

always interesting, and the sincerity and earnestness of some of the sailors might well excite surprise. Led by the ship's band, they sing very heartily hymns familiar to Englishmen in every part of the globe. They listen attentively to the chaplain's short and practical addresses, and join in that beautiful prayer, "Preserve us from the dangers of the sea and from the violence of the enemy, that we may be a safeguard unto our most gracious sovereign lord, King Edward, and his dominions, and a security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions."

On May 1st we sighted the Australian coast and put into Albany, whence we followed in the wake of the *Ophir* to Melbourne.

CHAPTER XII.

OPENING THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT.

Queen Victoria and the Prince's Mission—Marvellous Melbourne —An Impressive Ceremony—Federal Statesmen.

It was the desire of Queen Victoria that the opening of the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth should be marked with ceremony worthy of so important and memorable an event. To that end the Imperial tour was conceived, and the Prince of Wales charged with a commission bearing the sign manual of Victoria. A Royal proclamation, issued on September 18th, 1900, announced that "on and after January 1st next the people of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Tasmania, and Western Australia shall be united in a Federal Commonwealth under the name of the Commonwealth of Australia." Until the year 1901 the six Colonies had separate governments and administrations, with fiscal systems often antagonistic. The union was inaugurated at Sydney amid great public rejoicing, and at Melbourne on Thursday, May 9th, the Prince opened the first Parliament.

Melbourne is a marvellous city. Its broad streets, its lofty and magnificent buildings, and, above all, the active strenuous life of its citizens might lead you to imagine that it had centuries of history. Yet only sixty years have passed since the famous Tasmanian bushman, John Batman, bought for a few blankets, knives, and looking-

glasses six hundred thousand acres, and fixed upon Port Philip as "the place for a village." The village has now over half a million inhabitants, and has been chosen as the temporary seat of the Commonwealth Government. On the sandy flats, through which shuffles the stream named by the aborigines Yarra-Yarra, or "Ever flowing," have risen great blocks of shops and warehouses that remind one of New York or Chicago, or San Francisco. They represent the trade and wealth, not of Melbourne alone but of ninety thousand square miles of hinterland, out of which come wool and wine and mutton and gold.

As the Prince and Princess drove through the seven miles of crowded streets it was not easy to believe that they were eleven thousand miles from home. I have seen many Royal progresses, but never have I seen one more hearty and spontaneous than that of the multitude of well-dressed men, women, and children who thronged the streets daily for nearly two weeks. Enthusiasm was at its height on Thursday, when their Royal Highnesses drove to the Exhibition Buildings to open Parliament. Heralded by a fanfare of trumpets, the Prince and Princess were escorted by the Governor-General, Lord Hopetoun, to their seats under the central dome, where they faced a compact group of Senators. Beyond the Senators were members of the State Parliament, and behind the Royal daïs sat the Governors of the six States and their suites in uniforms of blue and scarlet laced with gold. On the right were military and naval officers, consuls and judges, while floor and galleries were filled with the people.

Those who have attended the opening of Parliaments

at Westminster may have missed some of the stately and picturesque solemnity of these ceremonies. The Exhibition Buildings are not adapted to pageantry. The glass roof, bare of ornament, the wide spaces of floor covered with chairs and benches, and the long wooden galleries, with a few painted figures for decoration, recalled the Alexandra Palace in its rigid utilitarian aspect. In the company there was an absence of uniform and colour to which our eyes are accustomed on all ceremonial occasions. But these contrasts were quickly swept aside when one looked on these twelve thousand people. The greatness and the meaning of it all were an overpowering impression. It was as if a nation had come to look upon the consecration of a new epoch in its history.

The procedure was modelled on that of Westminster. Proclamations were read by Black Rod summoning the House of Representatives—technically we were in the Upper House—and making known the desire of his Royal Highness that members should attend immediately to hear the Royal Commission. The interval was a startling yet a most impressive innovation, for the vast company rose and sang, to the accompaniment of a band, the immortal hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell." As soon as members had arrived, and the people were again seated, Lord Hopetoun read the appointed prayers, beseeching the Almighty to "regard with His merciful favour the people of this land, now united in one Commonwealth." That the Governor-General should act as chaplain may seem singular, but Australia has no State church, and the question of precedence among the sects is apt to provoke jealousy. The Clerk then read the Royal Patent,

in which his Majesty, King Edward VII., "trusting in the discretion of our son," gave the Prince full power to hold a Parliament. This done, his Royal Highness, standing with covered head, delivered the message from the Throne. The first Parliament of the Commonwealth was declared to be opened. From the great company rose a mighty cheer; guns thundered in the crowded streets, and the Princess, touching an electric button, flashed the message to every village over which, from every school in the State of Victoria, floated, next instant, the Union Jack.

The Prince, again stepping to the front of the daïs, read the King's message: "My thoughts are with you today on this important event. Most fervently do I wish the Commonwealth of Australia prosperity and great happiness." The simple sincerity of these words went straight to the heart of the people, who hailed them with enthusiastic cheers. Nothing but a few formalities remained. The oath was administered by Lord Hopetoun to members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and each member signed the roll of Parliament. They were then dismissed to their respective chambers for the election of President and Speaker. On their departure the orchestra played the opening bars of the Hallelujah Chorus, and the people sang "Rule Britannia" and the National Anthem.

With us who live in England the sense of union is so old that it is not a thought but an instinct. In Australia, where distances are enormous, where interests are new and sharply divided, and where local jealousies have been embittered by hostile tariffs and trade restrictions, the sense of union is novel. The Federal Parliament is the

embodiment of this novelty. Imagination fails to grasp the full meaning of this change in the government of a continent nearly equal in extent to the whole of Europe, with a climate that runs from the tropics to the temperate zone, with interests as divergent as those of Queensland and its sugar fields, and the crowded labour market of Sydney. What vast and far-reaching responsibilities lie with that little group of Ministers who stood near the Heir to the Throne!

I have met and spoken with most of them, and have been impressed by the strength and independence of character which seem native to the soil of Australia. Several are men who would make their mark in any Assembly. Mr. Barton, the Prime Minister, is a man whose handsome, clean-cut face and alert, sturdy figure—he was an athlete in his youth—attract instant attention. He talks well in private, and is a master of detail, though as a public speaker he seems to me wanting in breadth and fervour. Like Mr. John Morley, he is fond of phrase making. One of these phrases was inscribed on the Commonwealth arch at the Inauguration ceremony: "A Continent for a nation, a nation for a Continent." Another I noted in his speech on the election of the Speaker of the House of Representatives: "Courtesy is the first condition of dignity." Mr. Deakin, the Attorney-General, is a young man who, since his entry into State politics, has been acknowledged to be the most fluent and graceful orator in Victoria. This gift he has used in the cause of Federation, and his brilliant and enthusiastic advocacy did a great deal to make the movement popular. The general opinion is that he would make a better Minister of

Internal Affairs than Attorney-General. His popularity is so great, and his tact and public spirit are so widely recognised, that his services would have been invaluable in controlling the relations and removing the jealousies of the States. Mr. Charles Kingston, the Minister of Customs, is a Protectionist and a lawyer, who for many years has been the leading politician of South Australia. A man of great ability and force of character, Mr. Kingston ought to be a power in the Federal Cabinet, though it is feared that his influence will be against moderate and conciliatory measures in fiscal questions. As a speaker, he is too oratorical and too fond of indulging in personalities—a characteristic which, with his abilities, has won him enemies.

Large and gross in build, with a heavy, set face, no one would imagine that Sir John Forrest, the Minister for Defence, was once an intrepid and successful explorer in the desolate wastes of Western Australia, where he has now ruled for many years. He is no orator, though as a strong Imperialist, it is believed that in matters of defence neither the Imperial Government nor the Commonwealth will have cause to regret his presence in the Cabinet. Upon that most important of pressing issues—the fiscal policy of the Commonwealth—Sir John Forrest's position is peculiar. He is the sole representative of West Australia who holds Protectionist opinions. Sir William Lyne is said to be a manager of men, and may prove more successful as Minister of Internal Affairs than many people anticipate. His manner is reserved, and his speech is unrelieved by any flashes of wit or oratory. He is, perhaps, the only man in

the Cabinet who has not been a strong advocate of Federation, and his presence in the Ministry is due to the fact that, being Premier of New South Wales, Lord Hopetoun called upon him first to form a Cabinet. Mr. Drake, the Postmaster-General, is a lawyer who was once a journalist, and as a debater he is not likely to add to the strength of the Ministry. He owes his position mainly to the scarcity of leading politicians in Queensland—the death of Sir James Dixon, who was chosen for the position, and the elevation of Sir S. Griffith to the Bench, having almost exhausted the list. Mr. Drake is a strong advocate of the policy known as "a White Australia," and is opposed to the employment of Kanaka labour in the sugar fields. Mr. O'Connor, the leader of the Government in the Senate, reminded me strongly of his namesake, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, in the House of Commons. He is tall, dark, quiet and reserved in manner, and a very direct and able speaker. Every other Senator from New South Wales is a Freetrader; but so popular is this lawyer that even the Freetraders of Sydney refused to have his name removed from the list of candidates. Tasmania is represented by Sir P. Fysh, who was once Premier of the State and Agent-General in London.

Mr. Barton's Cabinet has been selected chiefly with a view to the settlement of the fiscal policy, and is fairly homogeneous. The issue it has to face is very difficult, for, while the House of Representatives is in favour of Protection, the Senate is hostile; and the Labour members, who balance parties, are not to be relied upon except when they are reaping some immediate advantage. Ministers have also to reckon with a very powerful oppo-

nent in Mr. Reid. The Leader of the Opposition was not at the opening of Parliament. He is a remarkable man, who needs care in the studying. Short and very stout, with an eyeglass stuck perpetually in the left eye, his personal appearance is the favourite object of Australian caricaturists. His manner is frank and friendly, and he has the capacity of attaching men to him. As a speaker, his admirers declare that he never had in Australia an equal for sustained eloquence and flashing wit. His opponents, on the other hand, declare that his undoubted hold on popular audiences is acquired by vulgar artifices. Mr. Reid is a born fighter, and is ambitious of power. He is a consistent Freetrader, and has great influence with the Labour Party.

I made my way through the crowded streets to the Parliament House. Outwardly it resembles the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, though the arrangements inside are on the model of those of Westminster, even to the colour of the benches, which are red for Senators and green for Commons. The election of Speaker of the House of Representatives was conducted with the same formalities as at Westminster, Mr. Holder, of South Australia, being the choice of the majority. Sir Richard Baker, also of South Australia, was elected President of the Senate.

Thus ended an eventful day—the day of a new life and a new hope, not for Australia alone, but for the scattered realms over which King Edward rules. What the people of the Commonwealth saw in this day and what they confidently look forward to from it was summed up in one of their newspapers:—"No Emperor of the Old World, no Cæsar, no Alexander could even imagine

so wide a sovereign sway; no Czar, no American President can hope for a realm so wide extended as that which a Federated Great Britain will fuse into a whole. And the Union of Australia brings Imperial Federation close to the line of practical politics. It is the next step."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GOLDEN CITIES OF AUSTRALIA.

The Eureka Stockade—Ballarat and Johannesburg—The Hon. Peter Lalor—Ballarat To-day.

THERE is said to be no romance in the history of Australia. Its conquest has been without triumphs of diplomacy, without great battles. No savage races, no wild beasts, have contested the land with the white man. This prosaic postulate may be accepted in Melbourne, where you have the comforts and luxury of London and the atmosphere of the Riviera. At Ballarat, seventy-four miles up country, you begin to suspect a fallacy, and admit the romance. In Sturt Street is an avenue conceived for pageantry and triumphal marches—an avenue two hundred feet wide, with a mile of trees up the middle, like Unter den Linden, in Berlin. A quarter of a century ago men were turning up the soil of Sturt Street in search of gold, and tents and bark huts stood where oak, and elm, and Californian pine, and blue gum tree beshadow gardens of chrysanthemum. In this same avenue is a bronze figure of a one-armed man, who presided over four Parliaments of Victoria after losing his arm in the attempt to establish a republic of Victoria. On the morning of our arrival I read in a local newspaper of the discovery of human remains. "Only a few bones, including the skull, could be found, and they appeared to have been exposed to the wind and rain for twenty years or more. The constable also found a double-barrelled

gun, a butcher's knife, and a small pocket knife near the remains, and a portion of a blue checked shirt and brown trousers. The wild dogs are supposed to have carried away the missing portion of the remains. It is supposed that the man perished from thirst. The bones were buried on the spot, and no inquest was deemed necessary. Inquiries were, however, made among the oldest residents in the locality, but without avail." Here you have the romance of Australia, and the history of Ballarat and the Golden Cities under the Southern Cross.

There are points of strong resemblance between Ballarat and Johannesburg. Half a century ago the Government, like the Transvaal Republic, did all in their power to prevent the search for gold. The squatters, like the Boer farmers, looked with dread on the strangers who threatened to disturb their peaceful pastoral life. They gave way to pressure, and a torrent of humanity swept along the banks of the creeks and water-worn gullies. Farmers left their homesteads, merchants their desks, sailors deserted their ships, and soldiers their ranks to mix with escaped convicts and revolutionary spirits from Europe in the rush for gold. Ballarat—"the Resting Place," for that is the meaning of the native word—became a mining camp, and has grown into a beautiful and wealthy city. The people, I am told, do not like to be reminded of the incident of the Eureka stockade. I cannot believe that they are so absurdly sensitive, after seeing the monuments on the hill where the engagement was fought, and in the quiet little cemetery where rebels and soldiers lie side by side, and

after reading the legend on the statue of the one-armed man. "The Hon. Peter Lalor, born 5th February, 1827, died 9th February, 1889, fourth Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, who was in 1854 appointed commander of the insurgent force on the occasion of the memorable outbreak at Ballarat in that year, losing an arm in the engagement of the 3rd of December. In 1855 he was elected a member of the first Legislative Council of Victoria, and on two occasions served the Colony as Minister of the Crown; was elected Speaker 22nd July, 1880, and presided over four consecutive Parliaments, finally retiring from public duty owing to failing health, 29th September, 1887. Parliament, in recognition of his eminent services, passed a grant to him of £4,000. This statue was erected in 1892 by James Oddy, of Ballarat." This abortive revolution was brought about by unjust laws unscrupulously administered, and by oppressive taxation without representation. It ended in a midnight rush, and the loss of one officer and four soldiers, and fifteen rebels; but it was the beginning of a new era of just laws and honest administration. The day may not be distant when Transvaal burghers may erect a statue to Dr. Jameson, and when De Wet or Botha, like Peter Lalor, on whose head was a reward, may serve as a Minister under the British Crown. History, as Ballarat can show, has episodes that seem not less improbable.

The charm of Ballarat is the charm of a well ordered and wealthy city, with an industrious and prosperous people who love comfort and beautiful surroundings. The gardens and Sturt Street reflect the people's love

of beauty and their public spirit. The gardens are a paradise of green labyrinths and cool grottoes, of roses and chrysanthemums and dainty winding paths that lose themselves in the shadow of oak, and elm, and pine, and eucalyptus. The season is too late to reveal all their splendours, but a winter for which one would gladly exchange an English summer cannot hide the sweetness and grace that make the gardens of Ballarat famous. Within the memory of men still young, the lake with its border of weeping willows was a bare swamp, and the garden a stretch of bush country haunted by the dingo and the kangaroo. Sturt Street, with its avenue of trees and its statues, is one of the finest streets in the world. Burns has a statue, and that the ubiquitous Scot may not claim a monopoly Tom Moore looks pensively toward the obelisk, on which are graven the words: "Eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep." Soon there will be another, for the Prince laid the foundation of a monument to those gallant sons of Australia who have fallen in battle for the land which they fondly call "Home." The trowel with which he fixed the stone has graven on the handle a sentiment the wide-spread intensity of which stirred every visitor from the Old Country: "Our lives are all for Motherland."

Though the visit was over in four or five hours, their Royal Highnesses saw a great deal that interested them. They saw the old town with its narrow, irregular streets, built on the plan of the mining camp, whose place it has taken. Tin-roofed shanties still linger among the substantial and comfortable houses. They saw, too, one of the sources of the wealth that has made the people

prosperous and contented. The South Star is one of the deepest gold mines. The shaft, unlike the shafts of the Transvaal mines, which descend at a gentle incline, is perpendicular, and has a depth of two thousand five hundred feet, with levels or leads extending over miles. Their Royal Highnesses did not descend, but were content with an inspection of the work at the surface. The recovery of gold in Australia is now a highly organised industry. Men no longer scratch a fortune out of the earth with their fingers, or pick up nuggets like the "Welcome" and the "Lady Hotham," which sell for £10,000. The number of men employed in mining is about seven thousand, a little more than half being engaged in recovering gold from the quartz, while the rest are on the alluvial workings. The yield is more than two hundred thousand ounces a year, and the gold is of the finest quality.

An old prospector told me some interesting stories of the days when the people were "drunk with gold." Before the rich surface washings were exhausted it was no uncommon thing for a man to take out of a claim in a few days £10,000, and sell the claim for £100 to another, who in turn passed it on after making his modest pile. One claim, owned originally by a blacksmith, yielded no less than £260,000 to its several possessors. But they were not always so easy-going. Not many years ago it was found that a cemetery stood in the way of some rich alluvial diggings. At first the Government were reluctant to disturb the ashes of the dead, and resisted the efforts to force them to proclaim the graveyard a gold-field. But the pressure was too great. For

many days and nights the cemetery was held by thousands of ghouls, who waited only the notice in the Gazette to peg out their claims among the dead. There were a score of claimants encamped on every prescribed allotment, and prize-fighters came from Sydney to protect the "rights" of those who cared to hire them. When the official notice appeared, the rush was terrible, and the scene horrible. With rough and ready justice the warden made his selection among the rival claimants, beginning by rejecting those whose pegs were not exactly of the length laid down in the mining laws of the district. Scenes like these are happily of the past, and at Ballarat certainly everything is done in order, and with the quiet precision of a great factory.

No doubt there is a reverse side of the golden shield that Ballarat held up before the eyes of the Prince and Princess. What it is a four hours' visitor would not presume to say. In olden times—that is, thirty years ago, as antiquity is reckoned in Australia—men wandered into the bush to die of thirst and have their bones picked by wild dogs, and bushrangers lay in wait for the convoy carrying gold to the coast. These are evils of the bad old times, before law and order were as firmly established as in England. Poverty and crime are still to be found, but they are not obtrusive, and, measured by European standards, Ballarat can be accounted happy among the golden cities of the world. And her future is assured, for it rests on a more solid and permanent foundation than glittering soil or quartz. Ballarat is the centre of a great agricultural district. In the journey from Melbourne we passed through forests

of timber and broad expanses of grass land fenced with eucalyptus, in which were flocks and herds. Here and there were trim little hamlets breathing an air of comfort and prosperity that reminded me of homesteads in Surrey. Stretching to the foot of rounded hills are broad expanses of rich chocolate-coloured soil that yield bounteous crops of wheat, and limitless tracts of grass land on which cattle and sheep are fattened for the markets of the world. When the gold of Ballarat and Bendigo is forgotten, and the prospector and miner have gone in search of new fields, the sheep walks and farms and pastures that enshrine Ballarat will continue to pour forth that stream of wealth which, flowing toward the sea, has made Melbourne a great and marvellous city.

CHAPTER XIV.

MILITARY CADETS.

Military Spirit of Australia—The Ambition of Schools—Review at Melbourne—How the Cadet System is Worked—Its Popularity—Education in Schools and Universities.

THE strong military spirit that permeates Australia is remarkable. It was conspicuous everywhere, and at all times. This ardent militarism has its origin in no instinct of aggression, but in that fervent patriotism which has led many to lay down their lives on the battlefields of South Africa. War is not always an unmixed evil. In Australia, as in other parts of the Empire, it has called forth the best qualities of the people, and has accomplished in one breath that which political philosophers have dreamed and statesmen have toiled after in vain. Sternly and consistently democratic, Australians are attached to the Empire and to the Throne with a passion so strong as to bewilder those who believe monarchy to be incompatible with the democratic spirit. They are determined that their children shall be patriotic, loyal, and brave—healthy in mind and body.

Dr. Morrison, Principal of the Presbyterian College in Melbourne, in his address on May 15th, used words that echo the sentiment of every city and "back-block" of the Commonwealth:—"We have striven to send forth from our schools good and true men, loyal and patriotic citizens, who will not only do their work well in every social, civil, and religious capacity, but will fight if need be for their King and country, as so many of our old boys

recently have fought. Patriotism and loyalty are natural products of Victorian soil, and we humbly pray your Royal Highness to tell our King and Queen that throughout his Majesty's wide dominions there is no spot where the sentiments of loyalty and devotion to his Majesty's person and Government are stronger and more genuine than in this distant corner of the Empire, which is proud of bearing the ever-honoured name of Victoria."

A striking proof of this is to be found in the cadet corps which flourish in every State, and in which sixty per cent. of the Australians who fought so nobly in South Africa had their early military training. The review on Flemington Racecourse was one of the surprises that Melbourne had in store. Sixteen thousand men and boys paraded before the Prince and Princess with the bearing and precision of trained soldiers. It was difficult for the most part to distinguish them from the men whom I had seen doing yeoman service with General French and Colonel Hutton in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. Sturdy, stalwart men, they rode like Centaurs and marched like bluejackets or marines. Four thousand cadets—boys whose age was from twelve to nineteen—went past the saluting point in close order with the set faces of veterans, their blue eyes looking straight ahead, as though they saw before them the destiny of their race. Their motto is "Pro Deo et Patria"—"For God and Fatherland." Their uniform is khaki, with soft felt hat; their accoutrements are brown, and they carry the light, small-bore Francotte rifle. Cadets from secondary schools are distinguished by the school badge on the collar, and every boy has a number on the shoulder strap.

I watched the review from the stand allotted to naval officers—American, German, Russian, and Dutch, as well as British. They were especially impressed by the cadets. The American admiral was enthusiastic. "That is real grand," he exclaimed, as the boys swung past with the smartness and precision of veterans. "And it is for the future," he added, after the practical manner of our cousins.

This cadet system, which the Prince of Wales, in his statesmanlike speech at the Guildhall, commended to the notice of the Secretary of State for War, is not a mere amusement or a useless and expensive luxury. It is a practical business under the direct control of the State, which recognises its educational and economic value. In Victoria alone there are over twenty-five thousand young men who have served a course of two years' efficient drill and rifle-shooting, while the cadets number four thousand, with one hundred and sixty-seven officers. Yet the cost to the State in the year 1900 was only £2,783, of which £763 was paid in salaries to the permanent staff, £600 in free ammunition, and £1,000 in effective allowance, the senior cadets—numbering four hundred—taking £450, while the balance was distributed among the ninety-one detachments of junior cadets. The senior cadets are between the ages of fourteen and nineteen, with a minimum height of five feet four inches. The battalion drills at night, goes into camp with the militia, and appears on all ceremonial parades as an adult unit. In reality it is a junior militia or volunteer battalion. Junior cadets must be twelve years old, and of the minimum height of four feet six inches. Detachments may be established in schools

where there are twenty such boys and a qualified person willing to take charge and to be responsible for the Government equipment. At least one hour's drill with arms must be given each week, and the battalions must parade not fewer than six times a year. The musketry course consists of twenty-five rounds individual, and twenty rounds volley firing with ball, besides a preliminary practice of twenty rounds with blank ammunition. The effective allowance to officers in charge of a detachment is £3, with a grant of £5 a year if he is a teacher. To each detachment of cadets the allowance is only £3 a year. All ranks provide their own uniform, the Defence Department issuing Francotte rifle, brown leather accoutrements, and waterproof cape, the cost of which is £3 15s.

In New South Wales, as their Royal Highnesses saw, there is an admirable cadet force in connection with the primary schools. There the organisation rests not on a military, but on a school department basis, its commandant being the Inspector-General of Schools. In South Australia and Queensland the system is similar to that of Victoria. Queensland started with three companies in 1898, and has now five companies in Brisbane and the suburbs, with a drum and fife band of twenty-nine, and three companies in Ipswich, Toowoomba, and Maryborough. The capitation grant is £1 a year for uniform and working expenses, with an allowance of £12 a year to each officer commanding a company. These officers are assistant teachers, and are drawn from the Teachers' Volunteer Corps. Cadets are armed with Martini-Henri carbines—useful for instructional purposes only—and with the converted Martini. They are drilled for an hour

on two afternoons each week; they attend the camp of continuous training, and specially selected lads are given regular practice at the targets.

The cadet system is popular with all classes, and receives every encouragement from parents, teachers, and Government. They have found in it a valuable educational instrument—a means not merely of improving the physique of the boys, but of training them in habits of obedience, order, and self-restraint. The wearing of a national uniform elevates his ideas of self-respect and responsibility, for it is a condition of admission to a detachment that the boy shall be of good conduct. Sir Frederick Sargood, the father of the movement in Australia, has cause for great satisfaction. There is hope, as his Royal Highness said, that this example may be followed in England.

At the children's fêtes none were so popular as the cadets. They were conspicuous among the ten thousand scholars who went through musical drill and exercises before the Prince and Princess in the Exhibition grounds at Melbourne. Several hundred dainty little maids, in white, with rosy cheeks and the fair hair and blue eyes of their Saxon sisters, danced round the Maypole as we have seen them dance on a village green in England. The children of Victoria differ little from their sisters and brothers at home, save that they are always well dressed and well fed, and have none of the appearance of the pressure of life in towns. Their primary education is "free, secular, and compulsory," and to the usual subjects are added drill, gymnastics, needlework, cooking, and lessons on health and temperance. The law of the State

of Victoria directs that no State school teacher shall give any other than secular instruction in any State school, but it assigns as one of the duties of the Board of Advice "to direct, with the approval of the Minister, what use shall be made of the school buildings after the children are dismissed from school, or on days when no school is held therein." Under this provision religious instruction may be given on school days—though not by a State school teacher—after the close of secular instruction, which must not be earlier than 3.30 p.m.

Another phase of young Australia was presented at the University Commencement ceremony. The undergraduates indulged in that freedom from restraint common to these ceremonies the world over. One could not but be struck by the large number of women and girls that presented themselves for degrees at Melbourne. None were of the type known as blue-stocking. Most of them were decidedly pleasant to look upon, and seemed to have lived more in the open air than in the study. I am told that they are the only disinterested scholars, for the aim of the Australian youth is utilitarian—to make for himself a career in business or in some lucrative profession. The collegiate system in Melbourne is denominational, and is in its infancy. The late Mr. Childers founded it on the lines of the English Universities, of which he was a member, and endowed it with large grants of public land. On these lands have been erected the fine college of the Presbyterians—the gift of a Scotsman—the Anglican College, known as Trinity, and the Wesleyan College. The Roman Catholics have also a site, but the collegiate system does not appear to flourish with them, and the

land is still vacant. The number of undergraduates in residence is limited, but the tendency is toward increase. The Warden of Trinity—Dr. Leeper—told me that the room in which I lunched with him used to be divided into two horse-boxes for studies, while the drawing-room contained three similar apartments. To-day each student has a bedroom, and shares a study with one companion. The common room of Trinity is a club, with comic papers and magazines, and on the top floor—*mirabile dictu*—is a billiard table.

CHAPTER XV.

QUEENSLAND AND BRISBANE.

A Picnic on the Darling Downs—Glenrowan and the Kelly Gang—Wagga-Wagga and "The Claimant"—The Queensland Club—A Notable Review—Lytton.

THOUGH Brisbane was disappointed, and even indignant, at the absence of the warships, which were detained at Sydney by rumours of plague, neither their Royal Highnesses nor the people of Southern Queensland and New South Wales had cause to regret the change. The Prince and Princess saw much more of the country from the train than they could have done from the deck of the *Ophir*, while many outlying districts had an opportunity of sharing the national welcome. Their Royal Highnesses had a glimpse of that famous country known as the Darling Downs, which the botanist and explorer, Allan Cunningham, discovered in 1827. This tract of four million acres of open land and rolling downs is very beautiful, with its broad meadows and pastures, its cornfields and homesteads, its villages and towns, like Warwick and Toowoomba and Dalby. It was on the fringe of these Downs, during the return journey from Brisbane, that the Prince and Princess left the train for a bush picnic.

On a wide stretch of scant brown grass, covered with scrub and eucalyptus trees, were a small tent and a campfire. One might have mistaken it for a gipsy encampment had it not been for the herd of bullocks, round which careered men on horseback with long whips in their hands.

Passing through the barbed wire fence, the Royal party looked on while the stock riders rounded up their charge. It seemed easy enough—until you tried, or began to think how difficult and dangerous it might be in the midnight bush, when the cracking of a branch or the flame of a fire might stampede the herd, and the driver has to head off the maddened torrent. The Prince was greatly interested, especially in the process known as "cutting-out." A black or a white bullock would be selected, and the driver would ride in and endeavour to separate him from his fellows—an attempt that often ended in a hot chase, in which the animal sometimes showed himself as agile, if not quite so enduring, as the trained horse. Lord Lamington, the late Governor of Queensland, Sir Arthur Bigge, and Viscount Crichton joined in the sport, with the success that one would expect from notable horsemen and soldiers. Meanwhile, tea was being brewed in a "billy," or tin can, such as troopers and bushmen carry on their saddle. The water was boiled after the approved fashion in a paraffin tin, though the tea was poured out of a silver pot, and served in cups that looked scarcely in harmony with the bush camp. The "damper"—or cake of flour and water cooked over the fire—looked and tasted better than that of the ordinary bushman or of the Australian trooper in South Africa. The Princess seemed to enjoy the interlude, and drank her billy tea and ate her damper like a true daughter of the bush.

The conditions of modern travel rob us of a certain emotion of change of place. We lose the sense of distance. At noon on Saturday, May the 18th, we left Melbourne, and on Monday we breakfasted in Brisbane.

Between the capitals of Victoria and Queensland lie nearly thirteen hundred miles of mountain and plain, yet the distance that divides them seemed less than the distance between Florence and Rome. There are no milestones of tradition. So swiftly and smoothly did we glide over bare plains, past trim hamlets, and through forests of gum trees, that we had no time for the sensation of change. In the twilight, when darkness rose like an emanation from the earth, and folded the pale, luminous sky in a starry mantle, the smaller details of the landscape faded, and we were hurried along past black fields, out of which rose spectral white trees—the ring-backed ghosts of eucalyptus—gorges full of the mystery of night, hamlets where men were dim shadows, and desolate heaths, which the eye sought for cross and gibbet.

Two townships have associations in keeping with these thoughts. It was daylight when we passed Glenrowan, the scene of the last exploits of those daring bushrangers known as the Kelly gang. The inn out of which the marauders were burned by the police is now a police-station, as a resident told me with a smile. Here Ned Kelly, clad in armour that he had made out of ploughshares, faced the bullets of justice, and might have lived to win the fame of a magician had not a commonplace trooper conceived the possibility that, like Achilles, he might be vulnerable in the heel. Among so many signs of order it was hard to restore the details of the scene—the little inn in the scrub, the flaming walls lighting up the faces of the dead robbers, and the strange, almost supernatural figure of their leader standing in the shadow of gaunt trees under a hail of lead that fell from him like

drops of rain. Wagga-Wagga was less romantic. It is a typical squatting township, with broad, flat streets, shaded by trees. The Tichborne claimant was a butcher here under the name of Arthur Orton. The hills, over which we ran so smoothly until we climbed Ben Lomond, are haunted with recent memories of the native tracker, Governor, who, with an aborigine comrade, raided and murdered and ravished over three thousand miles of country for several months before he could be captured.

Brisbane has the air of a provincial town in England, yet the likeness is incomplete, for the atmosphere, even in winter, is clear and sunny, and the streets, though narrow, are almost mathematical in their regularity. The people live during the greater part of the year under semi-tropical conditions, and have not the robust physique and restless energy of their countrymen in Melbourne. The climate, however, is not unhealthy, and the winter is very pleasant. In 1845, six years after Brisbane ceased to be a penal settlement, the population was only 812, and the buildings were little more than convict barracks and a few shingle-covered huts. The people now number nearly 150,000, and the public buildings, clubs, and gardens are finer than those of many European towns with twice the population. The Queensland Club is one of the best in Australia. Like similar institutions in other cities of the Commonwealth, it was founded as a town house for the landed aristocracy—the squatters. The race of squatters, who owned hundreds of square miles of country, and like the patriarchs of old, counted their wealth in flocks and herds, is dying out. They are being absorbed by financial syndicates, whose mission is to extract the uttermost farthing

out of the land, and who have no strong personal inducement to develop a rural community. Of the squatters that still retain their holdings, many live in the cities, and leave the control of their estates to agents. They are to be met in the clubs of Melbourne and Brisbane, and as a class give one the impression of men who need only public spirit and self-denial to make them the true leaders and governors of the people. The Johnsonian Club has a more literary and Bohemian flavour than the Queensland. It is also typical of the people, for Brisbane, having regard to its small population and its extreme youth, has an unusually large number of cultured and educated men.

The Royal week in the capital was purely social—dinners, receptions, concerts, and all that class of "function" which brings weariness to mind and body. The welcome was very warm-hearted, and the street decorations were all in good taste. One is worthy of record—a triangular arch of ti-tree bark, brown and fibrous, like rough sheets of paper stained with umber—on which were grouped aborigines—men, women, and piccaninnies. The "black fellows" were armed with spear and boomerang, and their naked bodies were smeared with red and white, like the bodies of our ancestors, the Picts and Scots. At Lytton their Royal Highnesses attended a review, and had another illustration of the martial spirit that has come over Australia since she has been permitted to share with us the sacrifices and the triumphs of war. The parade state showed only four thousand men and cadets—the entire population of Queensland is half a million—but what must have struck a close observer like the Prince was the evidence of discipline and training in men and boys

who pass their lives in semi-tropical heat and in occupations similar to those of youths in the large towns of England.

The journey to Lytton, at the entrance to Moreton Bay, was by water, so that their Highnesses might see the famous river on which the capital is built. At Victoria Bridge, twenty miles from the embouchure, the river is not wider than the Thames at London Bridge, but as it winds between green banks to the coast it broadens and deepens. Three-quarters of a century ago, Oxley, in quest of a settlement for convicts, found this stream, which flows through a city, and whose wharves berth ocean steamers, the reedy haunt of stork and pelican. Looking upon all the signs of progress and commercial activity, the factories and the wharves, the ships and launches and trim yachts, the gardens and villas, the warehouses and churches and public buildings, it seems impossible that between the wilderness and the city is the span of a single life. A straight, deep channel, in which the most powerful dredgers are at work, enables vessels of heavy tonnage to moor in the heart of the city, and gives hope that Brisbane will maintain its supremacy as the port of Queensland. The fear of its merchants is that Sydney, with its magnificent natural harbour, will monopolise the carrying trade as soon as tariffs and dues are made uniform under the Commonwealth. To those, however, who, like Mr. Gray, realise the limitless resources of the State, this fear must seem idle. Queensland needs only people to become one of the richest parts of the Empire. It abounds in minerals, its forests and pastures are a source of unfailing wealth, it is the true land of the Golden Fleece, it

has the richest gold mine in the world, the greatest railway mileage per head of population in Australia, the largest number of ports into which the produce of the interior can flow, and a climate and soil so varied that no limit can be set to its capacity for cultivation.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL.

A Corrobboree—An Irreclaimable Race—A Complex Language—The Tribal System—Superstition and Religion.

THE Australian aboriginal will soon be a scientific curiosity. For some years he may eke out a miserable existence in that mysterious Far North Country out of which come thrilling stories of raiding and cattle-spearing and attacks on solitary stations. In Queensland, too, he may still be a menace to the mining prospector and stock drover. But his doom is certain. Driven deeper and deeper into the burning heart of the continent, he must disappear. The "black fellows" we saw in towns like Albany and Brisbane and Sydney are not likely to awaken regrets. There is nothing of the noble savage about them. The women are bundles of bones held together with dirty kangaroo skins and filthy blankets, beneath which crawl legs no thicker than broom-sticks. The men are more human—tall, deep-chested, with undeveloped calves and thighs, broad, massive heads covered with wavy, black hair, flat nosed, thick lipped, dark and brilliant of eye, they form a distinct ethnic group—a race apart from the rest of mankind. They were at their best in the "corrobborees" at Brisbane and Sydney, to which the Prince and Princess were invited.

No one seems decided as to the meaning of a "corrobboree." Some say it is a war dance, others a

pagan rite. From what I could learn in talk with the natives, the "corrobboree" at Brisbane was a dance to celebrate recovery from the eating of poisonous fish. The women were squatted on the ground in a row, singing a plaintive chant, to the cadence of which they beat time with their fists on opossum skins rolled tightly together, and held like a drum between the knees. The men lay on the ground as if dead. About their loins were girdles of skin, and their bodies were painted in fanciful designs. Two white lines stretched from shoulder to waist; two or three white stripes were drawn round the upper arm; each eye was circled with white; a broad band of white ran along the side of the nose; on forehead and cheeks were white dots. Some of the young men wore tufts of emu feathers in their hair, the glossy blackness of which was hidden under daubs of red, and from their knees hung green boughs. As the women sang and beat upon the "planggi," they rolled their eyes and showed white, gleaming teeth. Suddenly the men sprang to their feet and, moving in rhythmic measure, swelled the chorus. Each carried two waddies, or clubs, which he struck together. At first the music was slow and grave, but as the dance went on it grew wilder and wilder, until measure and cadence were lost, and the men flung themselves into an excited mob, brandishing weapons and shouting a deep-toned "ugh," that sounded like an echo of the Maori war-cry.

I tried in vain to get a copy or a translation of the song. It would seem that the natives themselves do not understand what they sing. At any rate, they find it difficult to explain the meaning. The Australian

Photo : H. King, Sydney.

A CORROBBOREE.

aborigine has no records, written or pictorial, unless some significance can be attached to the "red hands" impressed on the roofs of rock shelters such as those at Port Hacking, of which Mr. Walter R. Harper has given an interesting account before the Linnean Society of New South Wales. Apart from a few primitive weapons and ornaments, which give no indication of originality or of progressive ingenuity, the race have left nothing by which they will be remembered. The faculty of invention appears to have been wanting, and their physical habits and requirements seem to have been little higher than those of the animals they hunted on the grassy plains. Their dwellings never got beyond a few boughs rudely thrown together as a protection against wind and rain. They never domesticated any animal, unless the dingo or wild dog may be included in that category. The soil they never cultivated, being content to live on roots of fern and the flesh of wallaby and kangaroo, and on shell-fish, or, failing these, on the flesh of their fellows. All attempts to bring them within the pale of civilisation have failed. Many thousands of pounds and the lives and energies of many missionaries have been spent in the effort, but no permanent results have been attained.

As a race they have proved irreclaimable, and if they are less savage than their forefathers, it is only because the presence of white people has set limits to the opportunities of barbarism. The degraded and primitive state in which the aborigines have remained is the more remarkable because their language and tribal system give evidence of growth and organisation. Their

language, as Mr. George Taplin has shown, is singular for the complexity of its structure, for the number of its inflections, and the precision with which it can be used. "We find," says Mr. Taplin, "the dual number throughout. We also have six cases in each declension of nouns and pronouns, and a double set of personal pronouns for the sake of euphony and expression. Verbs are regularly formed from roots consisting either of one vowel and two consonants or of two vowels and three consonants. The names of human relationship are far more copious than in English. In many respects we have niceties of expression that we do not find in our own language." The absence of abstract and generic phrases is marked, and there are no traces of figurative or poetic speech common among the Maoris and other races who have just emerged out of barbarism. If the development of language and the complexities of grammar are a mark of civilisation, it may be inferred that the Australian black fellow sprang originally from a people who had made some advance toward civilisation. This reasoning receives not a little support from many customs the purpose and meaning of which have long been forgotten.

Before the arrival of the white man each tribe exercised territorial rights over districts whose boundaries were known and respected. At the head of every clan was an elective chief, who led them in war, and administered justice with the aid of a council of elders. Degrees of kinship were reckoned very much after the manner among North American Indians and the Tamils and Telugus of Southern India. Relation-

ship was dependent on sex, and not on consanguinity. Thus uncles on the father's side are called "father," while the sisters of the father are one degree removed, and are "aunts," or "barno." The mother's sisters are "nainkowa," or "mothers," and the mother's brothers are "wanowe," or "uncles." The children of the father's brothers are called "brothers" and "sisters," while the children of the mother's sisters and of the father's sisters are "cousins." This principle of consanguinity is carried through all the degrees of affinity. Children are named after the place in which they are born, but names are changed at will, and without apparent reason. The totem system is observed, and none may marry his own totem, the tribal symbol of which is a bird, a beast, a reptile, a fish, or an insect. Marriage is made by barter of females, the woman having no choice. The wife is the slave, carrying all the burdens, collecting all food save that which is hunted, doing all the laborious work, and being treated with the greatest indignity, and even cruelty. Infanticide is a recognised custom, though the natives show great fondness for those children who are chosen to live. The rites of initiation into manhood have some resemblance to those of West African tribes, and are conducted with great secrecy. They cannot be described in detail, and are intended to put to the severest test the strength and endurance of the young men.

Like all barbarians, the Australian aborigines are slaves to superstition, and have implicit faith in witchcraft. They have their medicine-men, who are supposed to charm away any complaint or illness, for with them

disease and death are not natural agents, but the effect of sorcery and the machinations of an enemy. When a man dies his body is placed upon a bier, and measures are taken to ascertain who caused the death. Several methods are recorded. The most common is to carry the body about until one of the branches of the bier touches some person, or points in the direction of some hut or camp. This is accepted as an indication that the man has been slain by sorcery, and a fight, not often fatal, immediately takes place between the relatives and the suspected individual or tribe. Another custom dictates that the nearest of kin should sleep with his head on the body of the dead until he has dreamed of the slayer. Corpses are dried over slow fires, those of children being carried from camp to camp, while some tribes are accused of the loathsome practice of eating the dead.

Authorities are at variance as to whether the aborigines have any idea of religion, or of a spirit, or state distinct from the body. I had several interesting talks with natives on this subject, and with men who have devoted much time and learning to these problems. The only conclusion at which I could arrive was that their ideas are very vague and contradictory, and may be traced to association with white men. Nature seems to have determined that she has no further use for the "black fellow," and is killing him offhand. The encroachments of civilisation have no doubt hastened the process, but there is not wanting testimony from the natives themselves that the work of destruction began long before the advent of the colonist. Their tribal wars, their habits of life, and the degraded barbarism into

which they have fallen, are in themselves a sufficient cause for the rapidly diminishing numbers. The only use to which the white man has been able to put them is to track bushrangers and fugitives from justice. In this work they have skill almost as wonderful as that of Fenimore Cooper's Red Indians. One regret, and one only, can we have at the rapid disappearance of the aborigine. With him go beyond reclaim many valuable and neglected opportunities of studying primitive man, for the Australian black fellow is too remote and too unromantic a figure to have attracted the attention he deserved from anthropologists and ethnologists.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF SYDNEY.

"Our Harbour"—Mrs. Macquarie's Chair—Hyde Park—A Paradise for the Unemployed—The Rival Capitals of Australia—Sydney's Suburbs.

NATURE has been very good to Sydney. She has given her a harbour to be a source of wealth and a joy for ever. Her narrow, crowded streets lead everywhere to gardens and parks, to wide moorlands, and sunny coves and golden sands, lapped by the blue waters of the Pacific. One is often disappointed in the presence of scenes that have been the theme of extravagant eulogy, but "our harbour" is worthy of the homage it has received, and of the almost personal affection of its proud possessors. On Monday morning, when we put out from the shore to meet the *Ophir*, "our harbour" looked like a sulky beauty. Clouds hung over the green headlands and frowned on the enchanting little bays and islands from Parramatta to the sea. Our excellent friend, Mr. McArthur, to whose care we had been committed, was oppressed with the thought that the harbour would persist in this naughty humour, and would not be seen at her best. We steamed slowly seaward, and the frown became a pout, and the pout faded into a smile as the ships came out of the sunlit haze and passed the bluff headlands through which the Pacific enters this beautiful lake. The *Ophir* led the way, like a stately white swan gliding over the blue waters, and in her unruffled wake moved a graceful procession of *Juno* and *St. George* and *Royal Arthur*, with all the ships

of the Australian squadron. A glorious panorama lay before us. On each side rose the bold cliffs that guard the entrance—brown headlands against which the ocean beats with incessant roar. In the distance, across a blue expanse of laughing water, the white city basked in the sunshine of green hills and gardens. And between them lay a fairyland of wood and water—gentle uplands, from which towered dark pine trees, promontories clothed with emerald, green islands, and wooded nooks and coves, into which Nature has breathed the spirit of beauty to rejoice the eye and gladden the heart of the jaded city.

On the shores of this lovely lake are many fine buildings, some half hidden among Norfolk Island pines, others rising out of a sea of dark shrub, and others, like the Roman Catholic cathedral, the convent, and the Cardinal's palace, standing boldly against the sky, as if to challenge instant attention. It is worthy of note that though the Roman Catholics are only one-fourth of the people of Australia, they everywhere have the finest churches and the best sites. As the ships picked their way among the channels, now in a straight line, now bent like a bow, we passed the yellow flag that marks the quarantine station. One ship was moored to the island, having on board a suspected case of small-pox and several persons suspected of a more dangerous malady—Anarchist opinions. Beyond Manly Island, from which the little bluejackets of the industrial training ship sent a hearty cheer, lay the anchorage of the Royal yacht and her escort, almost in the shadow of Fort Denison, a small stone fort with a Martello tower, built on a low-lying reef opposite Government House, in which the Prince and Princess took up their

abode. South of the anchorage, and almost within a stone's cast, rose the woody point that bears the curious name of Mrs. Macquarie's Chair. Here their Royal Highnesses first set foot, in the presence of a large crowd of people.

The drive gave the Prince and Princess a passing glimpse of some of those natural attractions for which the capital of New South Wales is famous. They passed along the broad, undulating avenue, which Mrs. Macquarie, wife of a former Governor, seated on her "chair," directed to be made on a terrace overlooking the harbour. The Palace Gardens on the right form a crescent that slopes down to the water's edge, with smooth lawns and plants of semi-tropical growth. On the other side is Hyde Park, with shaded walks and fifty acres of grass, in which the wastrels and vagabonds of the State sleep through the hot days. Sunday especially recalled the Hyde Park of London. Groups of men and boys gathered round some loud-voiced charlatan who had remedies that will cure earthquakes and every social evil. Here in the open a weedy, unwholesome youth proclaimed with the fervour of a prophet against the corrupt state of political life. Under a stunted reformers' tree without traditions a bloated and besodden creature posed as the saviour of the labourer and the victim of the capitalist. The prayers and hymns of corybantic Christians mingled with the jargon of the phrenologist and the multiplication table of the "lightning calculator."

Sydney has many temptations for the working man. Food and pleasure are cheap. He has parks and gardens, picture galleries and libraries, and seaside resorts at his

door. The hideous steam trams that defile the streets, and are a danger to those who go on foot, carry him for a few pence to the woody suburbs or to the Pacific coast. The railways are run for his convenience, and not for profit, and politicians of every shade tumble over one another in pursuit of his favour. And, as though Nature and the gregarious instinct of man did not suffice to fill the city at the expense of the country, a new and irresistible attraction has been invented by Parliament. Mr. O'Sullivan, the Commissioner of Works, in a weak moment accepted the principle of a minimum wage, and has put it into practice with results that already give the Government cause for uneasiness. A labour bureau was established, and the minimum wage fixed at seven shillings a day. Every labourer, skilled or unskilled, however idle or dissolute, was entitled to the same wage. The immediate consequence was to draw from the country men who were comparatively well off with twenty-five or thirty shillings a week and regular employment, and to disturb the relations between many private firms and their workpeople. Sydney, in fact, has become the paradise of the unemployed. Of the entire population of the State of New South Wales, one-third is crowded into Sydney, and is prepared to endure any privation rather than face the solitary and laborious life of those rich tracts of country that await only industry and a little capital to make their settlers free and independent. Even the modification of Mr. O'Sullivan's minimum wage, under which workmen are classed in three divisions, has not changed the situation. The mischief is deep-seated, and the tendency of legislation and of benevolent enterprise

is to increase rather than diminish it. One of the most prominent statesmen in New South Wales—an ardent democrat, responsible in no small degree for the condition of the working classes in the capital—admitted to me that he saw only one remedy for this pressing danger, and that is to make life less easy for the unemployed in the city. So far from attempting Draconian measures, the executive and the municipality, as well as private philanthropy, are conspiring to make even more comfortable the lot of those who will neither toil nor spin.

I have been tempted into this digression by the sights I witnessed in the parks and the streets of the capital. In Melbourne and Brisbane there are, no doubt, many who will not work, or for whom employment cannot be found, but in neither of these cities is the evil so obvious. Here it changes the aspect of the streets and affects the manners of the people. The presence of so many idlers is a sharp contrast to the activity and prosperity that one looks for in a new country with great and undeveloped resources. The standard of comfort among the industrious citizens is high, but they have no greater thrift than their fellow-workmen in England.

Between Melbourne and Sydney there is a great rivalry. Each claims to be the fine flower of a fiscal system best adapted to the needs of humanity. Melbourne is the crown of Protection; Sydney is the jewel of Free Trade. Each is the chief city of Australia, and as the citizens of each have not the least doubt on that point it would be unbecoming in a stranger to offer any assurance. Sydney has many attractions besides her harbour and her public buildings. Her narrow old-world

streets have the familiar aspect of home, and are crowded with well-dressed people, who gave the Prince and Princess a welcome as cordial and as demonstrative as they had in any part of the Empire. In the city and suburbs are magnificent parks and squares and public gardens, covering an area of 3,131 acres, including 530 acres that form the Centennial Park, where a great review was held. Within sixteen miles is the National Park of 35,300 acres, and in the valley of the Hawkesbury are 35,300 acres reserved for public recreation. An hour's drive brings you to a very picturesque coast, along which are scattered secluded coves and bays. No stranger will be permitted to leave Sydney without a visit to these suburbs. Mr. McArthur insisted, and we were ready to obey. On a bright, sunny morning, tempered by a cool breeze, we found ourselves looking down upon the placid blue waters of the Pacific from the sandstone cliffs of South Head. Across the narrow strait rose the North Head, a sheer rock, descending three hundred feet into the deep sea. We passed the lighthouse and the forts, and came to the Cap, against whose treacherous rocks the *Dunbar* was dashed to pieces and four hundred lives were lost in the wreck of 1857. A military road, winding over broad cliffs clothed with shrub, past trim houses and plantations, brought us to Coogee Bay—a delightful stretch of sand shut in by brown cliffs. Wide stretches of moorland and scrub carried us to Botany Bay, with its great expanse of water, lying between low banks, covered with vegetation. Beyond the fort that guards the entrance we saw the obelisk marking the site on which, in 1770, Captain Cook first unfurled the British flag.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

Pastoral Australia—Drovers and Squatters—The Romantic Story of a Great Cattle Drive.

THE romance of Australia is the story of the Golden Fleece and of the men who, treading in the steps of Captain Macarthur, led their flocks and herds over thirsty deserts to green pastures beyond the Blue Mountains. When Wentworth, king of squatters, was born in Sydney there were in all the continent six thousand sheep, a thousand cattle, and two hundred horses. In 1872—the year of his death—the sheep numbered forty-five millions, the cattle four millions, and the horses half a million. To-day, more than two hundred million sheep graze on the downs and in the bush, and the value of pastoral property, exclusive of land, is estimated at two hundred and forty millions sterling. The return from pastoral pursuits in 1899 was £40,797,000, exported wool alone being valued at £22,685,000. A great part of the country is still in the pastoral stage, and the occupation of the people is that of the flock-master and the shepherd. In another chapter I have described the life on a sheep station, with its hundreds of thousands of acres of pasture, its immense herds and flocks, its army of boundary riders, and all its modern appliances and machinery for extracting the utmost farthing out of the wealth of the soil. There is another and an even more romantic phase of this pastoral life, and for

Photo : Kerry and Co., Sydney.

AN AUSTRALIAN CATTLE RANCH.

this history of it I am indebted to Mr. L. Alexander, who one evening in Melbourne told me how he drove eleven hundred head of cattle from the centre of Queensland to the southern boundary of New South Wales, over a track of eleven hundred miles.

When the creeks have run dry and the water-holes are cakes of hard mud, when the sun has burned up the last blade of yellow grass, and the bush no longer yields food for the panting sheep, then is the time for the shepherd to follow the example of Jacob and turn his back on the land of Laban. In early days, before the merchant in the city and the miner in the gold-fields saw all the riches that lay on the green bosom of the earth, he was free to roam whither he listed. He might feed his flocks on any pasture, and water them at any creek. But with knowledge have come limitations and regulations. Nowadays the drover of cattle, unless prevented by flood or rain, must travel eight miles in one and the same direction every twenty-four hours. When approaching any station he must give twelve hours' notice to the squatter, who immediately takes measures to keep his own stock away from the road, and, it may be, sends a " pilot " or " tiger " to " bluff " any novice at droving, and hunt him off the run. The stock roads are well defined, and on all leasehold lands the drover may claim half a mile on each side of the road to feed his cattle. The owner or manager of the station through which he passes is bound to provide the drover with a way bill describing the stock and the brands, as well as the horses and their destination. This is a precaution against cattle lifting, for any magistrate, policeman, or squatter may demand to see this passport. He

must report, also, to the officer in charge of every police district through which he journeys. Droving is usually done by contract. A lump sum is agreed upon, or so much per head for every hundred miles. The drover then finds everything necessary for the camp, pays the wages of his assistants, and is allowed one or two per cent. for losses. On a long trip, such as Mr. Alexander described to me, one man is taken for every hundred head of cattle. Rations are bought at the stations or towns, but it is an unwritten law that the drover must carry a tank, or barrel, with fifty gallons of water.

"Accompanied by a youth of seventeen years, I took ship from Brisbane and came in due time to Rockhampton, where I purchased two saddle-horses, a pack-horse, and a large tent. I also engaged three drovers, knowing that others awaited me at the station. The train carried us some miles toward our destination. Leaving the railway, we entered a country where grass and water were exceedingly scarce. On the second day, after a trek of twenty miles before dinner, we met a traveller who told us that a little water might be found fourteen miles further on. We came to the place indicated, but there was no water. The heat was intense—115° in the shade of the tent. All night I had to be on watch to prevent my young friend from emptying the water-bottle, and the horses from straying in search of water. We struck camp at dawn, and travelled all day till we came to a creek—also dry—where I was to leave the road and to follow a blazed tree line that would bring me to the station. As there were two blazed tree lines, I was in a bit of a quandary, and decided to camp and look for water.

While unsaddling, we heard the welcome crack of stock-whips, and the familiar hoof-beat of cattle, and presently saw fifty fat bullocks, followed by a white boy and a 'gin,' or black woman, riding astride and making her whip speak. They showed us a hole, out of which we got about half a bucketful for each horse, just enough to make them frantic for more, and to 'give us a picnic' all night keeping them from what remained in the water-hole. My young friend was a little delirious from thirst, and became troublesome. At daybreak we started, following the track pointed out by the 'gin.' It was very hot, and there was not a drop of water in the bottle. I sucked a pebble all day. My young friend began to rave, and talked wildly about his mother and what she would do to me. The horses were nearly knocked up, but we pushed on, and, travelling all night, reached the station at eight o'clock next morning. I had to tie my young friend to a post in order to prevent him from drinking himself to death. He came round gradually, and had a good blow-out of wholesome tucker."

Having mustered his cattle, Mr. Alexander set out on his trek to the southern boundary of New South Wales. He had now eleven hundred bullocks, thirty-six horses for use, nine men, and a cook. The cook, it seems, claimed to be the brother of a well-known earl, and, with many oaths of allegiance, protested his skill in the making of "damper" and other simple luxuries of the bush. In the end, he proved to be as bad as his "damper."

"As the cattle were very fresh," continued Mr. Alexander, "I took from the station two white men and three black boys to help me for the first week. We divided

the night into two watches of seven men each. It is well to light two or three fires round the cattle at night. They are a guide to the men on watch. The more noise a rider makes the better, for it keeps the attention of the cattle from other things in the ghostly bush at night, and often prevents a stampede. A concertina, or even a mouth organ, is invaluable in the night watch. Being anxious to reach the coast road, I hired a black tracker to pilot us through seventy miles of scrub or bush. On the way to Sutton River I picked up another scion of nobility—Colonial, this time—and a policeman appeared with a census paper, which I had to fill in. At dawn, the cattle are on the move and travel until eleven o'clock, when we camp. At three o'clock we resume the journey, and allow the cattle to feed slowly on to the camp at sunset. As a drover must always know what is ahead, and will never trust to report for grass and water, he is often some miles in front. Near Sutton River a squatter tried to 'bluff' me on to another road, and my 'noble cook,' in crossing a rocky gully, succeeded in smashing up my cart. The owner of the station had me 'under the whip' now, and 'pushed' me hard. At last I asked if he had a cart to sell. He had, 'at a price.' 'Name it!' 'Twenty-one pounds!' 'It is mine,' I replied. I took everything out of the broken cart and balanced accounts by getting a day's good grass on the station. Leaving Lake Elphinstone, we passed on to the township of Nebo. Intending to camp a mile from the town, I went ahead and found a race meeting of the usual bush sort—'rip and tare'—ending by 'painting the town a bright red.' My noble cook got drunk and had to be hunted back to camp, where he

talked about his rich friends and reeled off his full title for my edification. The cattle were very rowdy, and all hands were on watch throughout the night. Next morning my cook was 'dead to the world,' and had to be slung into the cart like a log. That night a terrible windstorm swept through the camp, tearing the tent to atoms. Rain fell in torrents, and next morning we were in sorry plight, drenched and miserable. At night I set the black boy to collect ti-tree bark to sleep on, as the bark is water-proof and our blankets were still wet. The Colonial boy of gentle birth took a hand at Tierawomba Station, where he must ride all the buck-jumpers, to show the metal he was made of. I sent him on to Nindy to warn them of my arrival, telling him to follow the telegraph line. Of course he must take the biggest devil of a horse in camp, and equally of course he must leave the telegraph line. The consequence was that he got lost, without food or matches, in a country alive with dingoes, or wild dogs. On the second day I put a policeman and a black tracker on the scent. The tracker followed his trail for forty miles. The Colonial managed to reach another station, whence he was directed to Nindy, where the 'tracker' rejoined us a few hours later—a really great feat.

"The rain added greatly to our difficulties, and at the foot of Connor's Range I had to part with the cart. The blue-blooded cook was to take it round by the road, and to meet us at the other side of the hills. Knowing that there was an hotel on this road I held much serious talk with the scion of nobility, who swore that he would not touch a drop, and would be at the junction

of two roads, with the camp fixed and plenty of tucker ready by the time we arrived. At the appointed place, no cook! It was nearly dark, and the small supply of food carried on the pack-horse was already exhausted. I rode back, and three miles away came upon the noble cook lying in the bottom of the cart with a bottle of brandy in his close embrace. I smashed the bottle against the nearest tree, and getting the cart into camp, put one of the drovers to cook for the hungry crowd."

The end of the noble cook was rather strange. Mr. Alexander ordered him to follow on horseback to a neighbouring township. The cook seized the occasion to visit Waterloo Station, where he represented himself as the brother of the owner of the cattle, and was royally entertained. Borrowing a pair of spurs he departed, having offered the spurs to the black boy if he would bring two of Mr. Alexander's horses to him in the night.

"The rain continued for a fortnight. The river was swollen, and we had to travel fifty miles to a bridge, which we could not cross for four days. I had to commandeer some dairy cows to lead my cattle over the bridge. The stock was looking miserable, and I feared an outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia. I fought a German who wanted to hunt me off a reserve, and he balanced accounts by paying attention to a lame bullock that I was compelled to leave behind. Pleuro-pneumonia broke out at last, and I rode sixty miles to a telegraph office to wire for virus and needles to inoculate the animals. I had to wait four days for the mailman who brought them, and got the loan of a yard for the operation. After three days' rest we started again, moving very steadily at first. It rained for fifty-

three days before the weather broke. Anyone who wants more than fifty-three days' wet in the bush is a glutton. On Christmas Day a new dilemma faced us. Christmas without plum-pudding is not to be thought of wherever two or three Englishmen are gathered together. We had the ingredients, but no pudding-cloth. But the 'bushwhacker' is not easily daunted. One offered a shirt, which was promptly rejected. Another came forward with a pair of new trousers. Out knife, and at one cut the legs were severed below the knees, and in them we boiled our pudding. All who ate of it are still alive and well. The cattle improved, and I made a dash for home, covering the eleven hundred miles in twenty-three weeks, and losing only twelve out of the eleven hundred head of cattle with which I started."

This plain narrative of a cattle drive may serve to illustrate the life of many men in Australia. Its wild freedom, its hard training, the demands it makes on the nerve and endurance, the habits of self-reliance, prompt action, and readiness of resource that it develops have produced a race of bushmen who rival the Red Indian in woodcraft and the centaur in horsemanship.

CHAPTER XIX.

BUSH LIFE AND SPORT.

The Landed Aristocracy of Australia—The Squatter's Homestead—An Historic Family—Bush Impressions.

THE hills of Thuri were flecked with white, and the faded yellow earth sparkled with hoar frost as we stepped out of the train into the heart of the bush. Mr. J. E. Vincent, Mr. Le Sage, and myself had journeyed three hundred miles from Sydney to see what, after all, is the true life of the Australian, and the real source of his wealth. The great-grandson of Captain Philip King, Governor of New South Wales at the beginning of last century, was our host. Like the patriarchs of old, he counts his riches in flocks and herds, for, with his father, the Hon. Philip G. King, he controls an estate of over three hundred thousand acres. Mr. George King was accompanied by his two charming daughters, and a distant connection, Mr. Arthur Macarthur, a descendant of the famous Lieutenant John Macarthur, who introduced merino sheep into Australia, and was one of the leaders in the mutiny that overthrew the oppressive Government of Captain Bligh. With that eager hospitality which is the charm of the Colonies, they had undertaken a long railway journey, and foregone the gaieties of the capital. As we stood on the deserted platform the scene recalled a fine winter morning in the north of England. The air was keen, and a wan light hung over the gaunt trees of the forest. Through the silent bush came the

beating of hoofs on the frost-bound track, and under a cloud of steam appeared the drag that was to carry us to the homestead. A drive of eight miles through the chill woods sharpened our appetites, and we welcomed the barking of dogs that proclaimed the end of our journey. Mrs. King received us with a frank friendliness that made us feel at home on the instant, and until we took reluctant leave of Goonoo-Goonoo the members of her family devoted themselves to our comfort and entertainment.

The squatters are the landed aristocracy of Australia, and preserve many of the customs and traditions of rural England, in which their fathers were born and bred. While merchants and artisans on the coast were laying on their shoulders the burden of cities like Sydney and Melbourne, love of adventure and of wide freedom drew the squatter into the unknown regions of the interior. Here, on the open downs and grass-fringed plains, he fed his flocks and herds, wandering from pasture like the shepherds of primæval days. After a time, his wealth attracted notice, and he was looked upon as a trespasser. The authority of the Crown was invoked to check his encroachments on the rich lands, and to set limits to his freedom and enterprise. But the squatters were a bold and high-spirited race, and, happily for the welfare of the country, were not to be suppressed. To-day they are the wealthiest, and might be the most influential people in Australia, for, as at Goonoo-Goonoo, the resources of their estates often require the capital of a company to develop them.

The homestead in the bush carries the marks of early

migratory days. It has not the substance of an English country house, which seems as though Nature had created and intended it to remain for all time. More like a bungalow than a farmstead, the one-storeyed house, with its scattered wings, looks out upon a garden where roses bloom in mid-winter. At the back of the house, in a ring fence, are the station buildings—stables, workshops, stores for home-grown wines and brandies, cowsheds, dove-cotes, servants' quarters, and all the familiar complements of a small, self-contained rural community.

Goonoo-Goonoo is on the Liverpool Plains—a magnificent tract of pastoral country, lightly timbered, and covered during the greater part of the year with an abundance of nutritious grass. Last year no fewer than 167,683 sheep and 44,396 lambs were shorn on the Peel River Estate, of which this is the central station, and the clip realised seventy thousand pounds sterling. The wool-sheds and sheep-pens interested us greatly. We inspected with curiosity the paddocks in which the sheep are mustered, and from which they are driven to the wash-tubs, whence they emerge with fleeces white as snow. From the "catching pens" they come under the shearer's hands, and the machine knife strips them clean before they are set free in the "counting pens." The shearer can handle from one hundred to one hundred and fifty, and even one hundred and ninety sheep a day, and receives from fifteen shillings to twenty shillings per hundred, as well as his food or "tucker." The shorn fleeces are carried to grated tables, where men remove the "skirt," or dirty parts, and roughly sort the fleeces.

They are then classed in bins and pressed into bales for the London or Liverpool market. Mr. King's son was at work hard by selecting the sheep that were to be shorn and sold in September from those that are to stay two more years on the station. The process looks simple. A flock of sheep is driven into a large pen, at the exit from which sits the selector, his feet protected from trampling hoofs in wooden shoes that in an emergency might serve as boats. Opposite him sits a man who receives the sheep from stalwart station hands wrestling in the pen, and holds them firmly while Mr. King parts the fleece, and examines the quality of the wool. At the word "Go," the sheep that gives promise of improvement is released, and bounds into a pen, the gate of which is opened and shut by a third man. "Mark," says Mr. King, and the sheep for shearing and sale has a dab of the tar brush in the middle of the forehead, and staggers and leaps into a separate pen. The work is done quickly, and requires skill and experience. We were then taken to see the stud sheep and rams, heavy-coated animals of patriarchal appearance, who tolerated our presence with an air of indifference or an aggressive dignity. The rams are the treasures of the flock, and fetch very high prices for breeding. As much as two thousand guineas has been paid for a single ram, and sums varying from five hundred to a thousand pounds are often given. After rounding up some cattle—a rather exciting sport in the scrub on a well-trained stock horse—we returned to the homestead for lunch. The table was laid in the garden, for though mid-winter, the sun shone with the warmth of an English summer.

We took our guns and rode into the bush in search of something to kill. Not many years ago the kangaroo and his relatives, the wallaby and paddy-melon, were so numerous, and multiplied so rapidly, that squatters gave up the contest with gun and trap, and surrounded their pastures with miles of wire netting. Now you must travel far to hunt the hardy marsupial. His small relative, the wallaby and the kangaroo rat, we found at Spring Creek, five miles from Goonoo-Goonoo. A scamper through the bush over stretches of timbered grass, along winding paths under the shadow of eucalyptus, brought us to a ravine. Easing the girths, and tying our horses to a fence, we climbed the hills, now slipping on the loose stones that rolled down the steep sides into the dry river-bed, now dragging ourselves along through the scrub. It was a rough and an exhausting climb, rewarded by half a dozen wallaby and a couple of kangaroo rats.

The ride home in the fresh, cool night, with the glow of the setting sun lingering on the edge of the forest, the jingling of spur, and the clatter of iron hoof filled one with the joy of life, and made one feel the beauty and the truth of Lindsay Gordon's description of the bush—

"'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white wreath pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while;
'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stockwhips, and a fiery run of hoofs.
Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard."

Seated round the great open hearth, on which the glowing pinewood made warmth and light and music, we talked on many subjects. Two tawny skins stretched upon the floor led our host into stories of the dingo, or native dog, on whose head a price is laid. With the cunning of the fox and the strength and voracity of the wolf, the dingo is the bane of the shepherd. Under cover of night he will steal into the fold, round up the affrighted sheep, and, passing silently and swiftly from one to another, snap and break the backs of a score, leaving them to die in agony, while he makes a ghoulish meal out of a quivering carcase. Evading traps and poison, he takes refuge in the hills, and makes night hideous with his howl. Where the dingo came from is uncertain. Before the arrival of the white man he served as food for the black fellow, who failed to domesticate him or to cultivate in him any of those qualities that give the dog his place in our social scheme. We talked, too, of the struggles and privations of the men who carried civilisation into the bush, and established our race firmly and for all time under the Southern Cross. The name of Mr. King's ancestor came naturally to our lips. During the journey from Sydney, Mr. King gave me to read the original copy of his great-grandfather's diary—a precious historic document that may be found printed at length in that store-house of romance and enterprise, "The Records of New South Wales," compiled at the instance and expense of the Government by Mr. Frank Bladen.

Next morning we set out for Tamworth, a distant township on the Peel River estate. We were a large

party—Mr. and Mrs. King in a buggy, their daughters in a four-horse drag, and a mounted escort of three. Only when we had ridden several hours did we realise how deeply we had penetrated into the bush, and how remote is Goonoo-Goonoo from the turmoil of men who pass their days in towns. As a landscape the bush is monotonous; a limitless expanse of flat country, covered with thin, yellow grass, in which lurk dead branches and trunks, and on every side tall slender eucalyptus, with an occasional fig tree and Norfolk Island pine. Despite the trees and grass, it seems more lonely than the African veldt. The aspect is bare and unfriendly, like a thin, anæmic forest, without shrub or undergrowth, in which all life and vegetation appear to be held in suspended animation. The bush looks dangerous for riding, yet give your horse his head, and he will carry you safely over dead timber and among trees at a pace that would end in certain disaster in the bush that stretches along the Eastern Transvaal to the frontier of Mozambique and Delagoa Bay. Here and there we came upon an open stretch of country, with a slight elevation, from which we could take a broad view of green pastures rolling to the foot of purple hills. Once we caught sight of kangaroos feeding on a golden patch of land. At the sound of our approach they raised their heads and listened, and then bounded away with those great leaps that test the endurance of the fleetest horse. There were no dogs with us, so that we had to suppress the strong instinct to follow.

Halting near a water-hole in the heart of the bush, we lighted a fire and lunched merrily on the grass. A

short walk brought us to a paddock, in which eleven thousand five hundred sheep had been mustered for the Prince. At home we understand by a paddock a small patch of meadow. In Australia a paddock may mean anything from a county as small as Rutland to one as large as Yorkshire. This great flock, typical of the land of the Golden Fleece, was a sight to be remembered, as it swept over the yellow grass like the foaming waves of a sun-lit sea. In the ceaseless tramp of the cloven feet one heard the music of that immortal line: "*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.*" The dogs held them at will—now a troubled white torrent rushing among green trees, now a gentle, foam-flecked rivulet rippling toward the grey horizon, and now a tempestuous sea swept snow-white by the wind. With them were stock-riders and boundary-riders—sinewy, hardy men who can ride any horse, endure any fatigue, and live a life that must reveal the secret of perennial youth. They are the shepherds of these immense flocks, guarding them from the cunning dingo and the daring eagle hawk, riding the boundaries and repairing the fences. They are free men giving service freely, and make one think with regret of the thousands who slink through a grimy, ignoble, and servile existence in the crowded coast-towns, and in the slums of London.

At last we left the bush and came to the stock-road, over which millions of cattle and sheep have been driven, until the path is as smooth and as straight as Rotten Row. Along this we rode at a gallop, past acres of cultivated land and many prosperous-looking farms, let on terms that in a few years leave the tiller in full

possession of his fields and homesteads. Already we had ridden thirty miles, and had seen only a corner of the estate. "We are going to see some buck-jumping in the paddock," said Mr. King. We rode through the gate, and on and on until we knew what is meant by an Australian paddock. The buck-jumping was not a success, but we saw and rode among a herd of cattle that would make a Smithfield Show. Then we took our guns, and, working carefully through the timbered grass, shot a few hares and kangaroo rats by way of preparation for dinner. A short ride carried us into Tamworth, a neat and flourishing little town, with an hotel and public buildings of which a European town need not be ashamed. Here we dined, and here we took leave of our hostess, with gratitude and regret. Her name and that of her family will be associated in our memories with one of the most delightful experiences of the tour. It gave us not pleasure alone, but instruction, for hitherto we had seen little of the natural life of the people. Everywhere they had been in holiday mood and in towns. If men in crowded cities and impoverished counties could but feel the charm as we felt it during two short days, Australia would cease to cry out for people to make themselves rich and happy out of her infinite resources.

CHAPTER XX.

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW ZEALAND.

Wellington—Christchurch—Dunedin—A Land of Wealthy Debtors—Of Soldiers and of Socialists—Mr. Seddon.

NEW ZEALAND offers the strongest contrasts and the most varied interests. In an area several times smaller than that of any of the Australian States you have every change of climate and every kind of scenery. The islands run north and south over a thousand miles, so that you may breathe the keen, invigorating air of Scotland or bask in the warmth of Italy. A chain of mountains divides the east from the west, and the winds breaking against them descend in abundant rains, that clothe the western slope with tropical luxuriance, and leave the east comparatively bare and dry. Its mountains and rivers are famous for rugged grandeur and romantic beauty. It has glaciers like the Tasman, eighteen miles long and two miles wide, volcanoes like Ruapehu, that tower nearly eight thousand feet, and lakes five times the size of Loch Lomond. Deserts of pumice alternate with lands as fertile as Surrey or Kent. Vast forests stretch to the boundaries of weird regions like Wairakei and Rotorua, whose mineral springs and strange phenomena draw people from all parts of the world. Some of these physical features I have endeavoured to describe in an account of a journey through the north island. The cities of New Zealand have no marked or specially characteristic attraction. Wellington, the capital, looks as though it had been thrown against a

hillside and had managed to stick, despite the roaring winds that make one think sometimes it would be well to put out to sea for safety. Its citizens are beginning to renew their faith in the stability of the earth, and are putting up more substantial buildings than the wooden houses that were a defence against earthquakes. Auckland was formerly the capital, and is the prettiest town, whether you look upon it from the island-studded harbour or from Mount Eden, over hill and dale, or from its quiet streets. Christchurch is an English county town, and rejoices in the comparison, while Dunedin is a piece of Aberdeen granite, set among scenes imported from the Highlands. These towns have inherited character and traditions. Christchurch was originally an Anglican settlement, and its streets were named after Anglican bishoprics by pioneers who gave a dance on the night they left England. Dunedin was founded by Scotch Presbyterians, who bade farewell to their native land with the words, "O God of Bethel, by Whose hand Thy people still are led."

The population of New Zealand is mainly agricultural. Whereas in Australia the people crowd into the towns and create problems for the politician and the philanthropist, here they find their pleasure and profit in the country. Two-thirds of them live in the country or in towns of fewer than five thousand inhabitants, yet not one is more than a day's journey from the sea. The land is fertile, and its resources are many. There is gold in Otago and Coromandel—the Colony holds the second place in Australasia with an output of fifty-five millions sterling in forty years. Coal is abundant, and of good quality. One of the arches

Photo : Burton Bros., Dunedin.

TREE CUTTING, NEW ZEALAND

at Wellington was made of coal, and bore the legend: "The coal that saved the *Calliope*," when she put out to sea to escape the catastrophe that befel half a dozen foreign ships of war. Millions of acres of primæval forest give work to four thousand men and three hundred saw-mills, while from among the roots seven thousand near Auckland alone dig the bright yellow gum known as kauri, which is used for the making of varnish, and sells at fifty pounds the ton. New Zealand mutton is a household word. Twenty-one factories are busy freezing it for ovens at home, yet there are always twenty million sheep, whose fleeces mean wealth and work. With all these advantages, with a soil that will grow anything except fruit, and a climate that gives New Zealanders a longer term of life than the people of any other country, one is not astonished to find the Colony ambitious and perhaps a trifle extravagant—on borrowed money. The wealth of the colonists per head of population is the highest in the world, and I believe their debts may almost claim the same distinction. But there are debts that are remunerative, and of these, I am told, are the New Zealand debts. The money has been spent in developing and settling the land, and will return again a thousand-fold.

In New Zealand we had opportunities of seeing the people under ordinary conditions, for, unlike Melbourne, they let business occasionally walk hand in hand with loyal demonstrations. That they are a healthy, energetic, and enterprising people none can gainsay. They preserve the physical beauty and, above all, the complexion of the Anglo-Saxon race. They are intensely British in appearance, habits, and manners, and their love of the old home,

as they fondly call it—even the children whose eyes have not seen the land of their fathers—is a precious possession that we who live in the old home ought to treasure above all that we have. New Zealand has shown her affection in a very practical manner, for of the Australasian Colonies she has put in the field the highest percentage of soldiers. Here, as in New South Wales and Victoria, I was struck with the martial spirit of the people. Not to wear the King's uniform is to forfeit the smiles of the fair.

Where there is gold there is dross, and no doubt if time had been given some of the dross might have cropped to the surface during our stay. Of poverty I saw no sign. If it exists at all, it is not squalid, and is inexcusable, for to the old and the indigent the Colony is kind. Drunkenness is extremely rare; they are among the most temperate people in the world, and carry this temperance into their legislation, for they are prohibitionists only in districts where there are none to drink save unfortunate tourists who venture into the King Country unconscious of the privations that await them. The general intelligence of the Colonists is certainly higher than that of men and women in the same position in England. They read more, and do not limit their reading to newspapers and magazines, though of these they have several excellent native products. Their manners are freer, and there is no caste or social distinction. The Premier, who touches the Prince of Wales on the shoulder, steps from the side of his Royal Highness to shake hands with the photographer whose camera shuts out the sights and ought to make him an object of universal hate. This feeling and practice of equality is very admirable, but has serious drawbacks,

especially in public life and among a people who are apt to mistake heartiness of manner for strength of character, and a fluent tongue for the highest qualification of a statesman.

It has been said that in Colonial politics everyone strikes at his opponent's heart. I know nothing of the amenities of politics in New Zealand, though it has been my good fortune to meet and talk with many of the most prominent men in the Administration and in the Opposition. Mr. Seddon is, of course, the most conspicuous figure in public life. Like so many Colonial leaders, he is a man of gigantic build, with a voice that might be heard above the winds of Wellington. He has all those characteristics that commend public men to the people of new countries—untiring energy, a hearty manner, unlimited words, and confidence that never fails or falters. King Dick, as he is familiarly known, began life as a miner, and would have won his way into politics even at Westminster. Like nearly all democrats, he is a bit of an autocrat, and perhaps that is not altogether a bad thing in the leader of a young and ambitious State. Mr. Seddon's right hand is Sir Joseph Ward, whose manner is the antithesis of that of his chief, and who has shown himself a very capable administrator. Under the rule of Mr. Seddon, the Colony has begun social and political experiments that will be watched with the keenest interest by every student of human affairs. It has enfranchised women, and discovered that they have no politics apart from those of their men folk; it has a progressive land tax and a progressive income tax, and not a dozen men with ten thousand pounds a year; it has pensions for old age, and no Poor

Law; it has Labour Laws, and puts the Maori on the same footing as the white man; it has taken powers to compel the sale of estates for development; it has appointed a public trustee, and has enacted many measures that would have astonished even Sir George Grey, who is more or less responsible for this trend toward Socialistic legislation. There are prophets who talk of failure and disaster from these experiments. Whatever the future may have in store, New Zealand gives no present sign of decay. On the contrary, its progress is steady and solid. The population has increased rapidly, and there is room and health and comfort for many more who will try their fortune in a new and pleasant country. Its industries and commerce are advancing, and are being established on a firm basis. The people of New Zealand have confidence in their destiny, and they have reason, for in less than two generations they have subdued and made friends of the most warlike of cannibal races, have built cities, cleared and cultivated great tracts of forest, and created at the most distant point of the globe a new and vigorous Britain.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE COMMONWEALTH AND NEW ZEALAND.

Why New Zealand Holds Aloof—Auckland Harbour—Mount Eden—Rotorua—Mother Rachel's Bath—A Maori Welcome.

NEW ZEALAND will not be part of the Australian Commonwealth. Such is the present determination of the people. No one—not even the Premier—has any hesitation on this subject. New Zealand is loyal to the Imperial idea—no Colony is more loyal, and none has shown greater eagerness to defend the Empire. The causes of this unwillingness to join her fortunes with those of the new Federation are not hard to discover. New Zealand could not expect to gain much by closer union with the island continent. She is strongly Protectionist, and believes in high tariffs. And what is of even greater importance, her products are practically the same as those of Australia, so that there would be little interchange of trade. Then there is the native question. One of the shibboleths of politics across the Tasman Sea is "a white Australia." For that they are prepared to make any sacrifice. Even the important sugar industry of Queensland must go if it cannot be maintained by white labour. Now, New Zealand has no native question. The Maoris have been accepted without reserve, and placed on exactly the same footing as white men. They

are entitled to vote, to sit in Parliament, and—surest test of all—to earn seven shillings a day for eight hours' work. The labour members of Australia would resent this equality, for they are an exclusive caste and delight in class legislation. These are the chief reasons urged against federation with Australia, and for the moment, at any rate, they will prevail.

There is another and a more subtle cause operating against union. It will appeal to those who believe that climate and country inevitably tend to produce types and to develop special qualities. In climate and physical features New Zealand presents many contrasts to Australia. New Zealand is a land of mountain and flood —a land in which valleys have hot streams and fountains that steam—a land where snow-clad mountains still betray symptoms of volcanic activity. The contrast strikes you the moment you approach the coast. Between Sydney and Auckland there is the difference between a landscape by Birket Foster and the glowing colour of one of Turner's pictures. The memory of Sydney harbour was strong upon us as we steamed across the mist-laden sea. Its woody inlets and long undulations of dark green were a mirage in the waste of troubled grey waters. We steamed slowly through Hauraki Culi, dropped anchor off Devonport, and saw a land full of light and colour. The mist rolled away, revealing a sky of Italian blue, an islet green as an emerald, and houses all white and red among green trees. This was Devonport, at the entrance to Auckland harbour, where the Australian squadron lay dumbfounded at our sudden appearance twenty-four hours before the appointed time.

There are people who say that Auckland harbour is more beautiful than Sydney harbour. Certainly in the winter it has more colour and greater variety. From Mount Eden the view is very fine. Far out to sea is the Great Barrier Isle ; at your feet lie two splendid harbours, on the vivid green slopes of which are neat little houses embowered among green trees. Everybody is taken to Mount Eden to admire the view, and it is well to submit promptly in order that you may be ready to answer the inevitable question : " Have you been up Mount Eden? " The hill itself is interesting. It is a volcano that must have been active in a recent geological period. The crater is a perfect inverted cone, forming a great amphitheatre, around which the Maoris built fortifications, and in which they held their tribal councils. There is a native tradition that Mount Eden will again vomit forth fire and death, but in an island where men bathe in hot safety-valves of seething nether regions no one gives heed to such lore.

Most towns of British origin have a strong family likeness, and Auckland is no exception. It is exactly what any English town of fifty thousand well-to-do people would be if built on the shore of a bay, with suburban possibilities on tree-covered hills. The atmosphere, too, is English—at any rate in winter—cold and damp, and the people have the clear rosy complexion that a moist and temperate climate gives to their brothers and sisters at home. Nowhere had the Prince and Princess a more hearty welcome than in this little town, which was once the capital of New Zealand. Among the most enthusiastic were the Maoris. The north part of the island is

their favourite abode, because it is warmer than the south, and they came in considerable numbers to Auckland. All wore European dress, though some of the women go about bare-headed and bare-footed, with a short pipe between their snowy teeth. It appears that the native king desired to come to the city with his war canoe, in order to greet his "brother," the King's son. But the Premier was compelled to withhold permission, as the chief demanded almost regal honours.

On Thursday, May 30th, we left Auckland and took train for Rotorua—one of those weird places where hell and earth strive for mastery. The journey of one hundred and fifty miles carried us through dense forest. The bush of New Zealand is altogether different from that of Australia. It is denser, greener, and more varied, with a thick undergrowth. Dark clefts and wooded gullies, hills clothed with impenetrable bush and pine and graceful tree-fern glided past, and made us think of the difficulties our soldiers had to face in the Maori War in such a country, with an enemy as cunning as he was brave, and as cruel as he was daring. When we reached Rotorua it was dark, and rain was falling in torrents. The Prince received some addresses from the Maori chiefs—the native king was absent, not having recovered from his disappointment—and replied in language that gratified their love of metaphor and rhetoric, for the Maoris are a race of orators, and cultivate the art in their councils. Mr. Carroll, Minister of Native Affairs, the finest speaker in New Zealand, and an orator who would adorn any assembly, inherits the gift from his native strain. As soon as the ceremony was over we hurried to our crowded hotels.

The floods descended, and darkness covered the face of the earth. We felt very cold, and wet, and miserable, for Rotorua is a small and scattered village, where you are advised to keep on the beaten track, lest you tumble into a steaming pit. The Maoris had retired to their camps, as they love not the night when Taipo—the spirit of evil—takes his walks abroad, seeking whom he may bewitch. Round their camp fires, and over their meal of pork and potatoes, they discussed the Royal speech, and gravely decided that "the talk was good." The proposal for a "hakah," or native dance, had therefore to be abandoned, and after dinner we spent the evening in the thermal pools, or baths. Rotorua is well equipped as a sanatorium, and has hot springs of many kinds, to which the sick, and the halt, and the lame come from all parts of the world. We dipped in the Priest's Bath—a sulphurous pool, of whose origin is told a legend similar to that of the City of Bath. A "tohunga," or native priest—a term which among the Maoris connotes also a wizard—built his whare, or hut, on this spot. A fountain sprang out of the earth, and, bathing in its waters, the priest was cured of an accumulation of ills. Madame Rachel's bath looked tempting, and has, moreover, the reputation of making you "beautiful for ever." So we sat for half an hour in the large concrete basin, with its two feet of water charged with silicates and sodas, and stepped out—not until the attendant suggested that he should fetch us pillows—if not "beautiful for ever," at any rate with an agreeable sensation of oily smoothness that reminded me of my first swim in the Dead Sea.

Next morning the sun shone, and under a cloudless

blue sky we saw Rotorua. Stretching to the foot of purple hills was a plain—bare and yellow—out of which came puffs of smoke and jets of steam. The very air was sulphurous. We breathed sulphur; it clung to our clothes and followed us into the Blue Bath, where we swam in liquid sulphur, over which hung the thick yellow fumes. The very fountains in the gardens of the Sanatorium spouted sulphur. Truly we were on the threshold of Hades. After breakfast the Princess opened a new bath named in her honour. Then we drove to Chinemutu, an old Maori part of the township. Here are many wonders of this natural laboratory, with its huge retorts in the cavernous depths of the earth, and its inexhaustible chemicals on which the water reacts. But we had come to see none of these wonders. Their Royal Highnesses drove to the ancient "whare runanga," or meeting-house of the Maoris—a relic of the days when the "Eater of Men" dragged his war canoes from the coast and sailed across the lake Rotorua to dislodge the Arawas from the sacred rock. In shape the whare runanga is a low barn, with a triangular roof coming well over the walls. It is built entirely of wood, and elaborately carved with grotesque figures and lines that might be traced on the tattooed faces of some of the old chiefs. The walls inside are carved with artistic representations of a mythology that recalls many an Indian myth. Furniture there is none, and the floor is spread with reed mats. I am told that the whare is very ancient, and is held in high repute by the natives. There is another carved house, or whare, at Whakarewarewa, but it is essentially modern, and has none of the sanction of

antiquity and association to excuse carvings over which it is prudent to draw a veil.

Their Royal Highnesses were welcomed by a chorus of Maori girls—dark-haired and lustrous black-eyed maidens—who sang a quaint, sweet song to the waving of feathery branches. The men were drawn up in double line on the opposite side of the compound, or square, and at their head was the veteran chief Fox—our faithful and dauntless ally in the Maori War—chief of the great Arowa tribe. His feeble hands upheld with conscious pride the sword presented to him by Queen Victoria. His wife wrapped blankets round his feet, and tucked the feather mat round his throat. "Why did you venture out?" asked the Princess. "My love was too great to stay at home," replied the old warrior with a grace that could not be surpassed in any court of Europe. The men —stalwart giants, stripped to the waist, many with tattoed faces—went through a dance of welcome, a performance calculated to strike terror into the boldest guest, rather than to give him assurance of hospitable intention. Horrible grimaces, wild contortions and wilder shouts are the essence of Maori dances, yet there is in the performance a rhythm and a precision that saves them from mere raving. As soon as the dance ended, and their Royal Highnesses had seen the whare, they were led to the farthest corner of the compound, where is a marble bust of "our mother," Queen Victoria, set upon an open-wood pedestal, carved after native fashion. The Maoris are very proud of this image of the Queen, for it is their own. Standing near the foot of the pedestal the Princess received the homage of the chiefs. Some of them pressed

upon her beautiful meres, or battle-axes of greenstone, while others, who have never heard of Sir Walter Raleigh, spread on the ground their mats, or square cloaks of flax, decorated with cacatoo feathers. These gifts her Royal Highness was asked to accept as tokens of loyalty and affection.

CHAPTER XXII.

A MAORI CHIEFTAIN.

A Visit to the Maoris—Patarangukai and his Great Deeds—His Death and Burial—The Custom of Muru—Maori Decadence.

WHEN I made the acquaintance of Patarangukai he was seated near a hot spring with his spear sticking in the livid earth. He had journeyed far that his old eyes might rest on the King's son. "I would look upon this tino tangata—this mighty prince—before I die. Truly his mana is great." And now Patarangukai was dead, and his eyes had not seen the King's son. The grim head, with the deep cut spirals and curves in blue, was bent between his knees. The tohunga, or priest, had packed him in small compass that he might more easily enter the womb of Hène Muotepo, the goddess of night.

I stood at the door of the tent and looked across the camp. The ground was hot and inflamed, and covered with sloughing sores, for the camp of the Maoris lay in the sulphurous shadow of Whakarewarewa with its steaming pools and scalding quagmires of mud. Some boys and girls were at play in one of the water holes, and the ripple of silvery laughter came out of the spray that fell in glistening showers on their small brown bodies. Young women in loose white skirts that revealed sturdy limbs were bending and chattering over boiling wells in which the kumara, or sweet potato, was cooking. A rich savour of roast pig filled the air. Old women had prepared the meat and folded it in wet grass, and covered

it with hot stones after the manner of their people in cannibal days. A group of dark-eyed maidens sat in the sunlight weaving mantles of the soft plumage of the kiwi or apteryx, the strange bird that has some of the characteristics of the ostrich. Each grey feather looks like a tuft of fine hair, and an artist will work for two years on one of these beautiful mantles. Another group of girls with tattooed chins were making piu piu kirtles. From a heap of flax they cut strips of uniform length with the edge of a tin match box. At intervals of four inches they indent the hard rind, leaving the fibre beneath unbroken. When the strips have been carefully marked and cut they take a sharp mussel shell and separate the fibre from the pith between each space, so that the strips are as pieces of flax held together by strands of fibre. Twelve bunches, each of thirty-six strips, make a kirtle. The bunches are plunged into boiling pools, and then soaked in cold water for three days. When dried, the flax is white, and the stripped fibre is black, and each line of the marking comes out distinctly. A band adorned with kiwi feathers fastens the piu piu to the waist, from which it hangs and rustles like a curtain of reeds. As they strip the flax the girls sing in low, sweet tones: "Ko Tawera te whetu: Marama o te ata: Whikarite tonu taku: Huia kai-mana-wa" ("Tawera is the bright star of the morning. Not less beautiful is the jewel of my heart.") In the middle of the camp, before a tent at which sits a tattooed chief—his lean shoulders covered with a kiwi mat, and his white head adorned with huia feathers that mark the rangatira or leader—are gathered the young men. They are of every shade

Photo : Burton Bros., Dunedin.

A MAORI VILLAGE.

of complexion between olive and brown, and some have features of European cast. All are giants in stature and strength. Their dress is a medley of picturesque barbarism and grotesque civilisation. Some have flaxen kilts, and are naked to the waist. Others wear tunics of white with a band of mauve. One man struts about in elastic side boots and a tall silk hat, the interval clad in red socks and a pair of grey flannel drawers. Another, evidently a dandy, will let nothing hide from an admiring world the wonderful designs on which the tattooer has exhausted his skill. The young braves are practising a war dance. They shake the hollow earth with the fury of their measured tread. Flinging wide their arms, they beat their breasts; their tongues hang out; they roll their eyeballs till only the whites are seen; they twist and turn and leap and shout as one man. "Kia kutia. Au Au. Kia Wherahia." Each right hand brandishes a spear or a battle axe, as the left hand comes down smartly on the naked thigh in wild accompaniment to the song. "Au Au. Kia rere." The action waxes more furious. The dancers foam at the mouth, and are as men possessed of devils.

And Patarangukai lay dead in his tent, and the young men and maidens knew it not, for had not the chiefs spoken. "Patarangukai was truly 'toa'—a warrior great in courage. Had he not won the 'mataika'—the honour of slaying the first man in battle. He would not that the King's son should be made sad at his coming to the land of the Ao-tea-roa, or The Long White Cloud." So the word did not go forth, and no tangi or dirge was sung as the soul of the cannibal chief took flight to the

kingdom of Po, in the far north island where Taupiko and Tawhaitiri keep guard at the gate. No mourners cut face and breast and arms with sharp flint and shell while Patarangukai sat down to feast with the gods and heroes of the Maori in the Valley of the Lake.

Three members of his hapu, or family, were admitted to the tent, and from them I heard the story of his deeds. They had not met for some time and greeted each other with ceremony. Taking one another by the right hand, they slowly and carefully brought the tips of their noses together, and stepping back a pace, uttered the salutation: "Tenara ko koutou." Squatting on the ground, with knees against their breasts, they lighted short clay pipes, and between puffs sang the praises of the dead. Patarangukai was ninety-four years old, and lived in the stone age, for half a century ago the Maoris were still in the stone age. As a tohunga, or priest, he presided over religious ceremonies, professed to heal sickness, to ward off witchcraft, and to foretell events through familiar spirits who entered his body in a state of convulsive enchantment. The dark blue curves and spirals graven in the flesh gave the face an aspect of mingled cunning and ferocity. It was the face of a devil priest in whose ears had rung the cry of human sacrifice, for Patarangukai had eaten of the flesh of man and declared it sweet. I was more at ease when they spoke of the warrior who fought against the famous chief, Te Waharoa, who after twenty years of slavery exacted a terrible vengeance for the slaying of his father by the tribe from the hot lakes of Rotorua. Truly, he was a "toa," a hero, for many were the dauntless deeds he wrought in combat with the enemies of the Arawas.

When the revels were over, and the Prince and Princess had departed from Rotorua, funeral honours were paid to the chief. With wreaths of green leaves on their brows the mourners sat round the coffin chanting his praise and wailing a lament with the long-drawn cry: "Aué, Aué." The coffin was adorned with flowers, and mantles of kiwi feathers were spread over it. I am told that Patarangukai desired to be buried with ancient rites. He had been a distinguished "bone-scraper" by virtue of his priestly office. His duty had been to scrape clean the bones of mouldering corpses before they were laid in some cavern or combe known only to a sacred few. I know not whether his body received that last honour. It may be that his bones were carried secretly and in the dead of night to some dark abyss in the mountains, and that the grim, tatooed head will be preserved as a sacred relic, for after all there is a strong leaven of superstition and of reverence for ancient custom in this strange race that but yesterday emerged from cannibalism.

Before the wake ended and the funeral meats were baked I set out on my journey across the North Island. The camp did not break up for several days, for the Maoris, many of whom had come from great distances to welcome the King's son, were guests of the Government, and were not loth to tarry. I had therefore more than one opportunity of visiting them and of observing their habits. The young Maoris have abandoned most of the customs and superstitions of their fathers, and have adopted the dress and the opinions of the pakeha, or Englishman. Only the women retain the tattoo, though it is no longer the exclusive privilege of the

married. The lips are stained a dark blue, and the chin is engraved like a copper plate, with deep cut curves and spirals. Young men rarely disfigure themselves in this fashion, yet you may see men of middle age tattooed from knees to waist, and with heads that are a marvel of design. Time was when such heads would have sold at a high price to hunters after gruesome curiosities, and when the "moko," or tattoo mark, was accepted as the sign manual of a chief even in courts of law. Two customs still linger, and are an occasional cause of strife among the natives. Muru, or the custom of robbing a man whom calamity has overtaken, or who has committed some offence, is not extinct. It is the Maori method of exacting damages. A few days ago a youth ran away with the wife of one of his neighbours. The family of the bereaved husband immediately gave notice to the family of the abductor that on a certain day and hour they would attend to enforce the muru. At the precise moment the relatives of the aggrieved party entered the house of the youth's parents, and proceeded to despoil it. No resistance was offered. To have raised even an objection would be to deprive them of the right of levying similar damages at any future time. Usually the stolen goods are redeemed at a price agreed upon, and after a feast the raiders and the despoiled part the best of friends. Another inconvenient remnant of ancient superstition is the tapu, a form of proscription of which the word taboo gives but a faint indication. There can be little doubt that the original object of the tapu was the preservation of private property. It has, however, been extended to almost everything, and any

breach of the right, whether conscious or unconscious, is attended with punishment the severest of which is imaginary, though not on that account the less severe.

Proofs are not wanting that the Maoris were once numerous. The houses in their pas, or stockades, and the area of land formerly under cultivation, show that their numbers have greatly diminished. Several reasons are given for this decline. It is maintained that as long as they lived in the sublime ideas of their old religion —and judging from their mythology it was not wanting in sublimity—the Maoris grew in strength and multitude. When they degenerated into heathens, and became eaters of human flesh and victims of man-devouring ghosts, the period of decay began. Certain it is that long before the arrival of the white man with his attendant evils of drink and immorality, the natives had succeeded in decimating their ranks by inter-tribal wars. Disease has wrought havoc among them. War, once their sole occupation and pastime, being no longer possible in the presence of the white settler, they quitted their homes in the hills to live in the swamps and unwholesome valleys. Sloth and animal indulgence followed, and for a time it looked as though the fate of the Maori was sealed, and that in the course of a generation or two he would cease to be remembered except as an extinct animal. The recent census seems to give hope of his survival. Whether the increase is real, or is merely the rectification of error in the previous census, is a point in dispute. One thing only is certain—that a considerable number of young Maoris are alive to the danger in which their race stands, and are exerting themselves by example

and precept to rouse the people from the torpor of sloth and superstition and animal indulgence. Their efforts are supported by the Government of New Zealand and by their white fellow subjects, who have no wish to see the extinction of the race.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A TRIP TO GEYSERLAND.

Whakarewarewa and its Legends—A Famous Guide—The Visit to the Geysers—A Maori Idol—Tikitere.

WHAKAREWAREWA is a step toward inferno, but Tikitere is a suburb of hell itself. We took the step from Rotorua through rivers of mud to Puarenga Creek, a hot streamlet two or three miles away. The Prince and Princess walked across the bridge between rows of dusky maidens in bright colours, who waved feathery branches and chanted a plaintive song to the swaying of willowy waists—sweet-eyed Persephones welcoming us to the realms of Pluto. They are not very terrible, after all, these phenomena. At Whakarewarewa they have none of the violence and grandeur that popular imagination associates with volcanic action. But Mother Earth is so staid and sober that any eccentricity excites wonder, and here she is ever in an unnatural mood. Her streams scald, and her fountains are driven by steam that comes roaring out of black throats. The geysers are uncertain. Wairoa was at work when we arrived, and threw up a steady white pillar, but Pohotu wanted an emetic. A bar of soap was cast into the pit, and we watched from the grey hillocks of silica. The process of soft-soaping had effect. Bubbles rising to the surface relieved the pressure, and in a few minutes the water gave a convulsive heave, and then, foaming and hissing, rushed skyward with a roar. The Princess had for guide the famous Sophia. She has

grown old, but her voice is still soft, and she tells her story as one who believes and has seen. You might think she had helped at the feast of Tukutuku, so realistic was the tale she poured into the astonished ear of the Princess as they leaned over the circular basin of silica known as "the cooking pot." Tradition, through the mouth of Sophia, says:—"A long time ago there lived on the shores of the Lake Rotorua a mighty chief named Tukutuku, who, being worsted in battle by a ferocious invader, took refuge in a cave near Whakarewarewa. His relentless enemy sought for him, and found him after two years. Tukutuku was dragged out of his hiding-place and slain. His brains were thrown into the geyser to cook, and swelled and swelled until they closed up the vent and the water ceased to flow." There is another and, I believe, a truer version, which shows Tukutuku in a less favourable light. It represents him as having eloped with the wife of Manawa, another mighty chief, but the Maoris are so civilised that already they have begun to pervert history, and to present abductors of women as brave defenders of their country, while injured husbands are "ferocious invaders."

Maggie, a younger guide, had charge of the Prince. She is a half-caste, who, though well educated, prefers the life of a native, and has been made custodian of the modern carved house where squat wooden gods, with eyes of shell, protruding tongues, and three-fingered hands crossed over grotesque stomachs, leer wickedly on figures that would blush if they could. Short-kilted, with huia feathers in her flowing dark hair, Maggie moved about in the steaming, sulphurous atmosphere, pointing

out the wonders of this rocky mass of silica, out of which have been washed sulphates and chlorides and carbonates. Climbing down to the rugged bed of the hot stream, where the manuka or ti-tree grows green and tall, his Royal Highness saw the torpedo pool, out of which great bubbles of sulphuretted hydrogen burst with a loud explosive sound. He saw also the pipes of boiling black mud—devil's porridge pots that never cool. The natives occasionally eat this mud, and pronounce it "kapai," or good. One cannot help marvelling how people live in such an atmosphere and amid such surroundings. The Maoris are a superstitious race, and nothing is more calculated to inspire superstitious terror than signs of volcanic activity. Yet they build their huts on the steaming crust of a volcano, cook their food in volcanic vents, and pass most of their day in pools and streams fed by volcanoes. I saw Whakarewarewa again, and the marvel seemed greater. It was midnight when I stood on the bridge, looking down into the silent valley that shuts the burning rock out from the world. Darkness and solitude brooded over the pools, from which rose hot vapours that poisoned the breath of night. A crescent moon came out of the clouds, and cast ghostly shadows from pillars of smoke that flowed from the white, hollow, carious earth. Yellow mists went up to the pale sky, encompassing a wild and desolate scene such as Milton saw when, peering into the deep tract of hell, he beheld the "fiery deluge fed with ever-burning sulphur unconsumed."

We stopped at Whakarewarewa to see the children dive from the bridge after coppers thrown into the hot

pools. Someone threw silver, and the game had to cease for fear the whole village—male and female—might be tempted to join the sport. Next day the Prince and Princess went to Tikitere. We steamed across the quiet lake of Rotorua toward the low volcanic hills ten miles to the south-west. Our "skipper," an intelligent Scot, versed in the traditions of the district, told us the story of the islet Mokoia, renowned in native legend. When the Arawa tribe came from the unknown land of Hawaiki, their tohungas, or priests, chose this rocky mound in the middle of the lake as their temple. Here still is a stone idol—Matu-a-tonga—which the Maoris are said to have brought with them to New Zealand, though it is, perhaps, an enlarged copy of the original idol now in the Auckland Museum. It was on this sacred isle that the Arawas sought refuge from the savage hordes of Hongi, "the friend of missionaries," who devastated the country with rifles paid for by the gifts of George IV. When the raider swept down from the Bay of Plenty to the shore of Lake Rotorua, the Arawas felt secure in their island fastness, for the war canoes of Hongi were drawn up on the sea beach twenty-five miles away. Day after day the Arawas paddled within hail of the invader, and insulted his host with cries and gestures, shouting, in derision: "Ma wai koe e kawe mai ki Rangitiki ?"—"Who, then, shall bring you, or how shall you arrive at Rangitiki?" But the "Eater of Men"—that was the cognomen of Hongi—was not to be beaten. He ordered his people to drag the great totara canoes from the coast, and storming the island overthrew the Arawas with great slaughter.

Mokoia has another and a daintier legend. A long

time ago there dwelt on this green island a youth named Tutanekai, who was in love with the beautiful Princess Hinemoa, daughter of a chief whose whare was on the shore of the lake. The chief would not give his assent to their marriage, and at night Tutanekai would sit on a rock and pour out his grief in the music of pipes. Hinemoa heard the pleading song of her lover as it floated across the water. "Come, Hinemoa, come," it whispered, until her gentle heart "shook like an earthquake," and she made up her mind to go to her lover. The canoes were not on the beach, so Hinemoa fastened some gourds round her slender waist and glided silently into the lake. Swimming three miles, she came at last to the island, cold and weary. The warm waters of a spring revived her. Remembering that she was naked, the princess hid behind a rock when she heard someone approaching. It was a servant coming to the spring for water. Hinemoa took the calabash out of his hand and dashed it to pieces, whereupon the slave ran off to his master and told him how his calabash had been broken by a big, ugly man in the bath. Tutanekai was very angry, and seizing his club rushed to the spring, but could find no one, for the bashful maiden had again hidden herself. After long search, Tutanekai spied a delicate little hand, and cried, "Come out and let me see you if you are the scoundrel who broke my calabash." "I assure you it was an accident," whispered the beautiful princess, as she stood forth, clothed in blushes. Hinemoa and Tutanekai were married, and lived happily ever after. If you doubt the story, there is the spring, in which you may bathe and be refreshed.

Small boats carried us to the shore, and coaches took

us to Tikitere. The road lay through a wilderness of hills, covered with fern and ti-tree scrub. At the foot of the hills ran tiny rills of steaming water, and from their crests and sides came puffs of steam. Not a sound nor a sign of life was to be heard or seen in this terrible waste. We came at last to a scene of hideous ruin and combustion, all involved with stench and smoke. It was a place for unblest feet. The hollow earth yielded and crumbled beneath our tread as we climbed hillocks white as the dust of dead men's bones, and skirted pools of boiling mud, out of which rose, with a sickly plop-plop, the eyes of some monstrous shape vomited from bottomless perdition. Slimy rottenness boiled and bubbled in black throats and caverns, and a white shroud hung over the little valley, where Nature has spent herself in horrors of which Dante never dreamed and Milton never sang. Night was falling fast when we fled from Tikitere, at least two of our number thinking seriously of their souls, for a careless step had plunged them knee-deep into this inferno.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAORI DANCES AND CUSTOMS.

A Race of Fighting Men—The Maoris and the Boer War—A Maori War Dance.

"HAERE mai! haere mai! hoe mai! hoe mai! haere mai!" The Maori tongue sounds like a caress, and the cry of welcome as the Prince and Princess stood before the tribes at Rotorua had a rich and melancholy cadence that went straight to the heart. They are a strange people, the Maoris. Two generations ago they were the most warlike and ferocious race in the world. War was their occupation and pastime, and they ate its victims. Rather than forego a fight they would give an exhausted enemy food and ammunition. The Earl of Pembroke, who lived in what he called "the good old times of conquest and colonisation," and fought at the head of desperate Maori young blood, "rigged out in nothing but a cartridge box and belt, and a young woman to carry ammunition," tells this story of a chief who fought against us at Waikato. This savage warrior, who doubtless swallowed the eyes of his vanquished foes, and, having satisfied his cannibal appetite, "potted the remainder of the corpses in tins and sent them to his friends in the country," was asked why, when in command of a certain road, he did not attack the provision and ammunition trains. "Why, you fool," answered the astonished chief, "if we had stolen their powder and food, how could they have fought?" These chivalrous barbarians whom we subdued only after

a ten-years' struggle, in which they often had the best of it, are now our trusty friends. They have every privilege of a British subject, including the right to send members to the House of Representatives, and to earn seven shillings a day for eight hours' work. And they are eager to help the white man to carry his burden. North of Pretoria I saw two copper-coloured troopers in the ranks of the New Zealand Mounted Infantry, and wondered how they got there. At Rotorua I learned that they were the sons of chiefs, and smuggled themselves into the contingents under the names of MacGregor and Macdonald. With names like these, who could deny their right to face the enemies of the Empire? Even "King Dick" Seddon could not. The Maoris were very angry at their exclusion from the South African war, and were pacified only by the assurance that they were required to defend the colony. One of their dances expressed their contempt for the Boer, who "fights like a rat by running away." "Kiki ta Poa" ("Kick the Boer") was the refrain of their wildest dance.

The Maoris are the only coloured race out of India with whom the Briton will associate on terms of seeming equality. The men are pleasant, sturdy fellows, mountains of bone and muscle, and the women, if not beautiful, have charms. Their smiling faces, and large, lustrous, dark eyes can cast quick glances that make one in love with olive skin and black hair. The "pakeha," or white man, readily mates with the dusky "whaine." They are a cheerful, intelligent people, with the minds of children and the passions of men. For the most part they have adopted the dress and habits of Britons, and the men, at

any rate, have done so without loss of dignity. Here we have seen them as they appeared two generations ago, when Hongi, the Maori Napoleon, devastated the land with rifles paid for by the presents of King George IV., and slew thousands of his enemies, the Arawas, Waikatos, and Taurangas. Yet, in this seeming horde of savage men and women, barbarously clad, roaring and capering like maniacs, twisting their faces, showing the whites of their eyes, and lolling out their tongues were people with whom you might find yourself at dinner, and not notice any peculiarity save the dark skin.

It was a strange, wild scene, acted on the yellow plain, with bare hills for background, and the quiet lake between. The sulphurous air and steaming pits were in keeping with so weird a spectacle. The Prince and Princess took their seats in the pavilion and looked down upon the solid squares of Maori warriors and wahines, whose custom in olden days it was to excite the men to frenzy. Their Royal Highnesses wore the emblems of chieftainship. The Prince's bowler hat was decorated with the white tipped "huia" feathers of the "rangatira," or chief. Three feathers adorned the fair hair of the Princess, and from her shoulders hung a beautiful "kiwi" mat, or mantle. The compliment was hailed with delight and shouts of welcome—"Haere mai! hoe mai! haere mai!" Mr. James Carroll, member of the House of Representatives and Minister of Native Affairs, was master of ceremonies, and wore a dog-skin mat over his grey suit. A wave of the greenstone mere, or tomahawk, in his hand and the play began. A wild rush of brown giants, naked to the waist, with kilts of dressed flax, that

surged and rattled, a waving of spears and battle axes, and Arawas and Ngahapas stood before the Prince—a rigid line of brown and red. The leaders, or "teko tekos," strode in front—stalwart savages—and with a shout that might well strike terror the warriors flung themselves into the dance. They sang of the Great White Queen, their mother, and of their joy at seeing the strangers from afar! They are a musical people, I am told, but the note was wild and barbaric. And as they sang, their brown bodies moved in unison, now leaping, now crouching, now retiring, now advancing. The song ended in a long-drawn gasping sigh—"aué, aué, aué." The Arawas lay on the ground, silent. It was the turn of the Wanganuis. A savage of herculean build dashed to the front, battle axe in hand. The whites only of his eyes are visible, giving to his tattooed face a demoniac expression; his tongue hangs out, and his appearance is that of a fury. He shouts the first words of the war-song, and his tribe spring from the ground. With furious, yet measured, gesticulation, with horrid grimaces and wild cries from tattooed lips, the warriors danced, and their kirtles of flax made a rustling music to the swaying of their bodies. They ended with a long, sobbing "sowah sowah," like the moaning of wind in a dark forest.

The Arawas again took up the burden, chanting a "powhiri," or song of welcome. In front of the tribe was the flag presented to them by the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who, after the attempt on his life at Sydney, lived for a month with the Arawas, who guarded him so well that no white man might come within two miles of him. Around the flagstaff sat a picturesque group—a

white-haired warrior in a tweed cap, almost hidden under skin mantles which his wife was ever replacing. Across the knees of the old chieftain lay a drawn sword—a sword of honour given by Queen Victoria. This veteran of eighty-one years is Te Pokiha Taranui—or Major Fox, as his British friends call him—famous in the Maori War for an act of dauntless bravery. It was in 1864, when our soldiers and friendly natives were assailing the strongholds of the Hau Haus in the Bay of Plenty. Major Colville had ordered McDonnell and nine men to clear the enemy out of a rifle pit. When they reached the pit they found themselves under a raking fire at five hundred yards. Colville ordered the bugle to sound the recall, and the Hau Haus, knowing the signal, reserved their fire until the little band should come into the open. Suddenly, Te Pokiha dashed forward, alone, over five hundred yards of bullet-swept ground. He leapt into the pit, having drawn the enemy's fire. "Why did you come?" asked McDonnell. "To save you," replied the chief. "Do not obey the people on the cliff, but wait until the sun goes down. If you leave now you will lose half your men. Your brave fellows have been fighting all day the whole of the Bay of Plenty men. Let them bugle away. We will stay here, and I will take you out after dusk." They stayed, and the darkness saved them. In the morning of Friday, the Princess asked the feeble old warrior why he had ventured out. "My joy at the hope of seeing you was so great that I could not lie down," was the reply of the courtier. The war dance of his tribe roused the "tino tangata," or tried fighting man. Throwing off his mantles he stepped to the front, and, flourishing his sword of

honour, moved his shrunk shanks to the music of their voices. Fatigue soon drove him to his seat, whereupon his faithful spouse took the sword from his reluctant hand and, holding it aloft, led the tribe in the dance. They sang of a people united in peace and goodwill under one flag.

The warriors now gave place to a troop of dusky, dark-eyed maidens, whose black tresses hung like night over their plump shoulders. They were of the Arawa tribe, and wore blouses of kiwi feathers, with a blue sash. In each hand was a ball of flax, tied with string, looped round the finger. The ball is the "poi," and the dance is famous throughout the Pacific as the Poi dance. As they drew near, a hand of each girl rested lightly on the shoulder of her companion. Standing before the Royal pavilion they faced about and began the dance. It was the very poetry of motion. In dreamy undulations their bodies swayed now to right, now to left, now backward, now forward, swinging the pois to the music of their song. The music was slow and sweet, running through all the song-birds' range, and the story was of a prince who came from afar with his fair lady, their chieftainess. "We welcome you to this place," was the burden of their song. "In you we see the face of our mother, the dead Queen—lofty and beautiful as the skies. Great is our love for her. Oh, Princess, you have come to add lustre to the Maori people." How can such grace and poetry be found amid so much ferocity? Once more the furies were let loose, and the contrast was startling. With a hissing sound, like the steam from one of their geysers, the braves of the Bay of Plenty sprang forward. Their

wild dance was to the accompaniment of a song that told of the exploits of Maui, the great hero and enchanter of Maori mythology. He came from the unknown land of Hawaiki. He it was who snared the sun and beat him into sloth, that men might have more time to be happy; and he it was who, when all the fire on earth was extinguished, descended into the dread abode of his ancestress Mahu-ika, and drew fire from her nails. The men of the Bay of Plenty, as we learned in the Maori War, are born fighters, and it was natural that they should turn their thoughts, as well as their actions, to the enemies of the "pakeha." "Kiki ta Poa" was the cry, and it is certain that had the unfortunate Boer been in the neighbourhood he would have had a bad time. "Ka Whawhai tonu! Ake! ake! ake!" they shouted. "We will fight for ever and ever." "Ka Whawhai tonu! Ake! ake! ake!"

Tribe succeeded tribe. After the Bay of Plenty there entered the Ngatitawharetoa, who live in the shadow of volcanoes on the shores of Taupo Moana. They are men of herculean mould—giants all, and splendid savages in their rustling flax kilts. They were led by Te Heu-heu, grandson of the famous cannibal chief of that name, who, half a century ago, defied the powers of earth and water, and, standing in front of his whare, was buried alive in the great landslip that filled the ravine of Waihi. Bare-legged, with a feather mat round his loins, the young chieftain stood facing his tribesmen, a slender spear of light tawa wood poised in his uplifted hand. The spear whistled through the clear air, and fell at their feet as Te Heu-heu turned and ran with the speed of the wind. On

his flying heels rushed the braves with a mighty shout. The earth trembled and thundered under their tread. Halting as suddenly and as uniformly as though brought up by a stone wall, they danced a real war dance, grimacing wildly, rolling their eyeballs, lolling out their tongues, until they looked more like demons than men. A little later, when Te Heu-heu, clothed and in his right mind, went to receive the commemoration medal at the hands of the Prince, it was hard to discover in the courtly gentleman, frock-coated and silk-hatted, any trace of the brave who had led this demoniacal dance. Another notable transformation was that of Ngata, M.A., LL.B., barrister-at-law—a wildly conspicuous figure in the dance of his tribe. Their song of welcome was mingled with jibes at the absent "King" Mahuta, who sulked in his wigwam, at the Waikatos, and at the priest, or prophet, Ti-Whiti, of Parihaka. "They have tried to pull us in another path, but we will not go," was their chant. "Come near, oh! our treasures from afar." Alone of the tribes the Ngatiporou discarded the savage dress of their ancestors. They were clad in snowy white singlets, with a purple sash from shoulder to waist, and a kilt of black cloth. This uniform had the effect of giving an appearance of wonderful precision to the movements of the men. But apart from this aid, the performance was a marvel of concerted voice and action. They moved and shouted as one man, and the cheers that drowned their last gasping cry as they fell prone on the ground were a tribute well earned. From scenes of turbulent war we passed at a bound to peace. The wahines, or maidens of the Otaki district, gave a double poi dance. Clad in garments,

alternately scarlet and white, they swung their pois of raupo or flax.

> "Let me forget you, too, in dreams,
> Your lang'rous waist and musical
> Soft ways, like cadences of streams
> Unlooked for, strange and sweetly rhythmical."

As the maidens glided past the pavilion they laid the pois at the feet of the delighted Princess, who stooped down to take the hand of one little dusky, smiling toddler.

Meanwhile, gifts had been presented. Mrs. Donnelly, chieftainess of the Hawkes Bay tribe, handed to Mrs. Carroll a greenstone tiki—a priceless heirloom of the Maori race—and it was laid upon the shoulders of the Princess. Mantles of flax and feathers were laid at the feet of their Royal Highnesses. Some were marvellous pieces of handicraft, made from the rare kiwi feathers; others were of flax, stained and cunningly wrought—deserving of the name "falling water." To these were added meres of jade, clubs, or taiahas, carved out of whalebone, and an historic flag of flax. Many of these gifts are no mere curiosities. For the Maoris, and, therefore, for the people of New Zealand, they have an historic value, on which no price can be set. The old chief, Te Pokiha, gave to the Prince a model of a war canoe filled with trophies, which the braves carried on their shoulders and laid at his feet. On the pile was placed a richly-framed address, which one of the leaders had carried from tribe to tribe, amid resounding shouts and cheers.

Finally, came a dance of all the natives. I am told that while it was in progress there was an earthquake. But at Rotorua, earthquakes are as common as fogs in a

London winter, for the town stands on a volcanic crust only a few yards thick. It may have been inexperience, or the thunderous tramp of four thousand savages, that made me oblivious of the tremulous earth. All I am conscious of is a brown mass of twisting and writhing human flesh—a volcano of action, out of which rose strange and terrible cries that ended in a shout of welcome. The Maori demonstration is a memory that will live. We shall not look upon its like again, for the Maoris who escape death from civilisation are every day becoming more pakeha, and will soon put aside every vestige of a barbarism that has become fascinating because it has ceased to be dangerous and loathsome.

The Prince and Princess were delighted with the spectacle. Through Mr. Carroll, the Native Minister, he conveyed to the Maoris this word of thanks: "I beg you to convey to your Maoris the highest appreciation of the Duchess and myself of their dances. We have come miles and miles to see you, and will go home believing it to be the greatest novelty we have ever seen. I am very pleased with the dances, and thank the Maoris for their great kindness to us. On my return home I shall not fail to convey to the King how very loyal his Maori children are. I wish you all prosperity, and may the good God protect you all for ever."

CHAPTER XXV.

A JOURNEY THROUGH NORTH ISLAND.

The Way to Wanganui—Convicts on Parole—Waiotapu—The Geyser Valley—Lake Taupo—A Beautiful Forest River.

THE Royal party having left Rotorua to take ship for Wellington, Mr. Le Sage and myself decided to cross the island to Wanganui, on the south-west coast. Many difficulties were foretold. The roads, we were assured, were impassable because of heavy rains, and we would never reach the capital. Accompanied by Mr. D. Innes Barron, of the Survey Department, we set out on this "perilous expedition," which we accomplished in four days without even a discomfort. The journey amply repaid us for the anxiety of our friends, for it carried us into the most interesting parts of the island, past the scene of a famous volcanic eruption, into the King Country, where semi-barbarism still lingers, through the wonderful Valley of Geysers, across the great central lake with its snow mountain and active volcano, through miles of dense primæval forest, and down a beautiful and romantic river to the sea.

On Saturday afternoon we turned our backs on Lake Rotorua and the Maori camps, and climbing the belt of volcanic hills, rode through a waste as desolate and lonely as the Wilderness of Judea. Bare hills, blackened

gorges, and grey valleys spoke a fiery birth. Before sunset we caught a glimpse of Tarawera, a rugged peak of gold towering above a dark green ridge. Between us and the mountain stretched fields of ashes and scoriæ, murky chasms and conical hills, all seamed and torn. Nature is doing her utmost to cover under ferns and grasses these evidences of her violence in 1886, when in one raging night she rent the great mountain Tarawera in twain, blew the bottom out of a lake that covered 188 acres, destroyed the famous deposits of silicates known as the Pink and White Terraces, buried villages and miles of country under seas of mud and storms of ashes and burning stones, and changed the aspect of the land. The valley of Waiotapu is a sombre grey wilderness haunted by an oppressive solitude. No bird sang in the hillsides, and no patch of sweet potatoes marked the passage of the Maori. The road wound along the pumice slopes covered with ti-tree scrub, through narrow defiles, and across shallow creeks. Behind us rattled the mail coach with passengers who had been to see the Prince and Princess at Rotorua, and were returning to their homes on the shore of Lake Tapu. A solitary figure stopped us to ask after the coach. He was warder of the convict prison. Some miles further we were hailed out of the darkness by several men who stood in a line by the roadside. "Who are they?" I asked. "Convicts," replied Mr. Barron, in a tone that betrayed no surprise. The sight of convicts roaming about the country at night without a warder struck us as unusual; but our companion looked upon it as a very ordinary spectacle. "They are waiting for the supply

of bread brought by the mail coach," he added. "They could not get away if they tried, for their dress with the broad arrow would betray them. Besides, I doubt whether any of them would care to quit their present quarters. They have little to do, are well fed and housed, and may smoke. Of course, only the well-behaved are allowed such liberty, and I cannot recall a case in which the privilege has been abused, though all the men here have committed grave offences and are serving long sentences."

This confidence in humanity is matched by a strange trust in nature. Without faith in the tendency of all things toward perfection how could rational beings live in a region where Nature has shown herself so erratic, so unreliable, and so violent? Long before we came to Waiotapu—our first halt, twenty-one miles from Rotorua—we had seen signs of her passionate and destructive outbursts—dark pools overhung with yellow vapour, cliffs torn in fantastic shapes and coloured with strange hues, green hills out of which rose pillars of steam, and as night crept along the valley the chill wind wafted from these ghostly forms the vile odour of sulphuretted hydrogen. We reached the hotel too late to see the wonders that their Royal Highnesses were to have visited had the rains held off. Our sense of smell, however, will not dispute their existence. As we passed under the arch of welcome at the gate of the inn our hopes were high, for the air was shrewd, the way was long, our appetites were healthy, and we thought of the feast that must have been prepared for us on the previous day when the Prince and Princess were to have made this

pilgrimage. It was a shock, after two hours' patient waiting, to be placed in front of a few cold scraps and a bottle of ale. We had still thirty miles to travel before we halted for the night. The mail coach and its passengers stayed at Waiotapu until morning, while we plunged into the frost-bitten darkness. Over mountain and dale we went, past native hamlets and hot springs, until near midnight the barking of dogs and the gleam of lights told us that we had come to the end of our first day's journey. The door of the inn was thrown open, and in a few moments we were thawing ourselves in the rosy warmth of a great pine fire. Before the hoar-frost had vanished next morning we had plunged in the hot stream of alum water that flows through a little wood near the hotel, and were ready to face the Geyser Valley.

Of the wonders of Wairakei and the Geyser Valley a volume might be written. They surpass in interest and variety anything that can be seen outside the Yellowstone Park, and they have this advantage, that they are found among beautiful woods and almost tropical vegetation. At first sight wonders of the volcanic kind are a little disappointing. The school books that taught us a volcano was "a burning mountain, from the summit of which issues smoke and flame," are to blame for many a bitter disenchantment. As everybody knows who has peeped into the crater of Vesuvius or Stromboli, the smoke is condensed vapour, and the flames are the glow of molten material reflected from that vapour. At Wairakei there is no flame, real or reflected, yet the forms of volcanic activity are many and strange. The Geyser Valley is a vast fissure extending many miles,

in which geysers, mud volcanoes, thermal springs, boiling pools, and hot streams betray the existence of heated material at no great depth from the surface. Whether they denote the beginning or the end of a cycle of igneous activity is a point for disputation. It may be that these vents from which escape the imprisoned gases and vapours are the heralds of some approaching paroxysm of nature, or it may be that they indicate a decline in force and temperature.

To reach the valley we had to pass our morning bath, and learned from the guide that it is known as Kiri-o-hine-kai, or "Food for the skin of a young maiden." A short walk along a narrow track through a thick ti-tree bush brought us to the edge of the valley. The day was showery, and a heavy, cold mist clung to the hill-sides, making the deep gorge look like a boiling caldron. Clouds of steam sprang out of the sombre depths, massive, white columns shot into the sky to break and vanish in a myriad shining atoms. As we followed the green pathway in its steep descent the song of Wairakei, or "Sparkling Water," fell upon the ear—now a mountain torrent, now a roaring cataract, now a glittering waterfall, and now a hot pool. Tracing its rocky and winding course through a tangle of green scrub, feathery manuka, vivid mosses and luxuriant ferns, we came to the geyser known as Nga Mahanga, or the Twins, a large, pear-shaped basin with a brown border of sinter or deposited silica. The basin is divided by a spongy mass, over which the water bubbled and boiled furiously, and then, with a mighty heave, flung itself into the air. The Prince of Wales's Feathers had to be coerced by

withholding his supply of water until the eruptive point was reached, and the triple flood justified his name. Many of these geysers are charged with silica or carbonate of lime, which deposits so rapidly that petrefaction is easy. Hence the eagles' nest formed of branches laid over the mouth of a spring. I cannot attempt to describe all the wonders of this valley—the Lightning Pool, out of whose blue depths dart great bubbles that leave behind a trail of light, the Steam Hammer that beats until the earth trembles, the Great Wairakei who floods the heavens from a black cliff, the Champagne Pool whose sparkling surface breaks into a myriad silvery bubbles as the carbonic acid gas escapes, the Dragon's Mouth which looks like a leering saurian vomiting smoke. The mud craters are of several colours according to the nature of the loose argillaceous material amid which they are formed. Some have the colour and consistency of porridge, others are tinged as with blood. All boil and bubble with a sickly plop-plop as some monstrous blind eye bobs to the surface and vanishes with a wicked leer. Terraces white and pink may be seen in process of formation. As the springs overflow they leave a deposit of silica or carbonate on the slope of the hill. This deposit gradually chokes up the vent, and the water, unable to break through the hard rock, has to find a new outlet higher up. Thus, step by step, the terraces are built. Most beautiful of all is the Opal Pool, an oval of azure set in frosted silver. Even under the dull wintry sky it shone with the light that never was on land or sea, the glory of the moon and of the stars flashing from clear depths of azure.

Though the phenomena of the valley are not of the kind to excite terror, and though they are seen amid beautiful surroundings that rob them of much of their uncanniness, they are full of interest, scientific as well as picturesque. When the earth steams at every scratch, when the rocks give forth vapour, when the soil boils, and the streams scald, one may wonder at the strange world that trembles and throbs under our feet. There are many other marvels in the neighbourhood of Wairakei, but our time was short, and we had to be content with the Geyser Valley. After breakfast we resumed our journey to Lake Taupo, turning aside to see the fumarole in the hills, a narrow funnel at the foot of a grey rock out of whose black throat throbs a great volume of steam that will hurl branches and stones high in the air, and would supply motive power to a factory. To Taupo is six miles of road that follows the winding course of the Waikato river, a noble stream flowing between woody banks. Three miles from Wairakei the river rushes like a mill race between white cliffs, and leaps over a rocky ledge in a quivering flood of amethyst blue. Of the Huka Fall is told a story characteristic of the Maori race of chieftains. Tamatea Pokai Whenua was a great traveller, and with thirty of his braves paddled down the Waikato as far as the village Te Umuheke, where the natives dared him to go further. "No danger can stop us," cried the chief, and his canoes swept into the rapids, to be swallowed up in the whirlpool below. Having lunched at the very hospitable inn on the shore of the lake we went on board the steam launch that carries the mail once a week.

Lake Taupo is five times as large as Loch Lomond, and has historic as well as picturesque interest. On the north and east, behind pumice cliffs, stretch deserts of pumice; on the west rise dark rocks that spring sheer from the water a thousand feet, while away to the south tower the smoking summit of Auruhoe and the snow-capped peak of Ruapehu. Our skipper, Mr. Ryan, had been a great traveller, as his books of water-colour sketches show. He was also learned in native lore, and entertained us with many stories of the origin and mythology of the Maoris, whom he believed to have come from the Pacific slopes of North America, and to be of the same race as the Red Indian. On the lake and its associations he is an acknowledged authority, and there is hardly a cliff or an inlet that has not its legend or its tale of bloodshed. Motu Taiko, a black rock on the bosom of the lake, is the ancient burial place of the chiefs of tribes who once peopled these shores. It was the custom of the Maoris to collect the bones of their great dead, and to carry them secretly to some almost inaccessible spot, where not even the boldest would venture lest he should incur the penalty of that mysterious principle of all-pervading vengeance known as tapu. To this day no native, however educated, cares to approach Motu Taiko. They believe, according to Mr. Ryan, that this sacred island is guarded by immense fish that have power to transform themselves into dragons or men, and to drag into the slimy depths all who come near the abode of the dead. On the cliffs to the west are many traces of "pas," or fortified villages, round which raged many a bloody fight in the days of Hongi, the Eater of Men,

and where cannibal feasts have been held two generations ago. A deserted mission station marks the solitude that war and disease have made in this once populous region.

Rain and darkness were descending when we came to the south shore of the lake, and we were glad to have the shelter of the inn at Tokaanu, a small native settlement at the foot of a range of hills. An attempt to explore the village by the light of a stable lamp plunged us up to the knees in a quagmire, and drove us early to bed. Before daybreak we mounted the box of the mail coach, and began our journey through the King Country, a waste of tussock grass over which roam wild horses, and where a few scattered remnants of once powerful tribes still linger. In a day's journey of forty-four miles we saw no sign of habitation save a few sheep, and a native mounted, with a train of women and children riding shaggy ponies. Our halting place for the night was Waiouru, an accommodation house in a windy solitude as bleak and bare as the high veldt of the eastern Transvaal. We walked half a mile to the dining room, built in the shelter of a depression, and returned to higher and colder altitudes, to sit before a log fire and to sleep soundly.

A line of crimson divided the black sky from the black wilderness when we rose to continue our coach ride. Ruapehu glided out of the darkness until the mountain glistened like a huge iceberg through the clear blue light of dawn. Ruapehu is nearly 9,000 feet high, and has some resemblance to Mount Eiger, in the Bernese Alps. On the summit is a lake that varies in tempera-

ture from freezing to boiling point, according to the season. Until the eruption of Tarawera this mountain was looked upon as an extinct volcano, but shortly before the outbreak Ruapehu ejected steam and ashes. Six years ago it again showed signs of energy, the crater lake being converted into a great solfatara, or sulphur spring, the last stage of volcanic force. Auruhoe is still active, but hid her head in the clouds so that we saw nothing of that great crater out of which issue columns of smoke, visible for many miles, and in which hydrogen and sulphuretted hydrogen burst into blue flame the moment they come in contact with the air.

Some miles from Waiouru we left the desert of rough grass and entered the forest or bush. Until sunset our path ran through woodland scenes of enchanting beauty. On the border of the forest lay many noble trees, scorched by the fires of settlers who find here rich pastoral and agricultural land. Log huts are springing up in the clearings, and sheep and cattle and horses feed on the abundant grass. But they have scratched only the edge of the bush, for in a moment or two we are in the silent heart of the primæval forest. Gigantic kauri gum trees tower a hundred feet overhead, spreading branches and deep green leaves casting shadows on the smooth grey bark. The nikau, or Southern palm, graces the sheltered glades, and the fern tree raises its plumed head over a tropical labyrinth of tangled scrub and interwoven creepers. The feathery rata twines among the golden green of the drooping rimu and the dark totara, while from the moist loam-beds spring grasses, and ferns, and light-tinted shrubs, woven in an impenetrable wall of

green. Deep in the forest glade lies the hamlet of Raetihi, where we stopped for lunch, and tasted some of the dairy produce that will one day make it a prosperous town. Again we plunged into the bush, following the winding course of the stream, whose voice we heard out of the luxuriant depths of the woody gorge. From this enchanted forest of evergreen trees we descended to Pipiriki, a delightful village on the bank of the Wanganui river.

The Wanganui is one of the most famous and beautiful of forest rivers. As we glided over the rapids in the little steamer next day, Mr. Barron pointed out the scenes of battles and sieges and cannibal orgies, but we willingly forgot these incidents in admiration of the river itself. For miles the broad waters race between green banks, dotted with flax and the scented wattle or mimosa. From the height of blue clay cliffs nods the golden plume of toë-toë, a tall pampas grass, and among the glistening karaka flies the crimson-headed parakeet, and the kaka, or native parrot. We stopped now and then in front of a group of women and dark-eyed children who had come from the village on the hill to watch the passage of the boat. Jerusalem and Corinth we passed—the former a Roman Catholic mission station, and both of them tempting enough to induce the tourist to stay his flight. In some places the bank is so steep that the Maori descends to his canoe by a ladder. Twice we came upon native canoes, in which the naked islanders knelt and paddled with their faces to the prow. Seeing them, one can understand how they looked upon the first white sailors, who rowed with faces from the shore, as goblins with eyes

in the back of their heads. Thus we came to Wanganui, where we took rail to Wellington, not without regret at leaving a country so full of beauty and romance that man has not yet marred.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A LAND OF ORCHARDS.

The Last of New Zealand—Hobart—The Resources of Tasmania —The Switzerland of the South.

MOUNT COOK, a pillar of ice, caressed by rosy fingers of dawn, was our last vision of New Zealand. As it faded from red to white, from substance into shadow, we felt once more under our feet the broad shoulders of the Pacific. A wind came up from the snowy south, and moved over the face of waters that have half the world for playground. We looked upon a troubled sea, and tasted the sorrow of being rocked in the cradle of the deep. It is a cherished article of faith among people who go to sea in books that the sailor is never so happy as when he is bounding over the salt waves. I have always taken a higher view of the commonsense of the sailor-man, and the experience of seven months has shown that I was right. He loves the shore better than the sea, and thereby proves his wisdom and the cunning of those who caught him young. Sailor and landsman rejoiced when the green banks of Tasmania rose out of the sea, and were glad at the sight of Storm Bay.

Hobart is like a bashful maiden. She does not display her charms to the first glance. They steal upon you as you pass in the shadow of a grand headland to an island of basaltic pillars that looks like the graceful ruin of some Eastern temple. Blue mountains and a blue bay! That is Port Arthur—a name to pale the cheek of men who

recall the horrors of convict settlements. Then you come to the woody island of Franklin, where they tried to breed English game, and on through narrowing shores into the estuary of the Derwent. One bend of the broad river, and you see the city, her white feet bathed in green meadows, and her golden head nestling on the dark bosom of a snow-capped mountain. We are a comparative race, but the man who would compare the Derwent with Sydney harbour would compare "El Penseroso" with "Paradise Lost." There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon. Sydney is magnificent in her emerald girdle, set with many a sparkling inlet and bay. Hobart has the grace of mountain and of meadow. We lay on the still blue water. To port were sloping fields of vivid green and golden brown, and dark hedgerows, among which gleamed the white points of some God's acre. To starboard the river wandered, now broadening, now shrinking, along the foot of woody hills. And in front, over wharf and shipping, the white town climbed, tier on tier and gable on gable, until house and church and tower were lost in black woods, over which the snows of Mount Wellington hung like a sunlit cloud.

For a city of thirty-seven thousand people, Hobart covers a great area. Its streets are narrow and irregular, yet they have a bright and cheerful aspect that one associates with a thriving and active community. Some of the public buildings would do credit to cities with ten times the population. Government House, in which the Prince and Princess were lodged, is the finest viceregal residence in Australasia, and Macquarie Street is as pretty as any street in Sydney or Melbourne. Here, between the Post

Photo : Beattie, Hobart

KING RIVER, TASMANIA.

Office and the Royal Society's Museum, is a pleasure ground, with walks and shrubberies and fish ponds and statuary. One bronze figure you could not pass without notice. It is Tasman's tribute to one of her great governors, Sir John Franklin, who gained renown as an explorer, and left his bones in Arctic regions. Franklin founded the Royal Society, whose care for more than half a century has been the natural beauties and physical character of the island. The Society has made a park and garden of the Domain—a green promontory overlooking the Derwent. Fine banks and well-stocked shops speak of league-long strides in commerce since the day when the current coin was the "ring" dollar—the Spanish dollar with a hole in the middle—and when it might be said in truth, as Sydney Smith said in jest, that a juror excused himself for non-attendance on the ground that he had sent a man fifty miles with a sack of flour to buy a pair of breeches, and the messenger had not returned.

One of our first visits was to Parliament House, to call upon the Premier, Mr. Elliott Lewis, and the Treasurer, Mr. Stafford Bird, to whom we were indebted for many privileges. Mr. Lewis is an Oxford man and, like so many politicians in Australasia, a lawyer. His presence in the State Legislature is proof that the Federal Parliament has not exhausted the stock of enlightened and capable public men. No one, I think, even in Australasia, will deny that the Federal Parliament has absorbed very many of the best men, and that the State Legislatures must tend to become mere County Councils. The reduction made in the number of State members is a hint that the people are unwilling to bear the expense of two legislative and

administrative bodies, for here, as in the United States of America, the representatives of each assembly—State and Federal—receive salaries.

Four days gave no time for excursions into the interior or for personal observation of the resources of the island. Tasmania has gold-fields that draw many active and enterprising men from town to country, and account for the apparent drop in the population of the capital from 47,000 to 35,000, according to the new census. She has rich pastures, too, and the masters of flocks no longer burn the wool as a waste product. And there are gardens and orchards, for Tasmania is the Apple Land of the South, and can supply the whole of Australia with fruit and jam. Now that the island is part of the Commonwealth, she will be free to develop this special industry without the crushing burden of prohibitive tariffs. Of the wealth and commercial activity of the country and smaller towns we had no opportunity of judging save by reports and Blue-books. The capital of the State cannot fail, however, to give some indication of the true condition of the people, and Hobart certainly impresses one favourably. To those accustomed to the strenuous competition of older communities in Europe, it might seem that life flows a little too easily for great achievement. But there are compensations. Breathing this pure, invigorating air, looking on this well-dressed and healthy people, seeing the comfort and cleanliness in which even the poorest live, one cannot but account them happy. Although the majority of the 170,000 Tasmanians are Colonial born, their attachment to the Motherland is strong. The enthusiasm with which they welcomed the Prince and

Princess is one of the most inspiring memories of the tour. In South Africa they have given substantial proof of their interest in all that concerns the welfare of the Empire. Mr. R. M. Johnston, the Government statistician, who unites in one person the attainments of an academy of science, showed me that if the United Kingdom, with 7,335,000 men at soldier's age—that is, between twenty and forty—had contributed in the same proportion as Tasmania, she would have put into the field 132,000 volunteers. One out of every hundred men at soldier's age in the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand has served in the war. The review, at which his Royal Highness presented medals to men from the front, showed that there is still in the island the nucleus of a serviceable little force.

Nature, in creating her beautiful, has set limits to the resources of Tasmania. She may never become a great commercial or industrial State. Yet she has made great strides. In 1817 Hobart had one thousand inhabitants, who lived in huts. Close to the wharf at which their Royal Highnesses landed is a little tongue of low land, sticking out into the Derwent. One hundred men were hanged there in a single year. To-day crimes of robbery and violence are practically unknown. For nearly half a century Tasmania was a convict settlement, and the names Van Dieman's Land and Port Arthur bring back memories of horror, when men did murder to escape from prison to the grave, and the land was infested with bushrangers like Brady, who set convicts free to ravish and murder. And these were times when the settler had to face not merely the escaped convict and the bushranger,

but the native, made desperate by the loss of his hunting-grounds and his children, who perished miserably from starvation. Tasmania is now the only place in Australasia that has no native problem. As we entered Storm Bay, we passed the peninsula into which the negroid aborigines were to have been driven in 1829 by a force of 3,000 exasperated men. One native and a boy were the capture, and when the Wesleyan enthusiast Robinson mustered the entire race in Flinders Island, there were only 203. The last representative of this primitive people died a quarter of a century ago, and in Sydney I saw her skull—the treasured possession of an ardent philosopher. Looking back on these terrible pages in her history, one must be filled with wonder at the progress of the island.

Like the Middle or South island of New Zealand, Tasmania claims to be the Switzerland of the South. It is a land of mountain and forest, and you need not go many miles from Hobart to come under the spell. Mr. Robinson took us for a drive up Mount Wellington through the forest of pines and gum trees that flourish among the snows. We saw the ravages of fires that sweep over miles of country. The little log church, saved by British tars at the risk of their lives, stands in the cindered heart of a woody combe. We looked down upon the magnificent valley of the Derwent over mountain and river and dale, and saw that our kinsmen at the uttermost ends of the earth have truly a noble and a beautiful heritage.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MODEL CITY OF ADELAIDE.

Arrival at Adelaide—Its Charms and Beauties—The Royal Visit to the University—A Happy Inspiration—The Wine Industry of South Australia.

WHEN the *St. George* dropped anchor in Largs Bay on Wednesday, July the 10th, the dull thud of guns floated across the broken water of the roadstead. The Prince and Princess had already landed at Port Adelaide, and the *Ophir* was rolling in the bay, which some patriotic Ayrshireman named after "the glorious plain, Where still gigantic bones remain, Memorial of the Danish war." The escorting cruiser had been detained at Hobart to pick up a few sailors who had "broken leave." It was blowing hard, and the little tug that put out to the *St. George* tossed like a cork in the gutter. From the lofty deck of the warship the shore looked a perilous distance, but in time, and with much buffeting, I set foot on land, and hurried through Croydon and Norwood and orange groves to the capital of South Australia. Kensington, Dulwich, Fulham, Mile End! Truly, the founders of Adelaide must have lived within sound of Bow Bells. There are men who can recall the time when the British Colony of South Australia was a few tents on a barren beach—men who stood in the shadow of the historic gum tree at Glenelg in 1836 to hear Captain John Hindmarsh read the proclamation of King William IV.

A model city has sprung from these tents—a city of churches and colleges and museums and stately public buildings, and parks and gardens. Adelaide is certainly one of the most dainty towns in Australasia, and was worthily chosen to welcome the Prince and Princess on their return to the Continent. To the life and magnificence of the city she has added the grace and beauty of the country. You come upon these charms by degrees, for Adelaide is some miles from the sea, and you reach it through scattered suburbs that have the air of commonplace prosperity. Port Adelaide alone looked sulky and slovenly, probably because Commodore Winsloe showed little faith in the capacity of the harbour to receive his ship. The pilot was confident enough, and ships of much greater tonnage than the *Ophir* enter the port in all weathers.

Their Royal Highnesses met with the heartiest of welcomes in the crowded and decorated streets. At the Town Hall they were presented with addresses, and in Victoria Square, near the bronze statue of Queen Victoria, they watched the flight of hundreds of carrier pigeons, bearing the news of their arrival to all parts of the State. Then they made a triumphal procession through the city. The streets of Adelaide are laid out as regularly as the streets of Washington or Philadelphia. They run due north and south and east and west, with squares and gardens skilfully interposed, to break the rectilineal stiffness. North Terrace is especially fine. With its museum, its art gallery—the best in Australia—its library, and school of mines and botanical gardens, it reminds one of Oxford or some academic city. The gardens cover a

hundred acres or more, and are an unending source of delight. Under wide-spreading trees—many of them from the old home—are dazzling flower-beds and leafy walks. There are rosaries and palm-houses and museums of economic botany that would do credit to Kew itself. Adelaide is also a city of churches. There are no fewer than one hundred and five places of worship, of which sixteen are Anglican, twenty-four Wesleyan, and eight Roman Catholic. Many, like the Anglican cathedral, consecrated on Sunday in the presence of the Prince and Princess, are of great architectural beauty. And four-square round the city is drawn a green band of park lands, half a mile wide—an umbrageous frame to the white, shining city. These lands the Government have wisely vested in trustees, so that they may be preserved to the people for ever. The only objection, I believe, comes from a section of the Labour Party, who, with characteristic short-sightedness, complain of the waste of valuable land on which mouths might be fed. Besides all this, there is the Oval—where the children danced and sang to the delight of the Princess—and the great National Park, with many beautiful forest dells. In short, you see everywhere in Adelaide proofs of the civic pride and public spirit of the people, whose boast is that they were the first to introduce municipal life into Australia.

Adelaide gives her children a splendid education. Primary instruction is free and compulsory, and the average standard of culture is high, though the tendency —natural in a new and undeveloped country—is to make careers rather than scholars. Their Royal Highnesses attended the special congregation of the University, and

were greatly impressed. This institution is not thirty years old, and owes its existence to the liberality of the late Sir Watson Hughes and the late Sir Thomas Elder. The undergraduates number 238, of whom a considerable proportion are women, Adelaide having been first in Australia to grant them degrees. The Prince was made a Doctor of Laws, and the Princess would have had a like honour, for the undergraduates sang:

> "The Duke will get an LL.D.,
> An honour well deserved, and we,
> Had we our Way, would here, to-day,
> Another give to Princess May."

The Adelaide students' wit was far above the average, and had a note of refinement and culture not always heard in the University demonstrations we had witnessed. One song gave especial pleasure, and was a happy inspiration, for it voiced the sentiment of every man, woman, and child who has watched the royal progress of the Princess. It was Herrick's simple and beautiful lay:

> "There is a ladye sweet and kind,
> Whose winsome face so pleas'd ou mind,
> We did but see her passing by,
> Yet we shall love her till we die."

To this charming compliment the undergraduates added a verse of their own composing:

> "In other lands is loved her name,
> Fair are her features, fair her name.
> And tho' she be but passing by,
> Yet we shall love her till we die."

His Royal Highness laid the foundation stone of an extension to the University buildings, and unveiled Woolner's statue of the late Lord Tennyson, a graceful com-

pliment to the poet's son, the Governor of South Australia. He also reviewed the local forces, who gave one more demonstration of the military spirit and training of the people, and of the value of the rifle clubs established under the Defence Act. These associations are numerous and efficient, and date from 1877, when war seemed imminent with Russia.

As to the natural resources of South Australia, there is more than one opinion. Some people deny that it has any great potentialities of development, owing to the nature of the soil and the uncertainty of the rainfall. There is one industry, at any rate, that seems to flourish, and that is the wine industry. Eight distilleries and twenty-eight breweries give employment to large numbers of people in various parts of the Colonies. In the year 1900 over a million and a half gallons of wine were made, and the revenue from beer and spirits was £38,825. Through the kindness of the representatives of the Adelaide newspapers I was able to visit Seppeltsfield, forty-five miles from the capital, at the foot of the Barossa Ranges. Here, in 1851, a German named Benno Seppelt planted a small vineyard and set up a business which, under the direction of his sons and grandsons, has become the largest of its kind in Australia. The journey carried us through rich agricultural country and three or four townships of established prosperity. The Colony owes these to German settlers, most of whom came to Australia without any capital save their industry and thrift. Mr. Seppelt gave me what he called a typical example of a German immigrant, who brought up a family of eleven on a grant of land of one hundred acres, and dying, left

£1,500. These men, at any rate, have shown that the resources of South Australia are capable of great and profitable exploitation, despite acknowledged drawbacks. That, too, is the view of people who are best qualified to judge, as I learned under the hospitable roof of Sir Samuel Way, Chief Justice of the State—a delightful host and a storehouse of information, as Mr. Froude found.

Photo: E. Sweet and Co., Adelaide.

PROCLAMATION TREE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FAREWELL TO AUSTRALIA.

Rough Weather—'Tis an Ill Wind, etc.—The Surprise Visit to Albany—Fremantle.

A SULKY sea was breaking against the bows of the *Royal Arthur* on the morning of July the 15th when I went on board the flagship of the Australian Squadron in Largs Bay. The necessities of his Majesty's Navy had sent the *St. George* and *Juno* to coal at Albany, and the honour of escorting the Royal yacht fell to Admiral Beaumont. With that ready hospitality which so well becomes a distinguished sailor, the Admiral offered me passage. The *Royal Arthur* is a sister ship of the *St. George*, in which I sailed from Portsmouth, and resembles her save in one particular. She has a higher forecastle—a decided advantage in heavy weather, though it deprives her of two 9.2 guns, for which six-inch guns have been substituted. High forecastle did not, however, give us release from the discomforts of crossing the Great Australian Bight in a heavy sea, with a strong north-west wind. No sooner had we lost sight of Kangaroo Island than we felt the roll of the ocean beneath us. The night of the 15th was black and troubled, and in the morning the heavens were draped in harmonies of silver-grey while around us tumbled a mountainous, foam-capped sea. That night and the next were wild and turbulent. The wind played strange music among ropes and spars,

and across the darkness gleamed the lights of the *Ophir*, now flashing on the crest of a wave, now plunged into blackness.

Being by the mercy of Providence a born sailor, I was able to keep a cheerful heart, even though my sea legs occasionally failed me. The ward-room, usually as well ordered as the library of a club, became the scene of singular and fantastic exploits. The long dining-table accepted the "fiddles" as excuse for a dance across the floor. The chairs, without waiting to ask leave of occupants, followed in a wild caper, and a green sea, mistaking the skylight for a scupper, fell upon the astonished head of a cynic, who was striving to fathom the motives that inspired the volume "Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor!" Signor Martino, the painter, and formerly an officer in the Italian Navy, clung tenaciously to the edge of a table, while he declaimed in glowing periods on the stability and the solidity of a man-of-war; a sedate doctor of medicine raced madly across the room, and fell heavily on an unlucky correspondent, who, in a couple of wild leaps, succeeded in reaching an upturned table half a second in advance.

On the morning of the 19th we were still labouring in troubled waters. The white hull of the *Ophir* was bounding like a cork, now on a foamy crest, now hidden in some green chasm, out of which her funnels shot clouds of black smoke. It was an inspiring sight to stand on the heaving deck of the great warship and look out upon the surface of the sea, broken into ridges of enormous swell, to watch the tossing waves lift themselves in dark, fantastic forms of towering hills, capped with snow, to peer into the deep

chasms of whirling water, to behold them rise in wild groups and advance like an avalanche upon the ship, and to hear "the deep-drawn breath of the storm." Yet, after all, it was not a storm in the language of seamen. We logged "7," which means "a moderate gale." At eight o'clock the *Ophir* and her escort were thirty miles to the south-west of Cape Leeuwin. We had just begun the chase after our breakfast when Commodore Winsloe signalled his intention of putting back to Albany. The wind being in the west, and the glass still falling, he feared that he would be unable to enter the river at Fremantle. This decision caused some surprise, for their Royal Highnesses were due in Perth next morning. Ten minutes later we were retracing our steps, and at two o'clock on Saturday morning *Ophir* and *Royal Arthur* were anchored in smooth water at Albany. When the little town awoke it was astonished and delighted to find that for the third time the Prince had paid Albany an unexpected visit, for here the *Ophir* called on our arrival in Australia, and here, too, the *Bacchante*, in her famous cruise with the two Royal Princes, found refuge when disabled.

The pleasant little town, sloping down to the sea between hills covered with bush, was jubilant, for between her and Fremantle there has been no love since the mail-boats gave preference to the western port. The Mayor, the members of the Corporation, and most of the citizens had gone to Perth to welcome their Royal Highnesses, and had taken with them all the railway carriages fit for a fifteen hours' journey. The Prince and Princess accordingly spent a quiet day in the *Ophir*, and at nine o'clock

on Sunday morning set out for Perth, amid the hearty cheers of the people. The landscape of the Australian Continent has little variety, and the journey of three hundred and fifty miles introduced the Royal party to no new or striking features. The train moved slowly across yellow plains, the bareness of which was relieved by many grass trees, among which is the strange Kingia, with flower spikes surrounding the head like a crown, by the palm-like Macrozamia, the giant Karri, and the famous Jarrah—Eucalyptus marginata—whose durability has made it a valuable commercial commodity.

Despite the nakedness of the land, its capital is a rich and flourishing city, with a population of forty thousand, whose wealth is drawn mainly from the gold-fields. Perth covers a wide area on the north bank of the Swan River, which broadens out into a lake, the outlet from which is hidden by the natural formation of the southern bank. The streets are broad, and contain many fine buildings, and the people have the bearing and the dress of men who live an energetic and prosperous life. When one recalls the fact that not many years ago Western Australia was the Cinderella of the Colonies, with a poor and scattered population, the marvel is that so rich and beautiful a city should have sprung up quickly. The discovery of gold and other precious minerals has transformed the sterile plains into gardens and hives of industry, and given to the Colony potentialities of untold wealth.

The Prince and Princess had a magnificent reception. Sir John Forrest, of course, was there, and interested everybody in his great scheme for carrying water to Coolgardie. These gold-fields are 370 miles from Perth, in

the rainless interior, where water costs from fourpence to sixpence a gallon. A vast reservoir has been built in the Greenmount Ranges, near the coast, and nearly four hundred miles of pipes will carry the water to Mount Burgers, overlooking Coolgardie. It is a great enterprise, worthy of a great pioneer like Sir John Forrest.

The farewell at Fremantle on Friday, July the 26th, must have quickened the pulse and fired the imagination of all who beheld it, whether from the white deck of the warships or from the white beach. Among the many thousands who lined the slowly receding shore were few whose eyes were undimmed with emotion. The Prince and Princess were deeply moved. And well might they be, for they were looking on the closing scene of a progress that will be memorable in their lives and in the history of the Empire over which it is their destiny to rule. For nearly three months they had been the inspiration of a succession of glowing pageants, and had borne witness to the strong affection of this young and vigorous Commonwealth for the land and for the race that gave it birth. They had been acclaimed in cities crowded with men and women with whom patriotism is still the supreme virtue—men and women proud of their race, and eager to defend its Empire. They had journeyed many thousands of miles, and had seen that every acre won from the wilderness is an acre added to British soil, and carries upon it men and women inferior in mental and physical qualities to no people in the world—men and women who thrive and multiply without ceasing to be Britons, who have faith in their destiny, and will shrink from no sacrifice in the hour of peril.

And so we turned our faces to the West, not without a touch of melancholy, yet with sure and certain hope that should gloomy prophecy be fulfilled, and power and commerce pass from the West to the East, we have firmly seated on the shores of the Pacific a strong and energetic people, who will carry through succeeding ages the traditions and successes of the race.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ISLAND OF MAURITIUS

Our Longest Voyage—Fine Steaming—Port Louis—The Mauritians—Curepipe—The Sugar Industry—Mauritian Race Question.

DAY was drawing to a close when we dropped anchor in the narrow stream before Port Louis. Soft clouds, golden in the sunlight, hung over peaks that rose like gigantic needles out of lofty volcanic hills. The sharp cone of Pieter Botte, and the line of crags pointing monstrous fingers to the blue sky, drew long shadows across the green slopes of sugar cane that stretched lazily down to the sapphire sea. The ambient yellow light, the warm breath of the wind, the rich luxuriance of grass and tree, told us that we were once more in the tropics, and that here we would find a race of men differing in colour, in language, and in thought from those we had left behind.

The voyage from Australia to Mauritius had been unpleasant. No sooner did we quit the shelter of the coast than we felt the long roll of the Pacific. The *Ophir* was escorted by Admiral Beaumont, in the *Royal Arthur*, to a point two hundred miles from the Australian shore. Here she was met by the *Juno*, and started on her voyage of three thousand miles at a speed of fifteen knots. The *St. George* had already proceeded at eleven knots to a rendezvous 1,774 miles distant, and here the three ships came together again on the morning of Wednesday, July 31st. Mauritius was sighted on Sunday, August the 4th.

This was our longest sea passage—3,170 miles—and the Prince marked his satisfaction by signalling his pleasure at the fine steaming of the ships. The greatest credit, he added, was due to the stokers and engineers. Mr. Black, of the *St. George*, Mr. White, of the *Juno*, and Mr. Grey, of the *Ophir*, and their staffs are certainly deserving of the highest compliment, for without their skill, foresight, and energy such a voyage would have been impossible. The *Juno* deserves especial praise, seeing that on this occasion she vindicated the capacity of the escorting cruisers, on which doubt had arisen in the popular mind by reason of certain incidents—for which they were altogether irresponsible—in Australian waters. Captain Routh, Commander Lafone, and every officer in the *Juno* showed the utmost professional keenness, and were rewarded by creating a record for continuous steaming by a second-class cruiser. The sole regret was that the *St. George* was not permitted to share this triumph.

At Port Louis the officer of health came on board, and reported that no case of plague had been reported for sixteen days. This was satisfactory, seeing that the plague has been prevalent in Mauritius since 1898, when it is said to have been introduced from Madagascar. The sun had set as I put off from the ship. Glowing bars of crimson and green and gold stretched across the western sea, and fell upon the waves in ripples of brilliant and ever-changing hue, and from the solemn space of starlit sky hung a veil of fine gold, through which the dim light shone as from a shadowy world. With the doctor was an octoroon—a garrulous gentleman who led us to believe that in Port Louis we should find all the luxuries and

comforts for which the heart of man craves after days at sea. The hotel was uninviting and crowded to overflowing, and after long search through the dark and dismal streets we found refuge in the fort, where the officers of the Garrison Artillery received us with that frank and warm hospitality which Englishmen—and especially soldiers—rarely fail to develop when duty sets them down in strange lands.

Port Louis has few attractions as a place of residence. It lies on a fever-haunted plain by the sea. The streets are narrow, and the houses mean and untidy, after the manner of the East. Yet not in Colombo, nor in Singapore, did we see a stranger or a more bewildering sight than upon that blazing afternoon when the Prince and Princess landed. From the green pavilion on the beach along the broad avenue to Government House—hidden behind a canopy of feathery green—far into the narrow streets, lined with stores and houses, stretched a motley crowd. Their faces were of every shade of black and white—from the ebony of Central Africa, on through the varying darkness of mulatto, and quadroon, and octoroon to the light creole; from the chocolate of Tamil and Chettie of Southern India, to the yellow of the Chinaman. And the dress was as diverse as the race. Coolies in dingy cotton robes mingled with their countrywomen from India—dark, bright-eyed women, with braided hair, in crimson and white mantles, their arms and ankles heavy with silver ornaments. Chinese in shiny nankine and cone-shaped hats of straw, rubbed shoulders with mulattoes, and quadroons, and octoroons whose mixed blood is reflected in their dress—European in form and barbaric in

colour. The true creole is French—for until early in the last century Mauritius was a French colony, known as the Isle de France—and preserves the characteristics of that race in dress and habits. As their Royal Highnesses drove through the streets between the lines of stalwart Madras infantry and the dark blue uniform of the British gunners, they looked once more on a microcosm of the Empire, and were acclaimed by a babel of tongues such as has never fallen on the ear of any but a prince of Great Britain.

The ceremonies were quickly over. Sir Charles Bruce, the Governor, read an address of welcome, to which the Prince replied in words so gracious and tactful that they won the admiration of every section of this strange community. He spoke of the historic and literary traditions of the island, in which both French and British have pride, and made sympathetic allusion to the difficulties of the great industry on which depends the prosperity of the people. His Royal Highness then laid the foundation stone of a monument which the loyalty of the Colony is raising to the memory of Queen Victoria. Having discharged these duties the party drove to Le Reduit, the country residence of the Governor, on the salubrious heights some miles from the town. Here their Royal Highnesses remained until the time came for embarking.

By invitation of Sir Charles Bruce and the Colonial Secretary, Sir Graham Bower, my comrades and I spent the three days at Curepipe, the residential town of the island. The railway rises rapidly from the coast to the lofty tableland on which the scattered hamlet is built. The slopes are covered with sugar cane, fringed with dark

green mango trees. Forests have fallen to make room for sugar cane, and with them has gone much of the picturesque beauty so idyllically described by Bernadin St. Pierre in the romance of "Paul and Virginia." Yet there remain many beautiful ebony trees and cocoanut palms, and aloes with the long stem blossom. Gardens and compounds are hedged with feathery bamboo or croton, with deep autumn tints, and over the roofs of the houses hang the flamboyant acacia—known as "The flame of the forest." Curepipe is seventeen or eighteen hundred feet above the sea—a pretty little hamlet, set among deep warm hedgerows and vivid green meadows. The inhabitants are for the most part coolies, though Europeans and creoles make it their residence in the hot months. One drawback there is to Curepipe—it rains almost unceasingly. The annual rainfall is not less than 150 inches. Terrific tornadoes sweep across the island, doing great damage to the cane, and occasionally, as in 1892, levelling the houses to the ground.

This was not the season for sugar. The tall chimneys rising above the corrugated iron roofs of the factories were smokeless; the aërial wires that carry the cut cane were motionless; the giant wheels and heavy rollers that grind and crush the cane silent. We were, therefore, unable to witness the wonderful process by which the sugar cane is reduced first to a brown juice, then clarified by sulphur, and crystallised *in vacuo*. Sugar is the staple—one might almost say the sole industry of the island. Despite hurricanes, and drought, and beetroot, it manages to maintain its position, especially in India and at the Cape. In 1899, 164,911 tons were exported, together with nearly

one and a half million litres of rum and twelve and a half million kilos of molasses. I am told that the conditions under which cane is grown are rapidly changing. Great estates are being cut up into small holdings, which Indian coolies cultivate, selling the produce at remunerative prices to mill-owners, who crush the cane and deal directly with brokers. Every year these holdings increase in number, for the coolie is a thrifty and an industrious person, who will work hard and live on a handful of rice. One consequence must be the disappearance of the mulatto, the octoroon, and the quadroon. However intelligent, they have not the application and the capacity to live on a pittance possessed by their rivals the coolies and the Chinese. Already the Indians number 261,739, or over two-thirds of the total population of the island. Of these, 199,352 were born in Mauritius. The Chinese are not very numerous. There are about four thousand of them, and the number cannot be increased without the consent of a committee or trade union of Chinamen, which also regulates the price of every article sold by their compatriots. Nearly all the retail trade is in the hands of Chinese, who here, as in Singapore, are the wealthiest class in the coloured community. The rest of the people are seven hundred British officials, soldiers, and residents, 8,000 persons of French extraction—to whom alone the name creole may be properly applied—and 106,040 men, women, and children of negro or mixed blood.

The difficulty of governing this community must be great. Despite the fact that Mauritius has been an English Colony since 1810, the language is still French. It is true that the half-castes, who, apart from Asiatics,

form the greater part of the people, are taught English in the schools; but at home, in the streets, and in the ordinary business of life they speak a French dialect. The French creoles and the British do not readily coalesce. Not merely their language but their habits, even their food and the hours of their meals—a most important factor in all social intercourse—differ. Here, as in Europe, the sympathies of the French are rarely with us. A very remarkable illustration of this might be found in the copy books "recommended for use in the schools." The backs of these copy books are illustrated with coloured pictures of the war in South Africa, and have explanations in French. More shameless travesties of history it would be impossible to find, and only a weak administration could have permitted their sale in the island. Like all half-breeds, the Mauritians are indolent, vain, and sensitive—characteristics that go far to destroy those qualities of good temper, intelligence, and grace which many of them undoubtedly possess. The introduction of the elective principle into the government of the Colony has added to the burden of the administration, and the friction that occasionally arises between the military and civil authorities is a further cause of weakness. Yet, in spite of these difficulties and drawbacks, it is an indisputable fact that not one per cent. of the French population would exchange the Union Jack for the tricolor of the Republic. The hearty welcome given to the Prince and Princess was evidence of the loyalty of the people, and if further proof were sought it might be found in a few moments' talk with representative men, whose names and language leave no doubt as to their race and origin.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN THE SHADOW OF WAR.

Arrival at Durban—Maritzburg *en Fête*—Old Friends—Heroes of the War—The Distribution of V.C.'s and D.S.O.'s—The Zulus Pay Homage.

IN Natal there was an air of realism that gave to the visit of the Prince and Princess a new interest and a new savour. We were in the very shadow of war. The little band of heroes who came to Maritzburg on August the 14th to receive the badge of courage at the hands of the Prince brought with them the atmosphere of the veldt. Their sun-blackened faces and lean, sinewy figures needed not khaki tunic and putties to proclaim many of them straight from the field. Lord Kitchener, too, was a stern reminder of the actualities of the moment. Over his stern, strong face flitted the shadow of a smile like a gleam of the sun on some dark mountain tarn, and straightway men began to prophesy the end of the war. My own thoughts ran on the contrasts of two continents—Australia, with its homogeneous population of British origin, firm and single-minded in devotion to the Empire, South Africa, with its conflicting elements of race, and its discordant ambitions and ideals, refining and purifying in the crucible of war.

The landing at Durban was effected without difficulty. Under normal conditions you are swung from

your ship in a basket and set down on the deck of a tug that tosses you across the bar. No basket was needed for their Royal Highnesses. They stepped from the *Ophir* on to the tug, and steamed into the harbour in the wake of the gunboat *Thrush*, which was the Prince's first command at sea. On the wharf they were welcomed by the Governor, Sir H. McCallum, members of the Ministry, the Mayor, and Consular representatives. The streets were decorated, and the people cheered as the long procession of carriages and mounted men made its way to the Town Hall, where addresses were presented and speeches made. In the Albert Park were no fewer than eleven thousand children, whose sweet voices were raised in welcome. To appreciate the beauty of Durban you must look down upon the bay from the wooded heights of the Berea, a suburb of gardens and mansions on slopes that rise behind the town. The view from this point recalls some of the most favoured spots on the Riviera. Unhappily, this pleasure was denied to their Royal Highnesses, for the day was wet and dismal, and a drive to the Berea would have given little pleasure.

After lunch the Royal party took train to Maritzburg, the capital of the Colony. It is nearly two years since I first made this journey under conditions so strangely different that I may be forgiven for dwelling upon them. Sir George White was then hurrying northward to meet the onrush of the Boers through the passes of the Biggarsberg and the Drakensberg. What a contrast was there to this well-ordered pageantry—men springing to arms for the defence of their homes, women

and children in whose eyes burned the sacred fire of patriotism, and whose voices, as they sang the war songs of our race, rang clear and strong like the note of the bugle sounding the charge. The memory of that supreme moment came upon me with a blinding rush. I saw once more the eager multitude on whom the fierce spirit of their fathers had descended; saw the defender of Ladysmith grasp hands with Penn-Symons, whose bones were to whiten three weeks later in the shadow of Talana; saw, too, the fresh, keen faces of many soldier friends whose graves are dotted over the hills of Ladysmith and along the banks of the Tugela. In the carriage with me now was General Dartnell, who led the column from Dundee into the town around which the enemy were drawing a band of steel, guiding them through many weary miles of danger, outwitting the pursuit of the Boers by his intimate knowledge of the country, gained by many years' experience as head of the Natal Mounted Police, and encouraging them by voice and example in that sleepless and terrible march of three days and nights. Since I saw him last in the depressing days of the siege the general has done yeoman service at the front, and has lost none of that vigour and heartiness which inspire confidence and make him extremely popular with every class of the community.

Darkness and rain met us at Maritzburg. Their Royal Highnesses drove direct to Government House, a stone-throw from the railway station. Next morning was brilliant. The sun shone on flag and arch, on children in white, and on men and women, white, brown, and black, who were waiting to greet the son and

ZULU WOMEN, DURBAN.

daughter of their king. The capital of Natal is small. Its people number only twenty-five thousand, and only half are white. Yet even in Europe it would be called a fine town, for the streets are broad and regular, many of the buildings are large and have artistic distinction, and there is about it an air of activity which speaks of enterprise and prosperity. There was no sign of the atrophy and depression that hung over the place when I passed through a few days after the relief of Ladysmith.

Two of the ceremonies are worthy of notice. The opening of the Town Hall seemed to me to strike a new note in this line of pageantry which has almost circled the world. It may have been due to a state of mind rather than to a change of circumstances, but I could not help feeling that there was something strangely real about every incident of the day. The lofty white hall was thronged from floor to galleries with men and women who have looked upon war and tasted of its bitterness. To me many of them were familiar faces. On the bench in front of me sat Mr. Farquhar, Mayor of Ladysmith now and during the siege, and with him the Town Clerk, Mr. Lyons. We were neighbours during four memorable months. Mr. Farquhar confessed that it was only after much persistent effort that Ladysmith was granted permission to approach the Prince with an address of welcome. Maritzburg and Durban wanted to have the honour to themselves. The Mayor must have felt a thrill of pride as he listened to his Royal Highness's eulogy of the little village which has won an undying fame. A few places to the right sat Dr. Hyslop, of the

Natal Carbineers, who had not thrown off the consequences of those long and devoted labours in the fever-stricken and starving garrison, the memory of which called forth a warm cheer as he stepped forward with the address of the Medical Council, and again later in the day when the Prince pinned on his breast the ribbon of the Distinguished Service Order. Mr. Bainbridge, a member of the Legislative Assembly, looked hardly less energetic than in the days when he planned, for others, the means of escape on the flood of the Klip River. Near this little group stood Major Clarke, of the Natal Mounted Police, who was the first to discover the Boers on Cæsar's Camp, on January 6th, and whose little company fought under cover of the trees until not a leaf was left. The gum tree round which they rallied, he told me, has since died of wounds inflicted on the day of the great assault. But I could fill chapters with these personal reminiscences, for everywhere in the hall were men and women whom I have seen facing danger and enduring privation with heroic courage. What wonder if their presence, and the knowledge of the long agony of Natal gave a new and a fervent note to the National Anthem and to that Old Hundredth which men have sung alike in triumph and in despair. The addresses were not numerous, though they were representative. That of Ladysmith was beautifully illustrated with paintings of Bulwan, Cæsar's Camp, Waggon Hill, and other scenes of stubborn conflict. In his reply the Prince spoke warmly of the gallant defence of the town, and of the devotion of the people of Natal, and her Royal Highness afterwards unveiled a mural tablet in

A RICKSHAW BOY DURBAN

memory of colonists who have fallen in the war. The record is long and honourable.

The review in the afternoon differed from any we have seen in this eventful tour. In Australia and New Zealand we caught but the echoes of war. Here were its stern realities. On the sun-baked brown square, with its dark green border of gum trees, were men still in the field. The Scots Guards drawn up on the left had come from Harrismith. The Camerons who took up a position on the right had escorted their chief from the front. Between them were Natal Carbineers, Mounted Rifles, and native scouts, all of them having the unmistakable signs of recent service on the veldt. Lord Kitchener's arrival was a secret known to few, for it was not yet safe, even in Natal, to send heralds in advance. His appearance on the parade ground was signalled by loud cheers. He looked well, and seemed to have cause for special satisfaction. General Hildyard (who held the Boers in check south of the Tugela before the arrival of General Buller), General Dartnell, Captain Leggatt, Major Pore, and many other distinguished officers stood near the pavilion from which the Prince walked to inspect the troops, and to which he returned to present Victoria Crosses and Orders for Distinguished Service in the field. This was a most impressive ceremony. One by one the little band of heroes stepped before the Prince and Princess, and saluting, stood at attention while the Commandant read aloud the record of their heroic deeds that sent the blood in hot flood through one's veins. In these records, so precise, so cold and formal, is matter for epic and romance. Every

rank was there from colonel to private, and Canada and Australia as well as Britain and South Africa had their share.

Until their Royal Highnesses went to Maritzburg, no member of the Royal Family had received a deputation of Zulus and natives of Natal. There was, accordingly, special interest in the double line of chiefs and braves drawn up behind the native scouts on the far side of the square. At a signal, the front was cleared, and their Royal Highnesses saw a Zulu impi in full war paint. There were nearly two score chiefs, each with a small following of sturdy warriors. Very fierce they looked in their wolf-skins and nodding plumes as they advanced with the slow, silent step of a wild beast about to dart upon its prey. One man sprang to the front, flourishing his assegai and throwing himself into attitudes. Then the impi pressed onward with measured tread and chanting a war song. Now their voices rose like the majestic swell of an organ: now they rolled in distant thunder, to drop into a shrill whistle, like the piping of the wind in a winter forest. The effect was a strange, weird melancholy. The impi halted, and the Prince went forward with his staff to meet the Governor, who is also Paramount Chief, and was deputed to present an address on behalf of the Zulus and natives of Natal. The address was translated sentence by sentence, and the Zulus raised the right hand in assent. It spoke of the death of the Great White Queen—"the sun seemed to have set, and darkness lay upon the land"; of their love for the King, their "father," and took leave in poetic phrase—"though our eyes see you no more, the

STREET SCENE, DURBAN. "EYES RIGHT!"

love of our hearts goes with you to the distant land." The Prince replied with the tact and grace which distinguish all his addresses, and we were free to wander back to town. The roads were crowded with Kaffirs and Zulus—some in native dress, fresh from the kraal, women with sleek, shiny black shoulders, their woolly hair done up into a monstrous chignon coloured with red earth. One could see at a glance how greatly the natives outnumber the white people, and could understand the anxiety at the beginning of the war lest they should break away from control.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CAPE TOWN.

Cape Town Revisited—"Then and Now"—The Boer Prisoners and the Princess—Basuto Chiefs in Cape Town—The Royal Visit to Mr. Rhodes's House—Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson.

THE journey from Maritzburg to the coast was very pleasant. The sun shone on rugged brown hills, whose fertile slopes are dotted with Kaffir kraals. The wooded uplands were flooded with light. Kaffir bloom, with vivid scarlet blossoms, glowed like carbuncles from leafless branches; narches—tiny oranges of the Mandarin species—gleamed like golden lamps in dark green bowers. And as we dropped into the plain, we saw fields of pineapple, banana, sugar cane, mealies, and Kaffir corn. Natal, surely, is a pleasant and fruitful land waiting only on peace and an increase of people to be a great and powerful State in the South African Commonwealth.

H.M.S. *Thrush*, commanded by Lieutenant Warren D'Oyly, carried me across the bar at Durban, where porpoises were at play and a big whale was spouting on the starboard quarter of the *Ophir*. The *St. George* and *Juno* had already sailed, and Admiral Moore, Commander-in-Chief of the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa station, offered me the hospitality of his flagship the *Gibraltar*, another sister of the *St. George*. To the Admiral and Commander Clinton-Baker I was indebted for a pleasant passage, and in the Astronomer Royal at

the Cape, Sir David Gill, we had a delightful companion. Head winds and heavy seas prevented us from reaching Simon's Bay until Sunday morning. Here the *St. George* and *Juno* were flying the yellow flag, and were in strict quarantine. They sailed for St. Helena within an hour after our arrival.

Ten months before I passed through Cape Town on my way from the front. Even in that short time there have been notable changes. The city looked cleaner and brighter, and was free from bands of discharged soldiers and doubtful refugees. I confess that until the moment of our entry there was some misgiving as to the welcome that awaited their Royal Highnesses. The heart of the city, we knew, was loyal, and the Dutch, though sullen, are not a discourteous race. The uncertain element was the foreign mercenary—that many-headed and treacherous spawn of war—and aberration of sentiment in the pro-Boer might drive its victim to some act of folly. Even in official circles there was talk of plots and hostile manifestations. But these gloomy forebodings were without foundation. There was no plot—not even a discordant note—only cheers and flags and arches and banquets—a welcome as stirring and wholehearted as any that the Prince and Princess had in any part of the Empire. The Dutch took no part in the official reception, yet no fewer than ninety-five addresses were presented, and many of them were from districts in which the Dutch are in the ascendant. Mr. Theron, President of the Afrikander Bond, brought an address from his district, and attended the levée and the dinner given by the Mayor to delegates from the country. The

organ of the Bond went no farther than an elaborate silence in a leader devoted to the beauties of Table Mountain—a journalistic device that had not the merit of novelty. As for the Boer prisoners, they, too, were anxious to offer an address, and sent to the Princess a bracelet of Transvaal crown pieces, inset with a Kruger sovereign, and a brooch, on which was engraved the legend: "Anglo-Boer War, 1899-1901. Unity." Several of the prisoners of war were permitted to witness the landing at Simon's Bay.

It cannot be denied that the visit of the Prince and Princess brought a truce, in which racial and political hostilities were, at any rate, suspended, and that it has tended to abate suspicion, to weaken jealousy, soothe irritation, and bring into closer and more friendly relations those social and political forces on which depends the welfare of South Africa. The people looked upon the visit not as a triumph over a beaten enemy, but as an expression of sympathy and friendship from the Mother Country. They accepted it frankly in that spirit, and, rejecting the sackcloth and ashes proffered by a few dejected social philosophers, bent their thoughts and energies to a public rejoicing, in which there was not an incident that could wound the most delicate sensibility. They hung flags and mottoes on house and shop, built arches, decked the city with all the trappings of welcome, and made the broad central avenue of Adderley Street scintillate with colour by day and blaze like a meteor by night.

From Simon's Town to Cape Town every railway station was bright with flowers and shining branches of the beautiful silver tree. At Cape Town, where their

ARRIVAL AT SIMON'S BAY: MAN-OF-WAR SALUTING.

Royal Highnesses arrived on Monday, a great multitude watched and acclaimed their progress to Government House. I am not going to describe the ceremonies—the addresses, the crowded levées, the installation of the Prince as Chancellor of the University, the laying of the foundation stone of the Nurses' Home in memory of Queen Victoria, and the laying of the buttress stone of the new cathedral, which is to be a fitting memorial of the soldiers who have fallen in the war. They differed only in place from the ceremonies we had witnessed many times. Bloemfontein sent an address, and received a reply worthy of the historic occasion, for this was the first time a member of the Royal family had been approached by the capital of the Orange River Colony. The De Beers Company gave the Princess many precious stones, the ladies of Kimberley sent a model of a diamond mine, others presented an ox waggon made from shot and shell, while the children came forward with three beautiful Basuto ponies for the children of the Prince and Princess. These animals, whose endurance and sure-footedness I have often tested, have a strong likeness to Shetland ponies. The story is that in 1840 a butcher of Graham's Town imported some Shetland ponies. They were lost, and wandered into Basutoland, whence they returned a new breed of stout cobs known as Basuto ponies.

The Basuto chiefs who attended the durbar on Tuesday were greatly impressed. Several of them I had met in Pretoria when Lord Roberts reviewed the troops shortly after our occupation of the capital. Now, as then, they wore European clothes, in which they seem to find

little comfort, and are certainly less picturesque and dignified than in native dress. The most conspicuous figure was Lerothodi, who may be remembered as the principal chief of the Mafeteng district during the Basuto war. He was the most active and daring of the leaders who opposed the disarmament of his people, and engaged us in a two years' struggle, out of which we came without credit or gain. Lerothodi is now an old man, and his profession of loyalty may be taken with less reserve than it would have been twenty years ago, when he declared his anxiety to obey the "Great White Mother," and made preparations for war all the time. The Basutos have been under British rule since 1884, and are content. They rejoice over the downfall of the Boers, whom they hate for the loss of the fertile tract on the eastern border of the Orange River Colony, known as the Conquered Territory. It was only by the tact and firmness of Sir Geoffrey Lagden that the Basutos were kept from taking part in the war. That brilliant little episode—the siege of Wepener—set them on the razor edge of conflict. Armed and eager, they watched on the border hills, praying for a Boer invasion. The Prince, in his address to the chiefs, spoke of their restraint and of their proved loyalty. The Basutos are not so warlike a race as the Zulus, but under British authority and discipline they ought to make fine soldiers. It is, however, the part of wisdom to discourage their martial instincts, for the native population in South Africa exceeds the white, and must long be a menace. Had their offers of service against the Boers been accepted, they would have concluded that without them we could not keep our position in the country, and might

have been tempted to try Mr. Kruger's policy of driving us into the sea. What the chiefs saw in Cape Town—and they were taken everywhere—must have convinced them that the power of the Great White King is unshaken.

Their Royal Highnesses drove through the suburbs on Tuesday, and lunched at Groote Schuur, the famous country house of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. The country is very beautiful, and many of the villages, planted among gum trees, are models of order and cleanliness. At Woodstock, at the Observatory, and at Mowbray their Royal Highnesses met with a hearty and spontaneous welcome, in which the children had their part. Rondebosch has some of the finest residences in Africa, and the most picturesque of them is Groote Schuur, a Dutch mansion, in which are preserved the best features of the best period of Dutch architecture, for the building was restored to its original form after the fire in 1896. The house is embowered in groves of tender green, over which towers the stately crag of Devil's Peak, and through which glance the blue waters of False Bay. Mr. Rhodes was in England, and therefore could not have the satisfaction of showing to so keen a sportsman as the Prince the interesting collection of African fauna he has made in the enclosure on the slope of Table Mountain. The library was an object of attention. It contains a very valuable collection of Napoleonic literature, with many manuscript translations. Gibbon is evidently another favourite study. There are typewritten translations of almost every work to which reference is made in the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Not the references

only, but the whole work containing the reference is translated.

Sir Walter and Lady Hely-Hutchinson did the honours of Government House. When I last saw Sir Walter it was in his official residence at Maritzburg. He was then trying to convert Sir George White to the opinion of his military adviser, General Penn-Symons, that it would be well to occupy Dundee instead of concentrating at Ladysmith. At Cape Town he has an even more difficult and responsible task than he had at Maritzburg in those anxious days. He has to preside over a community of seemingly irreconcilable elements. He has to reconcile two races, one of which, having suffered and conquered, is not wholly without the weakness of exultant humanity, while the other, seeing the end of long-nourished ambitions and hopes, is sensitive and stubborn. This is a very hard task, and it will not be accomplished by one man or in a single generation. The signs are hopeful. Cape Town every year becomes more British in aspect and speech. Dutch is still the language of the Kaffir—a remnant of the slave days—and, to a diminishing degree, of the half-caste Cape boy and girl. To those who have lived in the Transvaal this is somewhat strange, for the Boer will not allow his Kaffir to speak Dutch in his presence. It is looked upon as a dire affront, to be punished with the schambok.

Many years must pass before the effects of the war are effaced, but the chief obstacle to a final settlement has been removed. Dutch as well as British are now convinced that we have no intention of abandoning South Africa—that we look upon it as an important and essential

part of the Empire, on which not India alone, but Australia and New Zealand, may be dependent in a moment of sudden danger. They recognise that we are determined at all costs to maintain our ascendency. This is a distinct gain, for any suggestion of even partial independence would revive among the Cape Dutch the perilous hope of a separate nationality.

We sailed from Simon's Bay on Friday, August 23rd, his Royal Highness having graciously granted me a passage in the *Ophir* until I could rejoin the *St. George* at St. Vincent.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE VOYAGE TO CANADA.

Afloat Again—The Royal Suite—St. Vincent—Good-bye to the *St. George* and *Juno*—The *Niobe*—Cape Breton.

THE mist that lay on the sea was divided by a beam of light from the setting sun, and we saw the land. Cape Breton, massive and black, stood out like an isolated mountain wreathed in clouds, with a silvery channel at her feet. The cold, clinging vapours gathered themselves into a grey network, and, silently enfolding the promontory, dragged it inch by inch into the dark depths of the sea. Cape Breton vanished, and the syrens of three ships shrieked and wailed into the startled ear of a fog-laden eclipse. That was our first glimpse of the land to which our thoughts and our steps had been tending ever since we sailed under the Southern Cross. For, after all, in this amazing progress among the British dominions there have been two lode stars—Australia and Canada. All the rest—Aden, Colombo, Singapore—were but links in the golden chain that drew us east and now west. Even the memories of the cities of Australia and New Zealand, pulsating with a new and vigorous life, could not dim the vision of the West. Beyond the sad, grey bush of Australia we saw the maple forests of Canada sweeping in autumnal waves of fire and molten gold along the banks of the St. Lawrence. Australia has no stirring romance of history or association. Canada, we know,

teems with romance from Abraham's Plain to the frozen Yukon—romance of war and dauntless adventure. After Cape Town we felt that it was well the Prince and Princess should first set foot on shore at Quebec, the ancient capital of Canada, where two races, differing in language, religion, and habits, laid on themselves the bonds of Imperial brotherhood within sight of the plains on which a century before they fought for supremacy. Here, at least, we would meet a people united by ties of common interest in an Imperial patriotism, and held in bonds of affection to the Motherland by a reasoned conviction.

We left the Cape in a more cheerful and hopeful mood than I had thought possible. The Prince and Princess were surprised and delighted with their reception. Of the voyage to St. Vincent there is little to record. The *Juno* and *St. George* had gone to St. Helena to coal, and were to meet us at a rendezvous one hundred and fifty miles north-east of the island. Their place, meanwhile, had been taken by the *Naiad* and *Terpsichore*, second-class cruisers, of 3,400 tons, whose steaming capacity has been proved. Amid the thunder of cannon and the cheers of Admiral Moore's flagship, the *Royal Arthur*, we sailed out of the bay, and long before the sun had sunk into the smooth, grey sea the mountains of the Cape of Good Hope had faded out of sight. Life on board ship is so even and uneventful, that after many days it becomes almost a burden. Yet, in the *Ophir* were many consolations. Their Royal Highnesses are very gracious, and their tact and thought for the comfort of everybody won genuine admiration and affection. The Princess has

en the triumph of this historic progress. Her sunny nile won many hearts, and the undergraduates at Adelaide gave voice to the universal feeling when they sang in her presence that simple and beautiful lay of Herrick :—

> "There is a ladye sweet and kind,
> Whose winsome face so pleased our mind,
> We did but see her passing by,
> Yet we shall love her till we die."

This knowledge must have helped her in what everyone who followed this endless round of ceremony will acknowledge to be an arduous task, involving much endurance, exertion, and discomfort, as well as many personal sacrifices. The Prince has gained great influence and popularity by the judgment he brought to bear on the political part of his mission, by the eloquence of his replies to the addresses, and by the kindly spirit in which he discharged many social and ceremonial duties.

In the Royal suite were several men whose wide experience and varied accomplishments made them interesting companions on a voyage. Sir Arthur Bigge, the Prince's private secretary, served the Queen in the same capacity for six years. Unfailing courtesy, sound judgment, and discretion, not less than high attainments and capacity for work, distinguished him as a soldier, and are inseparable from the responsible position to which he has been called. Sir John Anderson is not so well known to the public, though among officials his name is familiar as that of a trustworthy and valuable civil servant, whose keen observation, independent judgment and intimate acquaintance with Colonial affairs command respect.

Prince Alexander of Teck, the Princess's brother, the Duke of Roxburgh, and Viscount Crichton served in the war. With Lord Crichton I was able once more to exchange reminiscences of the siege of Ladysmith and the capture of Lydenburg. Sir Donald Wallace has had many experiences, and is always ready to help with his influence and counsel members of the calling in which he has earned distinction. Dr. Manby is the most skilful and genial of physicians; Chevalier Martino the most enthusiastic and learned of marine painters, and Mr. Sydney Hall the most expert of black and white artists. With him I lived again some of those glowing scenes we witnessed together during the pilgrimage of the German Emperor through Syria and Palestine.

Sunday brought a little change in the uniform life of the ship. In the morning, after the Prince had done the round of inspection, the church bell rang and officers and men met for worship in the beautiful saloon. Led by the famous band of the Royal Marines they sang hymns familiar to Britons in every part of the globe. They listened to the reading of the lessons by Canon Dalton, and to the Rev. Hugh S. Wood's very practical and eloquent sermon on the value of a sound public opinion. Three more days passed without incident. At half-past three on Wednesday morning a wireless message to the *Naiad* informed us that the *Juno* and *St. George* were near, and at five o'clock, just as dawn began to touch the sea with rosy fingers, the cruisers steamed into station. The *Naiad* and *Terpsichore* immediately altered course and stood for St. Helena, having performed their part without a hitch. My shipmates in the *St. George* had had

a pleasant time at St. Helena. They had visited the Boer camp, and, as usual, found the prisoners living in greater luxury than their soldier custodians.

Early on the morning of Saturday, August 31st, we crossed the line, and on Tuesday we sighted Santiago, one of the Cape Verde islands, its sharp, volcanic peaks towering above a white town and vivid green patches of sugar cane. We had hoped to reach St. Vincent on that day, but it was a quarter to eight o'clock when we dropped anchor in the little harbour. The cruisers *Niobe* and *Diadem* had arrived from England to take over the duties of escort. They were brilliantly illuminated, and the lights of the town twinkled like stars across the silent grey water.

St. Vincent has no attractions. Like Aden it is a sterile cinder heap, with lava hills scorched by a pitiless sun. It rains only twice a year, and, of course, we managed to hit upon the rainy season. Save for a few Portuguese officials, the people are half-castes—a sturdy race of degenerate blacks dependent on the English coal merchants, who make the wealth of the island. St. Vincent is a coaling station for transports and ships trading with South America. This was our reason for calling. The Prince would have preferred Bermuda, for then it might have been said that in this unprecedented voyage he had seen only British possessions. The Portuguese were anxious that he should open a new hospital, and had made elaborate preparations. The streets were gay with flags brought from Lisbon. But their Royal Highnesses could not be expected to add to their already heavy burden of ceremonies. While the *Ophir* was coaling they spent most of the time with Captain Bush in the *St. George*, and

here the Portuguese Governor paid his respects and offered the congratulations of his sovereign. They made a short visit also to the *Juno* to take leave of Captain Routh, Commander Lafone, and the officers of the cruiser, as well as to the new escort, the *Diadem* and *Niobe.*

And now we had come to the parting of the ways. On Thursday we weighed anchor, and, amid cheers from the *St. George* and *Juno*, set sail for Canada. I was sorry to see the last of these cruisers. For six months they had borne the heat and burden of the escort, steaming almost continuously, and spending most of their leisure in the dirty and disagreeable work of coaling. They had looked forward with eagerness to Canada, with four or five weeks' rest, and to the welcome home. The reason assigned for replacing them no one believed. It could not be that they were looked upon as inefficient, for at any time they could have steamed round the Royal yacht. My billet now was in the *Niobe*, a first-class cruiser of eleven thousand tons and Belleville boilers. Captain Denison has the inestimable advantage of being Canadian born, and was, therefore, most fitted to represent the British Navy in a visit to the Dominion. His courtesy and good nature enhance, if that be possible, his reputation as a sailor. Commander Heneage it was my privilege to know in Ladysmith, and I was delighted to find him as keen and skilful and pleasant on the deck of a war ship as he was in the camp of the naval brigade. Our journey from St. Vincent was tempestuous. On Sunday floating masses of Sargossa weed—a genus of algæ, on which live multitudes of small marine animals—indicated our approach to the Gulf Stream. Hitherto we had met light winds and

moderate seas, but on Monday the wind veered round to the south-west and freshened into half a gale. The ships laboured heavily and had to reduce speed, with the result that we covered only 313 miles, and gave up hope of reaching Quebec on Saturday. The storm increased in violence until the evening of Tuesday, when the wind dropped and the sea fell into a moderate swell. As we drew near to Cape Breton the ships spread out and kept a sharp watch for the North American squadron. A dark spot appeared on the grey horizon, and presently a gleam of sunshine revealed the cruiser *Indefatigable* hurrying towards us. A flash of yellow flame, a cloud of white smoke, and the booming of cannon! Firing a salute, the little cruiser swept gracefully from our port bow, and took her place near the *Ophir*. Boats were lowered, the pilot came on board, and we were soon under weigh once more. The *Tribune*, another second-class cruiser, came up presently, and the *Indefatigable* steamed to the land with despatches from the Prince. At night a fog rose out of the sea and folded us in darkness, through which we crept in single file, flashing search lights and screaming warnings through raucous syrens. That they were needed was seen when a dull red eye peered at us out of the heavy vapour, and a phantom ship glided by close on our starboard quarter. It was nearly three o'clock next morning before the captain could leave the fore bridge. At two o'clock on Sunday morning the squadron, which had been supplemented by the destroyer *Quail*, anchored off Father Point, and at six o'clock resumed the voyage, through a light mist out of which the banks glided like wraiths.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A QUEEN AMONG CITIES.

The Entry into Quebec—Reception at the Town Hall—The Address of Welcome — The Loyalty of the French Canadians—The Abbé Faguy's Tribute—Quebec and its Memories.

FROM the citadel of Quebec you look down upon a land of beauty and romance. To the foot of the rock which strikes like an eagle's beak into the narrow channel of the St. Lawrence clings the ancient city, feudal still in air and aspect. White villages bowered among trees or nestling in the heart of meadows creep downward to the shore, and the brown river, sparkling in the sun, broadens between low purple hills, and fades into the grey distance. Over these rich plains, from time immemorial the haunt of the bear and the beaver, roved and raided strange bands of Indians—Hurons from their inland sea, Mohawks, Onondagas, Iroquois, Algonquin, and all the warlike tribes who have woven red strands in the history of the North American continent. Down this noble stream, more than three and a half centuries ago, sailed bold Jacques Cartier, until he came to the mysterious village of Hochelaga, and saw the green volcano whose shadow falls on the city of Montreal. Samuel de Champlain cast anchor seventy years later in the channel where screaming ferry boats dart like shuttles among black-hulled ocean steamers and white river craft. Here he founded the city of Quebec, and built the walls around

which raged a century of strife that ended on the Plains of Abraham, when Wolfe and Montcalm trod the path of glory that leads to the grave.

Day was breaking, the fog was rising over the brown flood, and the green banks seemed to awaken as the *Ophir* and her four cruisers weighed anchor and steamed past the Isle of Orleans. Steam boats and tugs, laden with people, came out to meet us, and we sped toward the city with an ever-growing escort. The green banks drew nearer and nearer, for the mighty St. Lawrence, thirty-two miles wide between Cape Chat and Pointe de Montes, dwindles down to less than a mile. We passed the beautiful Isle of Orleans, and before us rose the massive rock, on whose crest flew the banner of England. The early morning sun lit up the grey face of the rock, shining on the ancient citadel which is the crown and glory of Quebec, sparkling from spires and crosses, and warming roofs and gables that wound upward in quaint, narrow streets. Secure on her impregnable heights she is queen among the cities of the New World —queen of antiquity and heroic memories, and by divine right of her strange beauty and the splendour of her position.

The entry of the Prince and Princess was more animated than any sea entry of this royal progress. The guns of the citadel thundered overhead, while war-ships and French gunboat awoke echoes among the hills of Levis. Tugs and ferry boats darted athwart the stream, crowded river boats made a gay procession as the white *Ophir* swept along with the black strong cruisers in her wake. And through the clear sunlit air came shouts

of welcome from dark lines drawn from crown to foot of the rock. As soon as the yacht was moored the Governor-General (Lord Minto) and the Prime Minister (Sir Wilfrid Laurier) went on board to pay their respects. Shortly after noon their Royal Highnesses landed and drove to Spencer Wood, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, through crowded and decorated streets. At the Town Hall they paused to receive addresses. That of the citizens, presented by the Mayor (Mr. Parent), struck a note that all might hear in the streets and public places. This must be my excuse for recalling one passage—"Assembled round your Royal Highness you see a people the majority of whom are of French origin, differing in language and religion from the other provinces. Yet we live in peace, bound together by the sacred bond of the Federation, and we glory in offering to the world the spectacle of a people free, united, contented with their lot, faithful and loyal in allegiance to the Empire, the sovereign, and to the generous constitution which gives us a large measure of liberty and the most certain guarantee of future greatness." After the Mayor came the chief of the Hurons, that once powerful tribe whose harried remnant, fleeing before the relentless Iroquois, found a resting place at Lorette, on the banks of the St. Charles, a few miles from Quebec. Clad in blanket and moccassins, with flying thrums, and attended by several "braves," the chief delivered the address into the hands of the Prince. It was in French, and is worthy of record for its simple and poetic diction.

To wander through the narrow, picturesque streets

of Quebec is to invoke the image and memory of an olden time. You are in a mediæval town among a people who have kept the spirit and language of Norman days. Wooden side-walks, rough cobbled roads over which the high-swung two-wheeled calash rattles up the steep rock, high-pitched roofs and balconies, quaint churches and convents, recall many a hamlet in Brittany and Normandy. But the impression is one of mediæval strangeness rather than of nationality. You would not be greatly surprised if, instead of shaven priest in black robe, or gentle nun in white whimple, you were to meet some solemn Puritan in doublet and hose. Only when the people speak do you seem to realise that they are of alien origin. French is the language from Saguenay to Ottawa, the French of Paris mingling with the French of two hundred years ago. Yet the people are no more French than they are English in appearance, manner, and dress. Neither are they American. They are a new race in which the three nations are blended.

Some who watched the progress of the Prince and Princess professed astonishment at the quietness of their reception. After much experience of receptions in many lands I confess that what surprised me was the eagerness of the people. They were unwearying in their determination to see the Royal visitors, waiting for hours in the wind and rain, and manifesting an enthusiasm which, if not always vocal, was none the less unmistakable. Cheers are made in England. The loyalty of the French-Canadian is undoubted. He is grateful for the independence and individuality secured to him under the British flag. Though divided from the other pro-

VIEW FROM THE CITADEL, QUEBEC, WITH "OPHIR" LYING AT ANCHOR.

vinces by the triple line of race, religion, and language, he is under no political or social disabilities. The Premier, as everyone knows, is a French-Canadian. The French language is officially recognised, and is spoken occasionally in the Federal Parliament, always in the Provincial Parliament of Quebec. A very devout Roman Catholic, he has the fullest liberty in worship and education. The clergy are not slow to acknowledge that these advantages would not be so secure under another flag, and have on more than one critical occasion ranged themselves openly on the side of British authority. Their loyalty found expression in the address of the Laval University when the Prince received a diploma. Laval was the first Canadian bishop, and a generous patron of those famous seminaries that now form part of the university bearing his name. Here the French-Canadian youth receives religious and secular instruction. The address of the rector, Abbé Mathieu, was a frank avowal of the advantage of the present rule. "The language they (the students) speak, the religion they practise, the instruction they receive in our house, do not weaken their loyalty. They are firmly attached to the present conditions of their national life. They are proud to live under the flag of a nation that stretches over one-fifth of the habitable globe, that counts four hundred million subjects, that does one-third of the commerce of the world, that marches at the head of all the peoples on earth as a colonial, industrial, and commercial power. They appreciate the advantages of the liberty they enjoy."

For a measure of French-Canadian sentiment nothing could be more exact than the allocution of the Curé of

Quebec to the officers and men of the gunboat sent by the French Republic to do honour to the Prince and Princess. The war-ships of Germany, Russia, America, Italy, Portugal, and Japan, have taken a notable part in the Imperial progress. This was the first time the tricolour saluted their Royal Highnesses. Only twice, since 1759, when Quebec fell before the heroic Wolfe, has the crew of a French man-of-war knelt at the foot of the altar in the ancient cathedral which, in the words of Abbé Faguy, is "the witness of a glorious past that we refuse to forget." So rare an event might excuse extravagance of language. The address is a graceful tribute to ties of blood and memories of the past and a frank recognition of the present. I have translated a few passages which I think may be read with interest and instruction.

"Your presence within our walls," said the Abbé, "gladdens our hearts because it is a sign of the peace that reigns between two nations that have an equal claim to our affection. It is also, unless I am mistaken, a courteous homage to the heir to the crown of England who deigns to visit us. During these festivities you will be truly one of ourselves. You will walk through our streets and see our public places. There you will behold in its many forms the flag of England. That is now our flag. You will see in many corners the tricolour of France. It is your flag, yet we never forget it. Your glance may fall on another flag, modest, almost unknown, the flag of our province. It floats over the Houses of Parliament, over the Episcopal Palace, and at the door of this cathedral, where it has a place of honour.

That flag is white, sewn with fleurs de lys, an emblem of the past, and with maple, the emblem of the present. Above is the Imperial crown, and in the centre, on a red ground, the watchful leopard. Below you may read this short yet expressive device—'*Je me souviens*' ('I remember'). These three words will tell you more than a long discourse. They will tell you plainly what we are and what we would be. To-morrow, when the representative of the power to whom we owe allegiance has scaled the heights of our city, we go to present to him the homage of our vows, of our fidelity, and of our loyalty. That homage will be the sincere and frank expression of our true sentiments. Our acclamations ought to be heard with joy, for they speak of our contentment. We have faith in Providence, and are satisfied with the modest part it assigns to us at present. Under the flag of England we live in peace and enjoy the fullest liberty. Therefore will our royal guests be truly welcome. Our hearts are too catholic to be wanting in fidelity, too French to be wanting in loyalty. And yet our device is ever the same—'*Je me souviens.*' Yes, we remember that old Catholic France placed us on the banks of the St. Lawrence, impelled by an apostolic fervour so common in those days of living faith, and by the desire to spread the kingdom of Christ. We remember and are Catholics. Few, indeed, are they among us who forget this spiritual origin, and deny in public the religion of their fathers. We remember that we are the children of 'sweet and beloved France,' and you might count with ease those who, having lost the memory of the past, do not know the nobility of their origin. We

remember that the language of our fathers, that good old language of France, has been in evil days the surest rampart of our national individuality, and in our days of liberty the joy and jewel of our hearths. We do not flatter ourselves that we speak it with that purity and sweetness which in your home makes it so full of charm, but we love it and strive to make it loved and known by those who are around us. We remember the past and its struggles, the past and its lessons, the past and its sorrows, the past and its glories. Our aspirations, it is possible, are not yours, but you ought to love us. The voice of blood cries so loud that we know you hear and understand. You love us as we love you, for we have cherished carefully and unfailingly the worship of memory. *Je me souviens. Merci et adieu.*"

I have dwelt upon this subject of French-Canadian loyalty because it is one on which very strong and contradictory opinions are held even in Canada. It would be unnatural if their hearts did not incline to the land of their fathers; but their reason shows them that their interests and their future, their prosperity and their individuality, lie with Great Britain. The overwhelming and enthusiastic majority, I believe, are strong supporters of the British connection. The Prince, replying to the address of the Laval University, declared that abundant proof of the success of the Catholic Church in fostering a spirit of patriotism and loyalty "has been afforded by the readiness with which the French-Canadians have sprung to arms, and shed their blood, not only in times long gone by, but also in the present day, on behalf of their King and Empire." I remember meeting some

French-Canadians near Kroonstadt. They had been taken prisoners by the Boers and had escaped. Their amusement at the surprise of the enemy when they found Frenchmen wearing British uniform and fighting on our side was great. "They asked us how we could be guilty of such treachery to the Republic. When we told them that Britain was our country, and that we fought for the Empire which gave us the freedom that the Boer Republic denied to its people, they shook their heads in despair." At Quebec we had another illustration of this strange comradeship in arms. The Prince reviewed four thousand troops on the Plains of Abraham, and among them were two companies of French-Canadians. As a spectacle it was hardly a success, because of the rain, yet it was instructive by reason of the composition of the force, and on account of the ground. Not a century and a half ago the two races met on these plains to decide who should be master of North America. It is impossible to tread these heights without feeling some of the splendour and pathos of their story. Across this rugged grass, where the Voltigeurs de Quebec marched side by side with the Royal Rifles, flashed the red line of British bayonets that drove back the impetuous rush of Montcalm and won its way to the walls of the city. There the brave Montcalm breathed his last words —"So much the better. I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." In that green hollow "died Wolfe victorious," a soldier whose gentleness and daring must be to Englishmen an undying memory. I walked to the cove at the foot of the steep cliff, and in fancy saw the boats drop silently down the river; saw the

frail figure of Wolfe as he whispered the words—"The paths of glory lead but to the grave"; saw the redcoats glide noiselessly up the rock, and heard once more the crash of rifles and the trumpet sounding the charge. The grass has grown over the spot where friend and foe lie in eternal sleep. Nature has left no trace of man's ravages, and time has abated all rivalries. The stately column that looks down from the cliff upon the mighty river bears this inscription to Wolfe and Montcalm—"*Mortem virtus communem, Famam historia, Monumentum posteritas, Dedit*" ("Valour gave a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument"). In this spirit, and with this glorious example for their guide, must live the two races who are to make Canada a great and a happy country.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

A Modern City—Addresses of Welcome—The McGill University —The Laval University—The Ville Marie Convent.

MONTREAL is as beautiful as it is historic, yet it has not the savour of olden time or of another faith and people that gives to Quebec her imperishable charm. For two delightful days we had lived in the seventeenth century, amid churches and convents and black-robed priests and pale-faced nuns. We had wandered through narrow streets, overshadowed by dormer windows and balconies; we had looked upon battlefields made sacred to two nations by the blood of martyrs and heroes; we had mingled with men and women who, during more than a century of change and progress, have held fast to the ideals, the manners, and the tongue of their Latin forefathers. And now we had come to a city of our own time —a city in whose veins throbs the strenuous life of the twentieth century, whose crowded waterway, solid blocks of business houses, and substantial mansions are signs of Anglo-Saxon thrift and energy. Life seemed to have become commonplace, for romance belongs to the strange and to the past, and it is because of this that we cherish them, letting the heart dethrone the reason, and bending the knee before symbols and ideals against which we would fight with the last ballot-box. Happily, the change was not so sudden as to be a shock, nor so complete as to banish all thought of the past. The train

from Quebec carried us through wide meadows of a pastoral country, where brown-faced peasants live tranquil lives, by tiny hamlets of barn-like shanties, through the open doors of which we caught glimpses of clean, neat homes, past long reaches of the St. Lawrence, hurrying seaward between low, green banks. Here the river has not the bold picturesqueness of the Hudson or the sylvan beauty of the upper Thames; yet it has a story not less romantic for those who can see the doughty Breton sailor, Jacques Cartier, sailing into the unknown amid mantling forests, and can hear the shouts of plumed savages as they swept down the rapids with reeking tomahawks. The quaintness of house and people vanished as we drew near to the island, formed by two streams of the Ottawa river where it divides and flows into the St. Lawrence.

Here is Montreal, the first city of the Dominion, the centre of trade and political influence, a city of four hundred thousand people, of whom half are French, and the rest Irish, English, and Scotch. The first impression is one of contrast with Quebec. Its streets are essentially modern, with solid buildings of fine grey limestone. There is nothing mean or squalid about them. The solid blocks are broken by picturesque squares, and rigid lines merge in tower and spire. The effect in the autumn sunshine is altogether bright and pleasing. In the west and in the business part of the city the French element is not very conspicuous, yet in the east there is a quarter as French as Quebec itself, where you may fancy yourself in Lyons or some town in the Midi. The people have lost some of the softer graces that make one in love with these gay

and dauntless people of the South. There is a more formal stiffness of costume; the dress of man and woman alike has greater rigour of cut and less freedom of style and colour. The soft felt gives place to the hard bowler, and even—though rarely—to the tall silk of European civilisation. The men of British origin, at least, have not lost altogether the healthful bloom of the Old World, and the women, though American rather than English in style and dress, have none of the fragility of their cousins across the border. Their language, too, is American in its hard, nasal tones and absence of modulation. Where do they get this unlovely accent? Has climate anything to do with it, or is it part of the price of commercial relations with the United States, for climate as well as geographical situation must bend the trade of Canada to the South? Yet, despite accent and dress, the people are British to the core. The great social heart of the city clings to the Motherland. Their shops and wares are British, though the clerk who hands your change in cents and dollars may speak with the accent of France. The hotels have all the discomfort and labour-wasting, patience-exhausting appliances of huge American caravansaries, but the fare is English. The city, in short, is English, with a veneer of France and the United States that gives to it a piquancy, and occasionally a quaintness, not always displeasing, even to insular taste.

No reception could have been more stirring and enthusiastic than that accorded to the Prince and Princess from the moment of their arrival to the hour of departure. The streets were gay with flags and triumphal arches, and at night the city was a blaze of light from myriads of

glowing lamps and coloured lanterns. Private houses vied with public buildings and business warehouses, and the suburbs were palaces of light, amid gardens hung with lanterns and green lawns gemmed with electric lamps. The first greeting came from thousands of lusty throats, and then the Mayor, clad in familiar official robes, stepped forward with the address of more formal welcome. The Mayor, Mr. Prefontaine, is of French origin, and his words may on that account carry special significance. One short passage I will quote:—"Here, in the commercial metropolis of Canada, two great races mingle to form one happy, harmonious community, united in sympathy of purpose and common interests with Great Britain, and proud of our heritage in the past of two great nations. We joyously accept the obligations imposed upon us by our partnership in the fortunes of the Empire, and, as before on Canada's battlefields, so lately the blood of Canadian soldiers, French-speaking and English-speaking, has been shed on the thirsty veldts of South Africa." Evidence of this was given almost immediately, for the Prince was called upon to present medals to men who had served in the war, and among them were names undeniably French. An address was also presented by the Federation of Daughters of the British Empire, an association for the purpose of fostering patriotism and forming a bond of union among the daughters of the British Empire in whatever part of the world they may reside. The procession to Lord Strathcona's house was one long triumph, in which English and French voices were raised in welcome. The cadets of Mont St. Louis sang a welcome in French, the children of St. Alexis Orphan Asy-

lum were shrill with enthusiasm, and from the ancient seminary of St. Sulpice—over the very gate through which Benjamin Franklin and Archbishop Carroll were shown after their vain effort to induce the Superior of St. Sulpice to renounce his allegiance and encourage the French-Canadians to rebel—were hung historic flags that had been seen only twice since the fall of Sebastopol.

One shadow fell on the festivities—the shadow of death. Flags were at half-mast and all public ceremonies were abandoned on Thursday, September 19th. The people mourned the untimely death of President McKinley as that of a great and good man of their own race. On that day, when the people of the United States stood at the grave in Canton, the Prince and Princess limited their visits to universities and convents. At the McGill University—a magnificent institution, with splendid buildings and spacious grounds, richly endowed—their Royal Highnesses were created Doctors of Laws. This was the first time a degree had been conferred upon the Princess, and, as Lord Strathcona remarked, it was fitting that it should be conferred in the Royal Victoria College —a college devoted to the education of women, and associated with the memory of a beloved Queen. Their next duty was to formally open the new buildings of the Medical School. This school has been in existence for three-quarters of a century, and has done excellent work. Formerly students came only from the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. Now every province in the Dominion sends, together with Newfoundland, the West Indies, China, Japan, and even the United States. One-tenth of the students are from the Republic. At the Laval Uni-

versity the Catholic collegians gave their Royal Highnesses a hearty and characteristic welcome. Archbishop Bruchesi expressed in a few admirable words the homage of his clergy and of those professors who, "faithful to their noble mission here, devote themselves to the training of our youth in science and in arts, in loyalty to the Throne, as well as in love of religion and country." A call at the Diocesan College, where the sessions of the Provincial Synod were being held, gave the clergy of the National Church of England an opportunity of declaring, through the Bishop of Toronto, the Church of England in Canada to be "bound in heart to the Throne of England."

Ten miles from the city is the Ville Marie Convent—an ancient institution directed by the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, who have charge of the education of 24,000 girls in the Dominion. Part of the convent is known as Monklands, the former residence of the Governors of Canada. Here the Prince and Princess had a most simple and beautiful welcome. The broad avenue leading to the quiet convent, and overlooking the St. Lawrence, was decorated with the cedar and the rose—emblems of strength and race. Two hundred girls—daughters of the French and Canadian noblesse—clad in white, greeted the Prince and Princess with sweet treble: "Domine, salvum fac regem Eduardem." Addresses were presented in English and French, and were read by pupils with exquisite voice and manner. The Prince replied first in English and then in French, to the manifest delight of these good Sisters, whose faces lit up with pleasure at his allusion to that "beautiful French language, which you have so well preserved."

Breathing the pure air of this secluded garden of innocence and piety, one realised something of the spirit that founded the city of Montreal—the voices and revelations that led the priest Olier, the merchant Duvesière, the black-robed Jesuits, and the high-born ladies vowed to heaven, to brave the savage wilderness in order to establish in the shadow of Mount Royal a veritable kingdom of God. Montreal may have disappointed their hopes, yet they have left an undying impress on the city in church and convent. Their pious effort and example have saved Montreal from being a mean city, given over to the lust of gain, and have added to its strength and wealth a grace and beauty of the Old rather than of the New World.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A BRIGHT LITTLE CAPITAL.

How Ottawa Became the Capital—A great Military Display—The Princess and Trooper Mulloy—The Timber Trade of Canada.

MONTREAL—the centre of banking and railway business—with superb water front, imperial docks, teeming warehouses, fine buildings, and energetic citizens, would seem to be the natural capital of Canada. It was, in fact, the capital until little more than a half-century ago, when the people, in protest against the Bill to compensate Lower Canada for losses in the rebellion of 1837, drove the Governor, Lord Elgin, out of the city, and set fire to the House of Assembly. Ottawa then became the seat of government, and has maintained her position with dignity and distinction. She is a bright little city, beautifully situated opposite the curtain-like falls of the Ottawa and Rideau rivers. Arbitrarily chosen, like the capital of the United States, Ottawa has striven to make herself worthy. Nothing common or mean is there in her outward aspect. Her Government buildings are on a truly Imperial scale, and whether seen in the clear light of day—a massive Gothic pile of creamy sandstone—or shining like a fairy palace under forty thousand electric lamps,

they have a simplicity and grace unsurpassed by any public building on the American continent. Thither the Prince and Princess drove immediately, to receive addresses, not from the capital alone, but from flourishing towns and hamlets scattered over the rich agricultural lands watered by the Ottawa. Their progress through the gay and crowded streets was one of the most stirring triumphs of the tour. To sixty thousand citizens was added the population of the whole country side—English and French and half-breed. Seeing them, and hearing their hearty cheers, one felt with convincing force the truth of an eloquent passage in the Prince's reply: "Forty years ago Ottawa was but the capital of two provinces yoked together in an uneasy union. To-day it is the capital of a great and prosperous dominion, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, the centre of the political life and administration of a contented and united people. The federation of Canada stands pre-eminent among the political events of the century just closed for its fruitful and beneficent results on the life of the people concerned. As in ancient times by the union of the Norman and Saxon the English nation was produced, so by the federation of Canada the two great nations which form its population have been welded into a harmonious people, and afforded free play and opportunity to contribute each its best service to the public well-being."

At the distribution of medals and the unveiling of the statue of Queen Victoria, the military display was imposing. Drawn up on the broad terrace of the Houses of Parliament, beyond a wide grassy square, black with people, the soldiers of the capital made a bright and

picturesque setting. The Governor-General's body-guard and the Canadian Dragoons in scarlet tunics and busbies might have been mistaken for the Grenadier Guards, so admirable were their physique and bearing. Princess Louise Dragoon Guards were a glittering escort in shining helmets. In an angle of the building was a company in khaki—soldiers returned from South Africa. They were there to receive medals, but for the moment were in disgrace. It appears that the Militia Department had issued orders that they were to parade either in civilian dress, or in the uniform of the corps of which they are members. They insisted on wearing the custume of the African veldt, and were, I am told, supported by the Minister of Militia, as they undoubtedly were by the sympathy of the people, who cheered them lustily. After a little negotiation, this act of insubordination was condoned, and the men were permitted to join the ranks of those about to receive medals. A more pleasing incident was witnessed toward the close of the ceremony. It may be remembered that when one of the Canadian contingents was leaving England for home, a trooper who had lost his sight in battle made, in the Liverpool Corn Exchange, a short and simple speech, the pathos and patriotism of which sent a thrill of pride and pity far beyond the range of his voice. Trooper Mulloy was among the medallists. Led by a stalwart dragoon, he approached the Prince, who made inquiry after his health and service. The Princess at the moment was talking with Lady Laurier, but observing some pause in the proceedings, looked toward the table on which lay the medals. Seeing the blind soldier, she came forward with a bright

smile and spoke with him for some minutes. Her Royal Highness had heard of Mulloy from her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Teck, who showed much interest in his welfare while in hospital at Wynberg. The Princess having shaken hands with him, Mulloy took the arm of the dragoon and was led to his place amid cheers.

A visit to Hull—a suburb on the opposite bank of the Ottawa—gave the Royal party an opportunity of seeing something of the extent of the timber trade, of which the capital is the centre. Twelve months before Hull was devastated by fire, which swept away acres of wooden houses and hundreds of thousands of feet of logs. A new and more substantial town has sprung out of the ashes, and Hull has the prosperous and businesslike aspect of an old industrial town. Some idea of the importance of the lumber industry may be gathered from the fact that an annual average of 3,785,000 pine logs float down the Upper Ottawa and its tributaries, and that on the piling grounds around the Chaudiere Falls there is always kept a stock of timber estimated at 125,000,000 cubic feet. The lumber trade is not only a source of wealth, giving employment to many thousands of men in mills equipped with the finest machinery, but a source of romance.

Scattered over this vast country, which extends beyond three and a half million square miles, are limitless forests of pine and maple and spruce. Through these trackless deserts of trees have wandered generations of French settlers. From the earliest days they have breathed the spirit of the woods, and have made their home in the shadow of the pine by the laughing waters. Men of gentle

birth, soldiers and courtiers, like Saint-Castin, have fallen under the spell and lived the free, wild life of the hunter and trapper. They made friends with the Red Indians, adopted their costume and pursuits, some taking to themselves wives among the heavy, brown-faced squaws, and even attaining the rank of chief. The growth of towns and railways has banished the courier de bois, and limited the scope of trapper and hunter, but the French-Canadian is still a forest lover and a woodman. The sound of his axe and the smoke of his shanty are to be heard and seen in the heart of many a pine forest on the banks of the Ottawa. Where timber is plentiful, camps of forty or fifty men are established, but where it is scattered, one or two build their shanty and ply the axe in unbroken solitude. These woodmen are a quiet, romantic race, who cling to the habits and traditions of the past, worshipping the saints, and singing the songs of their fathers, who blazed paths through the forests, paddled their frail canoes of birch-bark along mysterious rivers and over rock-strewn rapids, or followed adventurous freebooters, like Duluth, into the Great Lone Land. They have a poetry and a literature of their own, and none is more welcome to share the frugal meal of pork and beans than he who has stock of *contes* and fairy tales to tell. Their songs, as you hear them in the woods or on the river, are instinct with the gentle melancholy of the forest, and the stories they love have an Old World flavour of the miraculous and wonderful. On the lakes and rivers, at the head or foot of the rapids, these woodmen display much of the daring and strength and agility that gave the old courier de bois his

reputation as a dare-devil. It is truly an astonishing sight to see the skill with which they set free a writhing mass of logs that threatens to grind them to atoms, and the strength and ease with which they guide the heavy rafts down roaring streams.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SHOOTING THE SLIDES.

A New Experience—A Picturesque Flotilla—Voyageurs and their Songs—"Log Rolling."

WHEN the great pine trees of the primæval forest have been felled and drawn from the loggers' camp to the river or to the outlet of the lake, they are swept along with tremendous force, tossing from one side of the stream to the other, tumbling over each other like angry monsters of the deep, until they drop into some quiet pool, where they lie exhausted, battered, and splintered, with torn strips of bark hanging from their wounded sides. Only when they have been carefully hewn and made ready for the markets of Europe are the logs treated to the gentler conveyance of a slide. The slide, in short, is a smooth, inclined plane of wood, down which the water glides like a mill race. The logs are put together in rafts or cribs—a crib being a section of a raft, having usually twenty "sticks" or logs of various length, but uniform width. The crib is steered by a pilot or voyageur, as the Canadian boatman is called, with a mighty oar that serves for propeller and rudder. Under ordinary conditions the passenger takes his seat on the highest log, summons up his courage, holds his breath, and plunges into the tide with the knowledge that the crib may break up and reach the smooth water below in solitary timbers. There was no danger of the cribs in which their Royal Highnesses had

a new and exciting experience going to pieces on the voyage. They were firmly secured, and had the luxury of benches for seats.

A short ride in electric tramcars brought the Royal party to the banks of the Ottawa river. On every side were stacks of sweet-smelling pine, with many evidences of a great and profitable industry. The river is broad and brown, flowing quietly and sedately between low banks that have taken upon themselves the sober aspect of commerce. Six cribs of heavy, square logs were moored to the side, and manned with voyageurs in blue jean trousers, red blouses, black felt hats, and coloured sashes—the traditional dress of the voyageur. The English correspondents, having been selected for experiment, took their places with the set faces of men who were about to murmur the words, "Morituri te salutant." Members of the suite seated themselves with resignation on the second crib, while the Prince and Princess, with Lord and Lady Minto and Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, occupied the third.

And now came the order to cast off our moorings and face the perils of the unknown. Before us stretched the broad, brown river, looking as smooth and as innocent as the Thames at Henley. Another moment, and we began to lose confidence in these appearances, for the current took us in hand and carried us along, gently at first, as though to restore our confidence, until the shore was too far away for repentance. The canoe in front did not give strength to our faith. It looked too much like a life-saving apparatus. No sooner had we felt the current and come to the narrow waterway, black with people, who

seemed bent on a Roman holiday, than our pilot made preparations to tie up our wilful barque till the other cribs were in sight. But our crib would not be "snubbed"—that is the technical word for tying up. In vain our voyageurs tried gaff and rope. In vain they leapt upon the slippery side of the slide and wound cables round little iron pins. The raft, intent on its business, carried them away one by one, and held manfully on its course. We looked behind, to see the five cribs careering down upon us, and saw only a hand waving frantically. It may have been a warning, but, having no choice, we accepted it as a signal for the advance guard to proceed at all costs. Then —still having no say in the matter—we picked up our courage, cast fear and our uncertain moorings aside, and drifted into the tide. At first slowly, and then with ever-quickening speed, we were hurried along toward the brink of the dark chasm beyond the bridge, whose crowded spectators looked down upon us with smiles and cheers, as men and women were wont to look down upon the gladiators in the arena of the Coliseum at Rome. Onward flew the raft, not pausing on the brink of the fall, but plunging its broad nose into the swift, smooth water, and lifting its tail in the air with exasperating levity. Down and down we went between rows of smiling faces, and then we asked when we were coming to the falls or rapids. The voyageur looked somewhat distressed, but pointed ahead. There were perils still to face. But we had felt no thrills, and were beginning to resent the smiles. There was no time, however, for explanations or recriminations. We were in the mill race, and our craft was grinding its sides against the timbers of the slide. A

loose log, floating in the stream, seemed to offer hope of adventure, but a voyageur disposed of it with his gaff, and we arrived without mishap at the second fall. Down we went, and the water washed our deck, but the pilot appeared unconcerned, though I am sure his felt slippers were wet. Another reach of level water too full for sound, and we dropped suddenly eight or ten feet with a roar and a bound really exhilarating.

The danger was past, and we could wait with composure the tribulation of our friends. In smooth water, and paddling toward the steep bank, we began to sum up our impressions. The experience was not so thrilling as we expected; but, after all, it was an experience, and that is something in this commonplace world. The members of the suite arrived safely, and their Royal Highnesses floated into calm waters amid a babel of noises, every ship and ferry and factory shrieking a note of triumph.

We had still adventures before us. After the cribs had lain in the shelter of the cliffs several canoes of birch bark, manned by Indians and half-breeds, paddled alongside, and we embarked for a cruise down the river. Birch canoes, I am told, are extremely rare, and I know that they are extremely unstable, for one of our passengers, being of nervous temperament, insisted on clutching at the side, until the captain of the voyageur resigned himself to the prospect of a swim, and ceased both to expostulate and to appeal to the particular saint of his worship. When we were permitted to turn our heads, we admired the bold, woody cliffs, with their burden of spectators, and the towers and spires that look down on the tranquil river. A very picturesque flotilla it was that sailed be-

neath the Royal Alexandra bridge, which leaps the river in one bold, lofty span. There were canoes with flashing paddles in the hands of Indians clad in red and blue, ferry boats that looked like errant houses taken to sea late in life, steamers laden to the water edge, and every sort of craft.

I believe that the voyageurs have *chansons populaires*, with which they beguile the hours of toil. Certain sounds did occasionally assail our ears with a melancholy groaning. I strove to attune them to the words of the famous "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en-guerre," sung by couriers de bois and voyageurs in the days of the Grand Monarque, to that most beautiful of ballads, "A la Claire de Fontaine," and to the familiar chorus:

> "Roule, roulant, ma boule roulant,
> En roulant ma boule roulant,
> En roulant ma boule."

But it needed the ear of the mind to pick out the threads of song. I had to content myself with imagination and assurance of tradition.

In due time the canoes landed us at Rockcliffe, a picturesque suburb of Ottawa, with the river in front and a dark forest behind. Here was new entertainment—canoe racing and log rolling. Four war canoes started—mere specks on the brown flood. Skimming swiftly over the brown stream, like birds on the wing, we saw the silver flash of paddles—white wings beating in the sun. It was an exciting race, and the honour of the Canadian championship fell to the Grand Trunk crew of Montreal. We were a trifle sorry that the name was not poetic, and that the war canoe was not manned by plumed Indians in their

war paint instead of by rosy, clean-limbed youths of our own vigorous tribe. But the log rolling made up for any disappointment. This, truly, was a novelty. Hitherto we had understood log rolling to be the gentle art of cultivating fame by helping a friend to keep a position in the world's estimation to which his merits and achievements do not entitle him. The phrase, I believe, was invented in America, and must have been perverted, for the one purpose and aim of our log rollers was to upset and drown each other. The log lay loose and free in the water, and two stalwart men sprang upon it. Their feet spun it round with incredible swiftness, now this way and now that. Suddenly they would stiffen and tighten their hold, and the log stopped dead, and sometimes one of the men disappeared, and dragged himself to the surface, dripping and ridiculous. The marvel was how they held their place so long on so insecure and revolving a platform. Perhaps this is the meaning of the metaphor also —the art of keeping an impossible position.

When these pleasures were exhausted, a move was made into the heart of the forest, where stood a beautiful shanty—the traditional home of the lumberman. It was built solidly of heavy logs, and had a very substantial, barn-like appearance. The Prince and Princess went inside, and tasted the mess of pork and beans cooked in the large pot that hung over the fire in the middle of the shanty. Two pine trees were then felled and hewn into logs ready for the river, so that their Royal Highnesses might see with what skill and speed the lumberman works. A shanty dance and speeches followed, his Royal Highness thanking the men for their display. Mr.

Whissel, a well-known character among shantymen, replied. He began in his native French, but succumbed to the cries for English. Here are two passages, delivered with obvious sincerity:—"I see Messyer Edouard"—his master—"make a heap of money, and I started business for my own way. I thought I make money, but I make mistake instead. I lose my shanty, and I had nodding. Worse nor dat, I owed seventeen thousand dollars. Messyer Edouard say to me, 'William, come work for me again,' and I go work for him again. But how I pay seventeen thousand dollars? My old modder say to me, 'William, you be good man, and pay your debt.' I went to God and say, 'God, how I pay seventeen thousand dollars?' and there was no answer."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC.

After Two Score Years—The Royal Train—Lake Nipissing—"Our Heart is French but our Head is British"—Lake Superior—Manitoba—Winnipeg.

THE King went to Canada forty-one years ago, and stayed on the shores of Lake Huron. To reach the Pacific in those days you had to sail round Cape Horn, or journey through the Great Lone Land, over boundless prairies where the red man hunted the bison, across mountains crowned with snow and clothed with virgin forest, in which roamed panther and grizzly bear—most ferocious of his tribe—along rivers on whose banks was the spoor of moose and cariboo. The King's son went from Ottawa to the capital of British Columbia—a distance of 3,162 miles—in seven days, travelling at leisure, with many halts by the way, and with as much comfort as the best inn could give. In one week he passed through the four seasons—from summer to winter, from winter to spring. He was welcomed in cities, throbbing with a new and energetic life, where his father would have seen only barren plains, the haunt of wild cat and grey wolf. He passed granaries, bursting with the harvest of a myriad acres, which a quarter of a century ago were wild wastes, given over to the Indian, the buffalo, the fox, and the

wolverine. It was a wonderful and delightful journey, full of strange contrasts of scene and people, and at the end of it we came, as we came at the eastern limit of the Empire, to a city more English in aspect, in speech, and people than any on the North American continent.

The Prince and Princess left Ottawa on Tuesday, September 24th, and journeyed along the south bank of the river, whose broad stretches are crowded with evidences of a great industry and of a happy and prosperous people. Their train was a model of comfort and luxury, 730 feet long, with vestibuled cars for dining and sleeping, lighted by electricity, and having telephonic communication between the cars. Dr. Manby had a dispensary on board. There were three private coaches for the Prince and Princess, with appointments in the style of Louis XV., with draperies of dark blue velvet. The Princess' boudoir was a charming room, with pearly grey walls painted after the manner of Watteau and upholstered in pale blue moire silk. Dining-car and night coaches, too, were models of taste in their appointments. So admirable, indeed, was the service of the Canadian and Pacific Railway that this long run of over three thousand miles was attended with none of the fatigue that everybody anticipated. Lady Minto, wife of the Governor General, the Premier, and Lady Laurier were in a separate and not less comfortable train that preceded their Royal Highnesses by half an hour, and acted as pilot. In this train were the correspondents of English, Canadian, and American newspapers, among whom were several French-Canadians. Gliding through the beautiful valley of the Ottawa, with the Laurentian Hills purple in the distance,

we came at night to Mattawa, an old trading post, where Champlain, Hearne Simpson, La Verendrye, and many an early explorer, halted on his way to the unknown West. A wild stretch of broken country brought us to North Bay, on the woody shores of Lake Nipissing. Here the party had a welcome typical of many. Church bells rang out through the darkness, and people hastened to the station—farmers, woodmen, hunters, with their wives and children. When the train drew up to the platform there came from a hundred sweet young voices the Canadian Anthem. The words, written by Alexander Muir, a Scotch schoolmaster of Toronto, are sung to the air "The Land of Cakes," and their popularity is so firmly established that they may be added to the anthology of national song:—

"In days of yore from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came
And planted firm Old England's flag
On Canada's fair domain.
Long may it wave, the emblem dear
Of ties that none may sever.
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
The Maple leaf for ever."

"The Maple leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple leaf for ever.
Long may it wave, and Heaven bless
The Maple leaf for ever!"

At daybreak Lake Nipissing was far behind, and we remembered it only as the home of a tribe of Indians whom the French named Sorcerers, because of their skill in the black art. We were now in the province of Ontario, and were beginning to realise that Canada is not one but several countries, separated by distance, race, religion, and even language, though held together by com-

munity of interests and the bond of federation. France is written large over the whole province of Quebec. It might have been Normandy we saw through the windows as we sped past quaint churches and trim hamlets of dark-skinned peasants. Little acquaintance with French-Canadians is needed to convince one that they are more sensitive on racial than on religious questions. I know that many people in Europe, as well as in America, put no faith in their professions of loyalty to the British Empire, and believe that they would seize the first opportunity of setting up a French Republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or of joining their destiny with that of the United States.

If you want to move a French-Canadian to the eloquence of indignation, just hint at a possible union with the Republic across the border. He will recite to you with pride the exploits of his fathers, who, in the revolution of 1774, and again in the war of 1812, fought for British supremacy, and will end by quoting the words of Dr. Tache: "The last shot that will be fired against union with the United States will be fired by a French-Canadian." They are conscious that only under British rule can they hope to retain their language, laws, and religion. The State of Louisiana is an example of the fate that would speedily overtake their language and individuality if brought into contact with the people and the institutions of the United States. As for a French Republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence, it is a dream that no intelligent French-Canadian will discuss as practicable. Though they form more than one-third of the population of the Dominion, and increase with greater rapidity than

the English settlers, the French-Canadians recognise that they must remain the minority, and must be slowly submerged as the resources of the country become better known and more developed. Union with France they never even contemplate. The bitterest denunciations of the French Republic come from the Roman Catholic clergy, whose influence in the province of Quebec is greater than in any district outside Spain.

"Our heart is French, but our head is British," exclaimed an influential French-Canadian with whom I have often debated this subject. That sentence seems to me to sum up the situation. The tendency towards assimilation grows stronger every day. Nine years before I had visited Canada, and it appeared to me that even in that short time the social relations of the two races have become more intimate and the use of English is more general in the cities, where the majority of the inhabitants are of French origin. French-Canadians are intelligent and shrewd enough to see that their children cannot succeed without an intimate knowledge of English. Even the cabmen in French Quebec speak English. One great obstacle to this healthy tendency is the fanaticism of a small but noisy party who clamour for the suppression of the French language and of the Roman Catholic Church. This sort of clamour, however much it may be regretted by thoughtful men, naturally arouses racial feeling. When you tell a man that you intend to suppress him, you ought not to be surprised if he shows fight. *Laissez faire* is often a wise policy, and it is especially wise in questions of race and religion.

In Ontario the Latin element grew weaker every mile,

until at last we saw only the signs of vigorous Anglo-Saxon life. Ontario is the richest and most populous of the provinces of Canada, yet its 220,000 square miles embrace thousands of miles of forest and wilderness untamed by the hand of the pioneer. All day we hurried through these wastes, over which are scattered a few wooden shanties in which men are content to pass strangely silent and isolated lives. We came to Heron Bay in the afternoon, and had our first glimpse of Gitchee Gumme, Little Brother of the Sea, as the Indians call the 31,000 square miles of inland water that we know as Lake Superior. A dull grey light fell on the placid sea, that lay like a sheet of lead between rocky banks, seamed and scarred with deep gorges, over which gaunt pine trees crept. The spirit of solitude brooded over the scene as we followed every bend and curve of the shore for nearly two hundred miles, darting in and out of tunnels cut through the face of the cliff. At Port Arthur, on the west shore of Thunder Bay, an arm of the lake, we put back our watches an hour, for there begins what is known as the "central standard of time," and men talk of thirteen and seventeen o'clock, instead of one and five o'clock. Houses and cultivated lands sprang up on every side, until at Fort William we found a busy little town, beautifully situated, with traditions of adventurous days long before the freebooter Duluth made his journey into the mystic West. The famous old fort is now an engine-house, and the romance and mystery that drew generations of Canadians to the Great Lone Land have departed.

Once more the train plunged into a region of forest and scrub, over which fire had swept, leaving long lines of

charred and blackened stumps. Fire, I am told, destroys more timber than the axe, enormous and continuous as that destruction is. The names of the stations give some hint of the origin of the settlements. Finmark and Linkooping are, of course, Scandinavian; Atbara, without doubt, dates from the defeat of Mahmoud; while Butler, Barclay, Dryden, and MacMillan offer no puzzle. One cannot but regret that so few of the poetical and melodious Indian names have been preserved. Another stretch of wild and rocky country carried us to Rat Portage, an important mining centre at the outlet of the Lake of the Woods.

On Thursday morning we were in a new land. Great plains stretched unbroken before us, with no landmark save the rising and setting sun. As the train toiled over this infinite green waste, under a sky of Italian blue and through air of crystal purity, we felt that this must be Manitoba, whose granaries and wheat fields have made the name and place familiar since childhood. Almost equal in size to Great Britain, the province has over a million and three-quarter acres under wheat, and yielded last year more than thirteen million bushels. Winnipeg, at which the Prince and Princess attended the usual ceremonies, is an example of the rapidity with which the resources of the country are being developed. In 1871—twelve months after the Lieutenant-Governor of the new province of Manitoba met in council the representatives of the Indian tribes and entered into treaties with them for the transfer of the prairie lands, where we now see immense tracts of wheat and oats and barley—Winnipeg had only 240 inhabitants, sheltered in log cabins. It is

now a city of over 50,000 people, with solid and substantial business houses and shops, and at least one fine street. The extreme newness of the place gives an impression of artificiality—as if the town was scenic rather than real. But you have only to walk through the streets with their hardy cosmopolitan people to be convinced that the prosperity of Winnipeg is rooted firmly in the soil and will grow.

It was nearly midnight when we took leave of this loyal and hospitable city of the plains, whose history is crowded with romance. In the middle of the eighteenth century is was a French fort; at the opening of the nineteenth it was a trading station of the North-West Company; in 1816-17 it was attacked by the Hudson's Bay Company; five years later it became the headquarters of the united companies, and was known as Fort Garry, from which Viscount Wolseley made his famous march to the Red River against the rebel Riel. Looking on this spacious vacancy that surrounds the city, one cannot but reflect on the solitude of those who pass their lives on the prairie. Air and light and space there are, and a healthy and prosperous career for all who can meet the labour test which nature and climate impose on the tiller of the soil. But to me the life seemed ghastly in its very vacancy. Yet men endure it in perfect contentment. I had some talk with a farmer at Poplar Point, not far from Winnipeg. He is an example of what may be accomplished with a little capital, some skill, and much industry. Eleven years ago he left England with a family of eleven and a capital of three hundred pounds. He knew nothing of farming beyond what any man who had lived in the

country may know. Beginning with a holding of ninety-one acres, he is now owner of nearly six hundred acres, a fine homestead, six teams of horses, forty head of cattle, and would not sell his land for five or even six pounds an acre. His sons, trained on neighbouring farms, assist him on the estate, and seem as happy and contented as men can be.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AN INDIAN POW-WOW.

The Prairie Camp—White Pup and Bull's Head—The Pow-Wow—Poetry and Prose—The Indian Children.

ON the prairie near the foot of the Rocky Mountains the Indians awaited the great white sachem who had journeyed many moons over land and running water. They had come from many parts of the Great Lone Land, and had built their topees among those of their brothers, the Sarcees, who live on the fat plains of Shaganappie, near the ranching township of Calgary. There were Blackfeet and Crees, who belong to the Algonquin race, the most numerous and widely-dispersed of the tribes of the Dominion. Bloods and Piegans smoked the calumet of peace with the head chiefs of the Stonies or Assinibonies, who are of the alien nation of the Sioux. As the Prince and Princess drew near to the camp of white buffalo tents an army of "bucks" dashed forward to greet them—splendid savages with nodding plumes woven in their long, black hair, and clad in all the colours of the rainbow. The naked bodies of Blackfeet and Crees were stained yellow with ochre; their faces were painted, and on their breasts were tattooed the totem of the tribes. They alone were in the war paint of their fathers. Sarcees and Bloods, and Piegans and Stonies were tricked out in glaring reds and blues

THE INDIAN POW-WOW AT CALGARY: "WHITE PUP" BEING PRESENTED TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

and yellows that have no history or traditions. With wild cries they swept over the plain, tossing their rifles in the air, and handling their lean ponies with untamed grace. This fluttering rainbow halted near a pavilion, over which was the legend—"Kitaiksima Tsimopinan" —"We greet you." Round the pavilion was a great circle of squaws and children in bewildering colours and costume. Some were wrapped in dazzling blankets; others wore modern dresses of brilliant scarlet or purple, while several of the children were clad in the ancient garb of the Indian sachem—mocassins, scarlet trousers with flying thrums, and loose tunic of bright colour. Within this prismatic ring stood several bands of boys and girls in neat attire of dark blue or striped blue and white, like the uniform of some generous orphan asylum. They were a clean, healthy, bright, and happy-looking company, a credit to the industrial schools from which they came, and an instructive contrast to the native children who pass their young days in the camps.

In front of the pavilion sat the chiefs, on bright rugs. They were White Pup, Running Rabbit, and Iron Shield, of the Blackfoot tribe; Crop Ear Wolf and Day Chief of the Bloods; Running Wolf of the Piegans; Bull's Head of the Sarcees; Jacob Bear's Paw, John Cheneka, and Jonas Big Stony, of the Stonies; Joseph, Samson, and Master Jim, of the Crees. A more remarkable group their Royal Highnesses have not looked upon—not even among the Maories, for these Indian chiefs have greater dignity and picturesqueness than their distant relations beyond the Pacific. Though some are divided by radical differences of language, they have no distinctive racial or

physical characteristics. The smooth, hairless face and long black locks parted in the middle and hanging over the shoulder in glossy plaits give them an effeminate look which is belied by the eagle eye and hawk-like features. Several of them wore the dress provided by the bounty of the State—a dark uniform with a red stripe down the sides of the trousers, and a broad felt hat with a red ribbon. But the majority scorned this degenerate garb, and appeared in picturesque barbaric dress of their warlike fathers. White Pup, one of the head chiefs of the Blackfeet, was the most splendid. His tunic of scarlet was richly embroidered; the sleeves were of cloth of gold, in which were worked strange devices in blue and white, and from his waist hung a scarlet blanket over which fell many white ermine tails, once the token of white scalps. His yellow trousers had flying thrums and buck-skin leggings, and his feet were covered with embroidered mocassins. He has the face of an eagle, and as he stood before the Prince and Princess, with a silver-mounted wand like a crozier in his hand, he looked less like a savage than some prelate of the Roman or the Greek Church.

The presentations were made by Mr. David Laird, Indian Commissioner for Manitoba and the North-West Territories. Each came forward in turn, shook hands with the Prince and Princess, and made a little speech, which was interpreted so crudely that every characteristic expression was lost. One or two of them forgot to shake hands with the Princess, and seeing that others were so honoured, returned to complete the ceremony. Bull's Head, head chief of the Sarcees, showed the

AN INDIAN BRAVE.

strongest individuality. He is a fine-looking savage, with the face of a hawk, and was arrayed in all the barbaric splendour of tunic, and blanket, and ermine. Hurrying forward, with a muttered cry of "Himokoite" ("Pity me; pity me"), he grunted a salutation, seized the Prince by the hand, and delivered an animated speech. The effect of the address, as interpreted, was disappointing. It amounted to a demand for "lots of grub," and something that sounded like a complaint that he never got enough to eat. Having displayed his medal and boasted a little of his achievements, Bull's Head returned to the line of standing chiefs, squatted, or rather lounged, on his mat, took his pipe out of his weasel skin bag, and having taken a puff, passed it to his right-hand neighbour, who presently returned it. Mister Jim, one of the chiefs of the Crees, was the most eloquent. He spoke in a subdued voice, declaring his gratitude to the Great Spirit, who had let him live to see this day. A gleam of light broke out of the dark clouds, and raising his hand he pointed to the sun—"Behold, the clouds break, and the sun of the heavens comes forth to gladden our hearts as you, the great white sachem, have gladdened them." Mister Jim returned to his place amid cheers.

One of the boys from the Industrial School then came forward and read an address in English with remarkable ease, and but little trace of foreign accent. The address told how for generations their tribes hunted the bison on the plains, until the coming of the white man, who settled on their hunting grounds, and large game grew scarce owing to reckless slaughter. The

Treaty and surrender of lands followed, and the Indians pledged their allegiance and loyalty, and during the Rebellion of 1885 refused to bear arms against their gracious Sovereign. Under the fostering care of the Department of Indian Affairs they are "gradually adopting the civilised mode of living, and are acquiring cattle and other means of obtaining ample subsistence and comfortable homes." The Prince's reply no doubt suffered from a double translation by natives, one of whom acted as orator, shouting the sentences in stentorian voice. His Royal Highness adapted his speech to the metaphoric diction dear to this race of savage orators. He spoke of the Treaty that was to last as long "as the grass grows and the water runs," of those dire days when starvation threatened, and the Great White Mother stretched forth her hand to her children in the land of the setting sun. The chiefs listened with calm, expressionless faces. Only once was their stolidity shaken, and a deep, guttural "Emuni" ("it is true") came from their throats, when reminded how they had kept firm in their allegiance, like true men, and had resisted the attempts to lead them into rebellion.

Girls and boys sang the National Anthem almost as well as English school children, and then the "bucks," throwing aside their blankets, gave a war dance. It was rather a tame and small affair, having none of the mass, vigour, or precision of the Maori dance. Circling and strutting about to the harsh beating of a war drum, they pointed their rifles at imaginary foes until joined by the women, when a circle was formed for a dance of welcome. Holding each other by the hand—painted

INDIAN BRAVE AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER.

braves, dancing girls with towers of feathers on their heads, and women in dress of glaring colours—they shuffled round and round, droning a melancholy air, to the manifest delight of nearly three thousand natives.

Not in the present generation has there been so large an assembly of Indians for purposes that may be looked upon as peaceful. The very composition of it evoked memories of many a grim conflict and many an act of savage treachery. How else could one account for the evident ascendancy of the Blackfoot and the Blood, sworn foes of Piegan and Sarcee and Stony? The widow of Crowfoot, leader of the Blackfoot nation, and suzerain chief of the vassals of that once powerful federation, was a forcible and picturesque reminder of a troubled past, as she came forward to shake hands with the Prince and Princess. Crowfoot has had no successor among the Indians of the North-West Province—none with those splendid natural abilities of soldier and statesman brought to perfection by a long series of tribal feuds, and used for the welfare of his people in the Riel rebellion of 1885. Twelve months after the half-breed swung on the gallows at Regina, Crowfoot, with Redcrow of the Bloods, and Three Bulls of the Piegans, received an ovation at Montreal for the part he had played in dissuading his braves from taking the war path. All three are dead, or you may be sure they would have been conspicuous in this ceremony. Crowfoot died five years ago, but his widow looked hale and hearty, despite five and sixty winters. She had looked forward eagerly to this day, when she would greet the great white sachem. On her ample breast

were the medals of her renowned husband, and one that her own services had earned. To Lady Minto she showed with pride a portrait of Crowfoot.

There were no Sioux at the pow-wow. Indeed, few of this once redoubtable tribe who harried Blackfoot and Blood are left in the Dominion. One small band is at Suvokawlish, near Moose Jaw, another at Moose Wood, and a third, the largest, near Fort Qu'Appelle, under the leadership of Standing Buffalo. The three bands number only 330, and many of them have been reduced to labour on the farms and at the wash tub. The former hunting ground of the Sioux is now the State of Dakota, whence the majority migrated to Canada with the famous Sitting Bull, in 1862, after the massacre of the United States troops, in which General Custer was ambushed and killed. Though they have no claim of birth or hereditary rights on the Canadian Government, their wants are provided for like those of the tribes native to the soil.

It is not easy to interpret the language of the Indian, and I am convinced that our interpreter failed altogether to do justice to the speeches. Unless the youth of England has been nourished on fictions with respect to the noble Red man, I will maintain at all costs that Bull's Head, chief of the Sarcees, would be scalped rather than use so vulgar a phrase as "lots of grub." Only once did the interpreter lapse into a poetic expression, and he could not help himself, for the chief's hand was raised to the gleam of sunshine out of the dark sky as he uttered the words—"Behold, the sun comes to gladden our hearts as you have gladdened them."

SHAGANAPPIE POINT, NEAR CALGARY. BLACK-FOOT BRAVE AND TOPPEES OF INDIANS WHO WELCOMED THE ROYAL VISITORS.

But deeds speak louder than words, and though the words were good, we have the better memory of deeds. In that hour of danger, when the whole of this region was overrun by rebellious half-breeds, these chiefs and their tribes not merely resisted the strong temptation to go on the war path, but by influence and persuasion helped to check the rebellion. Night and day did Crowfoot strive to make peace, while not forgetting to prepare for any eventuality that might arise from his opposition to the rebels.

More than one allusion was made in the speeches to those dark hours when hunger oppressed the tribes, and when the Great White Mother stretched out her hand to succour her children in the far west lands. This distress, I am reminded, was caused by the disappearance of the buffalo, which the Indians had hunted for countless generations before the coming of the white man. With them vanished all means of subsistence, for to the Indian the buffalo was food, and dress, and shelter. The misery was acute in 1876, and threatened the tribes with extinction. Then it was that the Great White Mother came to the rescue and made the treaty, of which one of the chiefs handed the Prince a copy. Under this treaty the chiefs surrendered to the Crown the title to their lands, and received in exchange certain reservations and assistance in food, and clothing, and money. One square mile of reserve was allotted to the head of a family, the family being counted as five persons. The reservations of the Bloods and the Stonies near the foot of the Rocky Mountains are five miles wide, and from fifteen to twenty miles long.

I have spoken of the children from the Industrial Schools—the boys and girls in neat, clean dress and uniform—and have contrasted their appearance with that of the untutored native. There were three or four hundred of them, and they sang "God Save the King" almost as well as English children could have done. At the schools they receive a good elementary English education, and are taught handicrafts. The school at Calgary is directed by the Church of England, and that near High River, or Dunbow, by the Roman Catholics. The children are taken at the age of eight, and remain until they are eighteen. They are usually apt pupils, and learn quickly. Their handwriting is often very beautiful—a curious fact, seeing that, unlike the Maoris, with whom they have some remote affinity, the Indian has never manifested any capacity for creative or imitative arts. With reading the children make little progress, and for books they have no taste. When they leave school they are encouraged to marry among themselves, with a view to raising the standard of life among the natives, and offering an example of the advantages of civilisation. By the time his courtship is over, the Indian swain has made in the school workshop all the furniture necessary to set up housekeeping, and whatever is wanted for the comfort and luxury of the wedded pair is provided by their fellow-pupils. Many of the Indians, according to Sir John Bourniot, have shown an aptitude for agricultural pursuits which has surprised those who imagined they could never be induced to make much progress in the arts of civilised life. Little Axe, of the Blackfeet, is a shining example of this capacity for civilisation. He can neither read nor write, and, as he

says, is too old to learn, though he has made the attempt, and speaks a little English. Yet he is quite a prosperous farmer, who lives in a fine house, shut in by a palisade, and counts his wealth at twelve thousand dollars. He has two hundred horses, one hundred and thirty-five head of cattle, together with reapers and mowers and lumber waggons. The creation of this wealth has reacted not only on the character but on the face of this sturdy Indian, and has given him an air of alert intelligence that you seek in vain among the hawk-faced chieftains who are still savages at heart and barbarians by instinct and habit. The high standard of life attained by the Iroquois on the Grand River of Ontario gives hope for the tribes of the North-West. Their children, at any rate, are tending in the right direction, and improved methods of life have already given that slight increase of population which has been looked for as the effect of their training in habits of health and cleanliness. It would seem that, like the Maoris, they are not to become extinct, but are, in the course of years, to develop into useful citizens, and to preserve the memory of that archæological and ethnological lore which makes them so interesting to the student.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The Charm of the Rockies—A Ride on a Cow-catcher—Banff and its Beauties.

THE charm of the Rocky Mountains is the charm of contrast and colour. To solitary people the prairie may be very attractive, but to cheerful souls a solitude of wheat and yellow grass is not inspiring. The eye searches vainly for relief, and sees only the "mocking fugitive horizon," into which the sun sinks with dusky splendour. Mile after mile, and not a tree or a river—hardly a sign of life—only the clouds by day and the stars by night to give the variety that keeps the mind alive. Thought and fancy go back to the men who in olden days braved the terrors of this green desert, toiling at the footpace of oxen toward the setting sun. They had at least the inspiration of the unknown to bring the thrill of mystery and adventure—the herds of buffalo, whose remnant we have seen preserved as natural curiosities behind a fence—the savage Indian in war paint and feathers, with whose degenerate sons, tricked out in borrowed plumes, we smoked the calumet of peace—a common briarwood—at Calgary. The spacious vacancy of the prairie was beginning to weigh on our spirits with its huge sameness when, from the blue sky, there fell an immense black curtain, crowned and ribbed with snow. A cool breath scattered the heat and weariness of the plains, and filled our hearts with the strength and the mystery of the mountains. We beheld

a vision of majestic hills, clothed in the eternal glory of the snow and the awful silence of infinite space—a vision of roaring torrents, of cool groves, and deep, woody ravines, over whose rugged chaos the dark pine casts a darker shadow.

"Come and see Banff," said Mr. Richardson, who had us in charge since we committed ourselves to the comforts and luxuries of the Canadian-Pacific Railway. I was just despairing of getting rid of some Regina mud —the little town floats on a sea of black loam—when the dusky gentleman who attended to all our wants with engaging courtesy in every inch of his six feet five and five-eighths came to the rescue, and released me. My Canadian confrères were muffling themselves in heavy coats, but I had known and suffered from their cat-like love of warmth on the hot coast and sunny plains, and stepped out of the overheated carriage into—was it the Arctic circle? Our Lady of the Snows was mantled in darkness, and you saw not her white and beautiful face, but her cold breath, sweet with the scent of pine, fanned your cheek, and sent the blood coursing through icy veins. Once more I knew the wisdom that comes from experience, and returned for my overcoat.

We walked up the silent road between black belts of forest, along the footway of planks, between houses and shops of wood, all dark and silent, and came at last to a large building, through whose windows streamed yellow lights. "That is the sanatorium," said Mr. Richardson. You should know that Banff is not merely a very beautiful Alpine village, but a health resort for those in need of rest and mountain air and sulphur baths. Above the black

wood beyond gleamed other and brighter lights, such as tell of the comforts of an hotel, for the Canadian-Pacific Company are innkeepers as well, and have learned the duties of host in Europe instead of America, for which wisdom travellers must hold them in reverence and gratitude. A great cloud of steam, rising behind the hotel, carried my thoughts over the Pacific to the North Island of New Zealand and volcanic Rotorua. There was no mistaking the smell of sulphur and the signs of volcanic activity. It was midnight when we returned to the train, and looking back saw the dark valley embosomed in the mountains, whose white crests shone sharp and clear against the sky.

Wordsworth is said to have got very angry when anyone ventured in his presence to speak about mountains. He held a corner in mountains. It is well that the poet of the Lakes did not live to accompany us in this Royal tour across the Rockies, for we talked mountains all the time. The halt at Banff was arranged so that we might miss none of their beauties. It may savour of the spirit that would speak disrespectfully of the Equator, but I am bound to confess that in the Tyrol and in Switzerland are isolated peaks of loftier and nobler proportions, mountains with more varied natural colour—for the Rockies, when bare of forest, are bleached—glaciers and snow fields of greater extent, and torrents and cataracts of brighter and purer tint. Having purged my soul of this confession, I am ready to admit that the Rocky Mountains are unsurpassed outside Northern India for extent and magnificence.

The infinite variety of forest tints—the dark and

stately pine, the shimmering orange and gold of larch and aspen and birch, the glowing crimson of flaming vine and creeper—the foaming torrents and cataracts, the deep precipices, woody gorges, and dark cañons are a delight and an inspiration for all time. We felt this most when, following the example of the Prince and certain members of his suite, we rode from Field to Laggan on the cow-catcher. It is not the most comfortable place from which to admire natural beauties—the hot front of an engine that hurls you through space, but it carries with it a fine sense of exhilaration, and gives a clear field of vision. The engine panted painfully upward toward "The Great Divide"—the imaginary line that runs across the continent for eight thousand miles, and divides the watershed. Field, with its mysteries of snow and ice, glided past us, and we toiled toward Hector through valleys that stretched away to the foot of glacier-bound peaks, by the side of roaring streams, past forests that looked like multitudinous seas, incarnadine and gold, along shallow rivulets fed with eternal snows, beneath battlemented cliffs. Like an arrow from an Indian bow we shot from Stephen, the summit of the mountains, to Laggan, overhung by the vast glacial field that feeds three continental rivers. But this was on the return journey, and I must go back to Banff, our starting point after the Indian pow-wow at Calgary.

At dawn on Sunday I crept out of the cosy box that is a bed by night and by day a luxurious couch and table. The snowy peak beyond the valley was touched with fire, that spread until a rosy veil fell on the shoulder of the mountain. Our path lay through a forest valley by the

banks of Bow river. These mountain forests have peculiar charm at this season, for autumn has given them a mantle of many colours. From a shady thicket of dark pine—the kind of wood in which you would look for the Indian brave in his war paint, silently tracking his victim—you come suddenly upon a grove of birch and aspen in all the tints of orange and gold. Another moment, and from some pure and lofty summit of snow the pines pour a dark green torrent into a sunlit chasm. It is a spectacle of ever-changing colour, from crimson to gold, and from grey to green, in which the charm is perpetually fresh. Beyond the Vermilion Lakes the train fell under the shadow of Castle Mountain, a grey keep, with turrets and battlements, high-throned on a precipice. Hector is passed, and you creep along the mountain side as the valley deepens, and you see the river a thousand feet below—a gleaming thread. Away to the right stretches the magnificent valley of Yoho, shut in by massive peaks of ice and snow. Near to Palliser the cañon deepens and the mountains become bronze walls, until at Golden you see in the distant south the Selkirks lifting their white heads far above the clinging pine woods, while the broad and stately Columbia flows silently northward. It is with a feeling almost of relief from this infinite change of form and colour that you halt at Glacier House—a secluded Alpine valley, nestling at the feet of green mountains, crowned with glaciers. The train glides out of this beautiful valley into another majestic cañon, through snow sheds that receive the avalanches of snow in winter, across ravines and lakes, past peaks wreathed in mist, until the great Fraser river forces a path through black walls of

BANFF: VIEW FROM THE HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS.

rock. And now you see signs of life and industry. In the river below is a group of Chinamen, washing the sand for gold that yields them four or five dollars a day. Near the green promontory, on which stands a little church, is a dredger with the same purpose written unmistakably on its slimy sides. Here are flumes, through which the rich mud flows in unbroken stream, and there are strange skeletons of wood, laden with salmon in process of drying for the markets of Europe. The railway has revolutionised these great industries, and as we speed along we find it hard to realise what pilgrimages of pain and privation have been made along that Cariboo road, which winds and twists like a white thread over hill and dale on the other side of the Fraser river. The road is no longer used, and is tumbling to pieces over precipice and river, but every fallen stone is a memorial tablet, telling of men whose adventurous spirit led them through these wilds to the rich plains beyond.

And so, in due time, we came to Vancouver, the Pacific terminus of the railway. The stay of their Royal Highnesses on the Pacific slope was short, yet it must have shown them how great is the future of these maritime towns, which fifteen years ago were little more than a few shanties. The journey eastward was as pleasant as that to the west. From Banff the Prince departed on a shooting expedition thirty miles from Winnipeg, on the estate of Senator Kirchoffer, while the Princess rested two days at Banff. A more healthy and delightful spot could not have been chosen. The little hamlet of wooden houses lies in a beautiful valley, along which flows the clear, shallow stream of Bow. Forest-clad mountains and

snow-tipped crags encompass it. The air breathes the vigour of the forest and the mountain. A restful, bracing place is Banff, such as would attract thousands of seekers after health and the beautiful were it better known in Europe. Here her Royal Highness passed her time in rambling on the mountains, walking along the leafy avenues, visiting the Silver Lakes and the sulphur basin and crater of an extinct geyser that still wells up in hot springs, and watching the herds of elk and buffalo that thrive and multiply within wide fences at the foot of the mountain.

VANCOUVER, B.C. : THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES LEAVING THE STATION TO VISIT CITY.

CHAPTER XL.

CHINESE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Vancouver and Victoria—Rival Cities—The Chinese of Columbia.

VANCOUVER and Victoria are examples of the rapid growth of cities in Canada. Fifteen years ago Vancouver was a heap of charred ruins, from which its six hundred inhabitants had been driven by one of those terrible fires that occasionally devastate the wooden villages of America. The city that greeted the Prince and Princess of Wales has 27,000 people, and is built with a solidity and an elegance that have no appearance of artificiality or want of permanence. Vancouver is destined to become a great maritime city. It is the natural port of the Canadian Pacific; its people are energetic and enterprising, and it has the advantage of an unrivalled position on the mainland of a province with almost unlimited resources of mineral and forest wealth.

The history of British Columbia is full of interest and instruction. When the Hudson Bay Company extended their commercial monopoly to the shore of the Pacific, they discouraged in every way the spread of civilisation, fearing that the settlement of the country would drive away the game and demoralise the trappers and hunters who adventured their lives for rich furs and pelts. The discovery of gold swept away these barriers. Some Indians brought to Victoria a few specimens of gold from

the Fraser river, and immediately thirty thousand strangers from California and elsewhere invaded the land. So great, however, were the difficulties and dangers of ascending the golden river that all who survived—save three thousand—hurried back to the coast. A few bold spirits, leaving the gloomy gorges of the Fraser river, struck north to the uninhabited wilderness of Cariboo, and discovered a new Eldorado. Once more the restless wave of gold seekers swept over these unknown regions, and in fifteen years the Cariboo was deserted. The discovery of the Yukon followed, and British Columbia again yields up her hidden treasure. But her prosperity does not rest on the shifting golden sands of the Fraser river, and her life does not depend on the frozen veins of the Yukon. This vast province, stretching from the Pacific to the Rocky Mountains, from sunny Victoria to icy Alaska, has many resources. Rivers and lakes abound in fish, and the salmon-canning industry, which began in 1876, brings to the people millions of dollars every season. As far north as Alaska the coast is heavily timbered, and the red cedar and yellow cedar—commercially the most valuable—grow to enormous size, as the Prince and Princess must have seen in their drive through the beautiful Stanley Park at Vancouver, as well as at Oak Bay, where they lodged in Victoria. Fruit trees flourish in the mild and genial climate west of the coast range, and there are many fine valleys for the raising of cattle and grain.

The distributing centres of a rapidly increasing and wealthy community, Vancouver and Victoria advance by leaps and bounds. They are in many respects rivals. Victoria, being the capital and the older city, not un-

VANCOUVER, B.C.: THE FORT SIMPSON INDIAN CORNET BAND PLAYING BEFORE THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES.

naturally looks with surprise, if not exactly with suspicion, on the new port across the Gulf of Georgia—the terminus of the railway on whose trail the people have followed. There is, however, no ground for uneasiness. The prosperity of Victoria increases with that of Vancouver. She has, moreover, two advantages. Victoria is the seat of the provincial government, and has a situation of unrivalled beauty, with mountain and forest and sea for unending delight. Like every provincial capital in the Dominion, her buildings are tributes to the good taste and public spirit of the citizens. But the chief delight of all is the suburbs. Not even in England or on the Riviera are there more charming houses or more beautiful gardens. Every house stands in spacious grounds, with well-kept lawns, and is embowered in trees and flowers. The climate is as warm and bracing as that of any health resort on the south coast of England. A few miles beyond the city you come to the forest—a deep and impenetrable wood of giant trees, with a dense undergrowth. The interior of the island is still the haunt of the black bear and other game that attracts the hunter and sportsman.

At Victoria, as at Vancouver, their Royal Highnesses were welcomed with great enthusiasm. The people are intensely British, not in sentiment alone, but in appearance and speech, having preserved the ruddy and clear complexion of the Anglo-Saxon, and having little or none of that nasal accent which may be due to climatic influence or to imitation of our cousins across the frontier. There is, however, a comparatively large Asiatic element in both cities. Their Royal Highnesses drove through the little Chinese quarter in Victoria. The well-ordered

streets given over to the Mongols were decorated with lanterns and sacred emblems. Nowhere have I seen a cleaner or a more prosperous community of Asiatics.

The Chinese of Victoria and Vancouver seemed to me of a better class than the majority of their kind who drift into the Eastern cities, or smuggle themselves over the border into the United States. Many are men of substance, with well ordered business establishments. One confessed to me that he is worth twenty thousand dollars. Against men of this stamp there is no serious complaint. The objection is to the coolies, who are admitted into the Colony with no other restraint than a hundred dollar poll tax. To these there is undoubtedly strong opposition on grounds familiar the world over. The competition of the coolie, whether Chinese or Japanese, makes it well-nigh impossible for a white man to engage in unskilled labour. Nearly every place is filled by Mongolians at starvation wages, so that the white man not only cannot compete, but feels it a degradation to use his hands in unskilled labour. He must be a skilled artisan or mechanic, or must be trained in commercial or professional pursuits. No doubt, this is an excellent thing in many ways, but it often happens that a white man, new to a town or district, finds it impossible to secure suitable employment at the moment of his arrival. He would willingly accept temporary work among the unskilled until an opening came. Not able to tide over this period of uncertainty, he is driven across the border into the United States. Moreover, the Mongolians practically monopolise domestic service. Many people do not regret this, for they make admirable servants, and the difficulty of inducing

ARRIVAL AT VICTORIA, B.C.: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, ACCOMPANIED BY SIR WILFRID LAURIER AND SIR HENRY JOLY DE LOTBINIERE LEAVING THE "EMPRESS OF INDIA" FOR THE CITY.

women and men of European origin to enter a household is greater here than at home. One very serious effect, however, is that young women, especially in British Columbia, grow up without any knowledge of domestic duties. They look upon them with contempt, as fit only for the coloured labourer. Then there is the objection that the Chinese are a danger to health and morals. They herd together in crowded quarters; they rarely bring women of their own; they are inveterate gamblers, and victims of the opium habit. Here, as everywhere, the one ambition of the Chinaman is to save enough money to live in his own country. He, therefore, spends a mere fraction of his earnings, and contributes nothing but his labour to the wealth of the community. The successful merchant will assure you that he has no intention of returning to China, but the evidence goes to show that he almost invariably does return, and that he sends his children to China to be educated.

Even their virtues are against them in the eyes of many working men. The Chinese are extremely docile, and put up with any treatment. They never strike for higher wages or shorter hours, but are content to labour night and day for what a European regards as hardly a pittance. In the mines and the salmon-canning factories Chinese and Japanese are largely employed. To estimate their numbers is difficult, for they are adepts at evading the tax collector, and one Mongolian is so much like another that identification is almost impossible. It is estimated, however, that in British Columbia there are 15,000 Chinese, of whom 4,000 live in Victoria, and between two and three thousand in Vancouver. No certain

statistics are forthcoming as to the proportion between Chinese and Japanese labour, but an estimate puts the Japanese at four thousand. The very fact that the Japanese are more progressive and more disposed to adapt themselves to the conditions of people of European birth and origin makes them a menace to the white man. They are certainly less honest and trustworthy than the Chinese, as everybody knows who has had business relations with them abroad or in their own country. Chinese are models of integrity, and you may accept a Chinaman's word as you would that of an Englishman. This difference between the two Mongolian races is, I am told, especially notable in the salmon-canning industry.

Mr. Deane, secretary to the provincial commission appointed to inquire into the Chinese question, is strongly in favour of prohibition. He admits the international difficulties, and falls back on the proverb, "Charity begins at home." "The first duty of the Federal Government is to the people of Canada. I feel that if negotiations were entered into between the Imperial and Dominion Governments on the one hand, and the Government of the Mikado on the other, the Japanese would agree to the prohibition of imported labour. There is no mistake about the sentiment of the people of British Columbia. With the exception of some large employers of labour, everybody is opposed to the introduction of Asiatics. Some employers refuse to engage them, and by their steadfast adherence to principle give their less scrupulous competitors a decided advantage."

On the other part, it is contended that industries have been established and built up on Mongolian labour, and

that prices have been fixed in the world's markets on their scale of wages. To withdraw their labour would be to revolutionise and perhaps destroy many sources of wealth and employment. Prohibitionists naturally refuse to admit this economic hypothesis, and urge that there are already Chinese and Japanese enough to carry on these industries without endangering the new industries that are rapidly springing up. Columbia not unnaturally looks upon this as not merely a provincial but a national question, and is bent on raising the issue at every opportunity.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE CITIES OF ONTARIO.

Homelike Ontario—Canadian Weather—Two Days in Toronto—London, Ontario—Hamilton.

IT is a common remark that all cities are alike. In Canada they are entirely different. Quebec, for example, is a beautiful and ancient dame, with the manners of a past age. Winnipeg is a hoyden, Victoria a dainty maiden, Ottawa a lady of fashion, Montreal a solid business man, and Toronto a well-to-do citizen with a place in the country. It was with a feeling of repose that we approached the capital of Ontario. Night and day we had sped across bare heaths and through great stretches of forest, beautiful in their scarlet and purple vastness. Never have I seen such masses of colour—the deep purple of the blue beech, the trembling orange and gold of birch and aspen, wreathed with the dark green of pines, a carpet of flaming schumach—all fading into a dream of pink and purple and green and gold against the cold blue of an autumn sky. As we drew near to Toronto a new and quiet sense of home came over us. From the windows of the train we looked out across English meadows and gardens and hedgerows right away to a blue line of hills and a dull grey sky. Smiling homesteads, pleasant hamlets, busy towns glided past us, leaving an impression of industry, content, and settled prosperity. The people, too, reminded us strongly of home, for we were in the

heart of a British and Protestant community. Everywhere the Prince and Princess were welcomed warmly and heartily—even in French and Catholic Quebec, but in my ears the cheers of Toronto sounded more stirring—more British in force and volume. They began at Huntsville, a hundred and forty-six miles north; they followed us from Orillia, in the Highlands of Ontario; they were echoed from Barrie across Lake Simcoe, grew tumultuous at Newmarket, and were a hurricane at Toronto.

I am not sure that this feeling of home was not due in part to another cause. It was raining. The climate of Canada has been woefully misrepresented. Most people remember the words, "Our Lady of the Snows," and forget the licence of the poet. There is a popular belief that in the Dominion they leap from "winter to summer without a spring." I heard some doggerel the other day which puts the case in a less subtly humorous way:

> "There was a small boy in Quebec,
> Who was buried in snow to the neck.
> Said a friend: 'Are you friz?'
> Says he: 'Yes, I is,
> But they don't call this cold in Quebec.'"

Now, in a journey of six thousand miles, we had almost perfect weather. Though on the edge of winter, only on one fleeting day had we snow. Three or four showers of rain, and all the rest warm, bright, and sunny. Even the winter, as everyone will tell you, is less trying than that of England, for the air is clear and dry and still, though the thermometer may be many degrees below zero. Only when the wind blows, and that is rarely, do you need to wrap yourself in furs and avoid exposure. Well, it was raining in Toronto, and the sky was leaden, and no one

seemed to give it a thought. The children—there were six thousand healthy youngsters at the railway station—sang their national songs, waved their Union Jacks and maple leaves, and cheered as lustily as if the sun had been shining on them and they were not soaked to the skin. The streets were densely crowded, and the enthusiasm was a thing to be remembered. Their Royal Highnesses drove through miles of suburbs, in which are many beautiful residences, gardens radiant with blossoms, and leafy avenues. In the city are many handsome churches and public buildings, with well-ordered streets, traversed in every direction by electric tramcars. Canada is a land of public buildings and tramways. Every provincial capital has a pile of Government buildings that would not discredit a European capital. Wealthy merchants and citizens also display admirable taste in the construction and decoration of their business houses and dwellings. The effect is pleasing and, in towns not a quarter of a century old, surprising. The Prince and Princess spent two busy days in Toronto. His Royal Highness reviewed twelve thousand men on the shore of the lake—the largest muster we saw in the Dominion. Martial spirit is not so manifest in Canada as in Australia, and the cadet system, strong and widespread under the Southern Cross, is in its infancy. Yet Canadians have proved themselves excellent soldiers. Those paraded before his Royal Highness were for the most part men of fine physique. The cavalry and mounted infantry were especially good, and made a fine show as they trotted past the saluting base. Three companies of Indians in the 26th Regiment were in strong contrast to the warriors we saw at Calgary, with naked

bodies, painted yellow. Uniformed and erect, with set, immobile faces, they marched along, as if unconscious of the cheers that followed them.

From Toronto the Royal party made a rapid tour among the eastern towns of Ontario, stopping for a few hours at London, on the Thames, in the county of Middlesex. London is the centre of a rich agricultural district, and the visit, though short, enabled them to form some idea of the wonderful natural resources of the country. On every side were evidences of industry and thrift, and of a soil that yields abundant harvests. London is but one of a group of townships that give to Ontario its pre-eminence as the wealthiest and most populous province in the Dominion. In 1826 it was the administrative centre, and to-day it is the boast of London that more trains arrive and depart daily there than at any other point in Canada. The most fertile area of Ontario is its tributary, and sends to its busy markets every kind of agricultural produce. A great brewing industry has been established, and London ales are famous throughout the continent. At Hamilton, which the Prince and Princess visited later, they saw another flourishing city. A canopy of smoke rising from the foot of the mountain at the head of Lake Ontario recalled Sheffield or Birmingham. And on near approach we found a small Capital of the Midlands, for Hamilton claims that distinction. The outskirts are mean and dingy, and it is only when you come to the heart of the city that you are reconciled to such meanness and dinginess in a land of air and light and space. Hamilton can plead in extenuation an industrious and thriving population.

CHAPTER XLII.

IMPRESSIONS OF NIAGARA.

"Three Minutes to See the Falls"—The Penalties of Greatness—The Emerald Horse Shoe.

A DELICIOUS freshness breathed from the lake as we skirted the lucent expanse of water rippled with delicate waves. We were on our way to Niagara, and were filled with that exultation of spirit which comes upon all who approach one of Nature's wonders. The soft blue of Ontario faded into the sky, and presently we were hurrying through a land of orchards. Mile after mile the train sped straight as an arrow until the track was a point on a vague horizon. On each side stretched meadows of tenderest green and deep, warm hedgerows shutting in vineyards and gardens of peach, and quince, and apple, and pleasant homesteads. It might have been Devon or Somerset, so soft and rich was the prospect. Nothing proclaimed a new country won from the wilderness with much toil and suffering. Farms and orchards looked as though they had stood there and flourished from the dawn of time. But the colour was of the West—a riot of crimson, and purple, and gold, breaking in waves of fire at the foot of green pines.

"Three minutes to see the Falls," shouted the conductor as the train hissed and creaked to a dead stop on the bridge across the gorge. His tone was that in which he would have announced lunch at a wayside station. One of the penalties of greatness, whether in

Rome, or Venice, or Niagara, is that it shall be beset with vulgar sights and sounds. But conductor and train vanish and are things that never have been as soon as you hear the roar of the cataract and behold the mighty rush of waters sweeping in clouds of deepest blue and purest white from a tranquil grey sky into the swift, shining river. "All aboard," cried our inexorable fate, and we stepped back to earth. But we had had a glimpse of Paradise, and the memory of it sustained us when we came to the village known as Niagara Falls, Ontario. How can these vulgar little shops and mean streets have the effrontery to call themselves by a name that breathes sublimity? They have the grace, at any rate, to seem abashed and to hide their heads from the stupendous presence. But I was destined for even greater trials. I had begun the day by playing truant, and now learned that the Royal train would rest for the night at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and would return to the Falls in the morning. Fifteen hours to spend, and the city and Exhibition of Buffalo only an hour across the frontier. The attractions of Buffalo leapt into your eye at every corner. Railway and street shrieked them in every colour of the rainbow, and on the walls were mysterious sums showing how, for the insignificant outlay of a dollar and a half, you might visit the finest city in the world and the greatest Exhibition on earth—provided you took your own lunch. The temptation was great. Another moment and I was in the United States, with one hot, bustling hour in which to reflect on the virtues of our despised English railway carriages. At any rate, they set limits to the company

you are obliged to keep, to the noises you must hear, and to the sights you have no choice but to see. I am not going to say much about Buffalo or its Exhibition. They are both very good in their way, yet not so marvellous as they would have the world believe. One of the weaknesses of humanity, and particularly American humanity, is constricted vision, and a disposition to contemplate our own greatness without the material for comparison. It is an amiable weakness, which philosophers like Dugald Stewart and Mr. Lecky tell you is the root of happiness. I am content, therefore, that Buffalo should live and die in the faith that it is the finest city, and the Pan-American Exhibition the greatest on earth. Were it not for the paradox of the Stoics, that to the wise man all external circumstances are indifferent, I might have said that Buffalo is a second-rate provincial town, and the Exhibition only a trifle better than the shows that Earl's Court has made a yearly incident in the life of London. Returning to Niagara next morning I met some of my French-Canadian confrères, who, like myself, had been playing truant. One or two of them I had suspected of a leaning toward the United States. They came back wholly British. I suspect it was the famous Midway, with its vulgar dime shows, that cured them.

Niagara should be seen in solitude and silence. We alighted to find the American shore crowded with visitors. Though it was Sunday, the little bazaars in which they sell moccasins and models of birch canoes were doing a brisk trade. The bars were overflowing, and a dime show that made itself out to be exceedingly

naughty drew hundreds of deluded people. The noise and bustle were dreadful. Margate on a bank holiday could hardly be worse. Three or four families were pick-nicking boisterously under the trees near the edge of the Falls; several noisy young people were throwing sticks into the rapids and watching them disappear in the foaming abyss; boys were crying pea nuts and chewing gum, and photographers importuned you to have your picture taken with the Falls for a background. It was all very common and vulgar.

One step, and we were in that stupendous presence which has filled with wonder and awe countless generations of men—before which the earth trembles, and the air laments with the voice of many waters. The might and majesty of it come upon you like a vision slowly taking hold of each sense until you see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing, save the cataract and the vaporous gulf. The power and magnitude of it create a solitude round about you. Standing on the American shore I watched the flood of four vast lakes sweep along till the foaming waters broke on the edge of the precipice and plunged with an angry roar into the cloudy abyss. Through the trees on Goat Island, which divides the American from the Canadian waters, I could see the Emerald Horse Shoe. The ground shook under my feet; the roar of a thousand seas was in my ears, and amid clouds of sun-lit spray on which danced a hundred rainbows, I had fleeting glimpses of a rushing, plunging tide—now an avalanche of snow, now a pillar of ice, a cloud, a rainbow, a wall of emerald, and a curtain of sapphire.

Stepping into the car on the inclined railway, we were shot to the bottom of the cliff, and took our places on the little steamboat., *Maid of the Mist.* Clad in oilskins, and cowled like monks, we struggled through the boiling tide until our brave little craft was hidden in a tempest of spray. Here was a new and greater wonder. Hurling itself from the summit of the rock, the water broke into snowy masses that threatened to overwhelm us. Beating a path through the swirling eddies we came at last to the Horse Shoe, and gazed breathless on the mighty ever-moving wall, shining like a living emerald which from the dawn of creation has curtained the grey rock and crashed into a myriad glittering fragments upon the smooth surface of the river below. We looked on from afar. To draw nearer was impossible; to have gone even thus far seemed to me almost an act of sacrilege, as though we had thrust our puny bodies into the heart of some sacred mystery.

Crossing to the Canadian shore we equipped ourselves for the descent under the Falls. The banks and the beautiful little park were thronged with people waiting for the Prince and Princess. But their Royal Highnesses were bent on seeing the Falls without an escort of strangers, and their movements were kept as secret as possible. They did not set foot on the American shore. Their Royal Highnesses were fixed in the determination to complete this journey of 46,000 miles without touching any save British soil. And it is not necessary to cross into the United States, for the best view is from the Canadian side. The Prince and Princess spent a great part of the morning in a special tram car that

passed unnoticed from point to point. They lunched at the convent, from which they looked upon the panorama of the cataract, the rapids, and the gorge.

"Step right in there. The guide will join you in a moment." Thus the pleasant youth who received us at the door of the pavilion where you dress for the descent under the Falls. The dainty little bazaar, with its tempting display of furs, Indian bead work, and other native curiosities, did not look exactly the place for a guide in dripping oilskins. The shadow of a suspicion must have passed over our faces, for the pleasant youth insisted that the guide would be forthcoming in a second. So we stepped "right in." A smiling young lady with dark eyes and an American accent met us half way, and soothed our rising suspicion by presenting the visitors' book. We felt relieved and flattered. It was our names they wanted—not our money. Another moment and we were admiring the furs and the bead work and the other native curiosities under the direction of the smiling young lady with dark eyes and an American accent. Of course they were placed there to amuse visitors while waiting for the guide. Before we were aware several of our company found themselves in possession of bead work and moccasins, and trinkets of crystallised limestone found at the foot of the Falls —which, by the way, a cynic has since declared to be nothing but fish eyes. Still the guide tarried. "How much longer will he be?" asked a daring member of the party. "Oh, the dressing room is over there," answered the smile and American accent in innocent surprise. The guide was a myth. We slunk away and hid abashed

heads in oilskin cowls. Americans call this "jollying." We have another name for it.

Is there anywhere a scene more impressive than the mystery that awaits you at the foot of the Canadian Falls? Imagine yourself withdrawn suddenly from the sights and sounds of the living world and shot into thunder-shaken clouds that dissolve in tempests of rain and tossing billows of snow among which rainbows dance and disappear and come back again. The earth trembles under your feet and vanishes in mist. The fountains of the great deep are broken up and cast around you a spectral veil. Through the riven rents stream lines of light, blue and grey, fading into shadows as they fall on heaving hillocks of foam. The veil is wafted aside, and for a fleeting moment you see the crumbling avalanche of water hurl itself over the dark rampart of rock. A flood of sunshine smites the grey fantastic forms, and the clouds melt away slowly and mournfully like reluctant ghosts. The wind breathes upon them, and they scatter in countless rainbows. Every moment some new enchantment of form and colour holds you breathless. Climbing the ladder up the sheer face of the cliff I gazed on this world of troubled waters with feelings of loneliness and awe. A mighty torrent roared over me, falling from the dark rock above, blinding with its spray, and stunning with its fury. Through this rushing veil I saw the wide sweep of the Horse Shoe Falls flinging off flakes of foam and breaking into pillars of sapphire, and emerald, and alabaster, as they fell into green spaces of level and whirling water. The broad surface of the river was wreathed in clouds that spread wider and wider

and mounted higher and higher until they wove about me a vaporous veil, a mystery of clouds against which beat the unseen waves of a sounding sea.

No words are rich enough to paint the grandeur of the Falls; none delicate enough to tell the enchantment of their strength and majesty. Who can marvel that the Indian worshipped them and made human sacrifice to the spirit of these waters? None can look on them without awe and reverence, none hear their voice without a deep and abiding sense of their power and mystery.

Day was drawing to a close when we left the Falls and betook ourselves to the whirlpool and the rapids. The river races through a magnificent gorge between steep banks and cliffs overhung with pine trees. The smooth current is broken into surf as it tumbles over shelves of sunken rock or dashes on in dark waves. Here it crawls along in eddies, there it swirls and tosses as though some leviathan stirred in its dark depths. Thus the river hurries with a rush and a roar into the tree-girt lake of the whirlpool to linger a while, calm, and smooth, and treacherous, making sport of all that comes within its cruel and relentless grasp, speeding the flotsam and jetsam toward the shore, only to draw them back into the unending circle of waters sucked into the bowels of the earth. The sun was tinging the western hills with a crimson glow as we stepped on board the steamer for Niagara-on-the-Lake, a pretty little watering-place with a romantic and stirring history.

CHAPTER XLIII.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND HOME.

The Thousand Islands—British American Societies—Farewell Canada—"The Sport of Historic Misfortune"—Potentialities of the Island.

FROM Kingston and its memories of the Revolutionary War the Royal party took ship and sailed to Brockville. They passed through the Thousand Isles, from which, as night fell, they were welcomed by glowing watch-fires and showers of rockets. At St. John, New Brunswick, the Prince and Princess received a deputation from the British Societies of Boston, to whom a colour was presented. Many of the members, as was stated in the address, have been long resident in the United States, and some were born there, but all of them still cherish the memory of their origin and the desire for the growth of a great Federation which rejoices in the fact that it is British, and under the sway of King Edward. On Saturday, October 19th, the booming of guns across the water announced that their Royal Highnesses had come once more to the shores of the Atlantic. The harbour of Halifax, one of the finest in the Empire, was crowded with shipping, and the most powerful fleet that has ever assembled in those historic waters lay in sight of the Citadel. The satisfaction of the Prince and Princess at the close of their long journey was tempered with regret at taking leave of a country in which they had spent five delightful

weeks. Halifax made the parting none the easier by the eagerness of the citizens to do honour to the Royal visitors. The homely streets bore ample testimony to the loyalty and affection of the people of Nova Scotia. Thousands came from all parts of the province, and from Prince Edward's Island, the only province of the Dominion on which the Prince and Princess could not set foot.

A blizzard blew up the channel and wiped out the beach as we steamed from Halifax on the morning of October the 21st. Through the driving sleet we had visions of drenched and shivering spectators who had come to say good-bye. At dawn on Wednesday we sighted the grim ramparts of Newfoundland. A bare wall of rock rose out of the sea to bar our passage, but the ships held on their course, and the wall divided to admit us into the harbour of St. John's.

We had heard much of this island, which nature has raised up in the Atlantic to be a guard for the St. Lawrence. A land of fog and cod was the verdict of past generations. For a century and a half settlement and cultivation were forbidden, and at the end of the fishing season men were driven away as though the shores were accursed. Small wonder that Lord Salisbury spoke of it as "the sport of historic misfortune," and that people at home think of Newfoundlanders mainly as the victims of the Treaty of Utrecht, which gave to the French a practical monopoly of the most valuable part of their island.

I have to confess to a feeling of disappointment at the first view. The great rocks that enclose the harbour have a barren and desolate aspect that recalls the wild coast of Donegal, and the city of St. John's—picturesque and

even imposing from the sea—cannot be said to improve on nearer acquaintance. It is impossible to think of this as the capital of the oldest British colony, of an island that has been British since the reign of Elizabeth, and of a country larger than Ireland. Yet I am told that the city has vastly improved since 1892, when sixteen hundred houses were destroyed by fire, and ten thousand people made homeless. But a new and unexpected charm came over St. John's by night. Great bonfires flared from the frowning cliffs, warships were outlined in a myriad lights, rockets hissed and flashed over the dark and dripping streets, and a firmament of stars gleamed and twinkled from the forest of masts in the fishing fleet.

Their Royal Highnesses did not land until Thursday, and spent only a few hours on shore. We had, therefore, time to make a short excursion into the country under the guidance of Mr. R. G. Reid's sons and several members of the Government. Mr. Reid will be remembered as the " Czar of Newfoundland," to whom, it was said, the politicians had sold every asset of the colony and four and a half million acres of land. Mr. Reid resents the title of Czar, and does not accept the view that the Government made a bad bargain when they handed over to him the working of railway, telegraphs, and docks. He is a plain, energetic, and clever Scot, who began life as a stonemason, emigrated to Australia, laid the foundation of his fortune as a contractor for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and finally settled in Newfoundland. His coming has undoubtedly been a good thing for the island. Trade was languishing, and over the whole community hung the shadow of the dark days of 1894-5, when the banks failed,

mercantile houses collapsed, and the Government despaired of raising a loan of half a million. Mr. Reid saw the urgent need for new enterprises and the development of the natural resources of the country. The people have been too long content to live on fish and to do business on credit. New and sounder methods have been introduced. The railway—restored to the Government—has been placed for half a century under the control of an experienced railway man ; a junction has been effected with the West by the steamer *Bruce;* four and a half million acres in alternate sections along the line—the grant to Mr. Reid for building the railway to the west coast and operating it for a fixed term of years—are offered practically for nothing in small lots or homesteads to farmers and settlers, and efforts are being made to develop the interior of the island.

Our excursion brought us to Conception Bay. The country here is bleak and stony, and has a strong likeness to the Western Highlands of Scotland. On the slope of the hills are a few acres of cultivated land and some small cattle. From the shore of Conception Bay we saw one great hope of Newfoundland. Belle Island, six or seven years ago, was a bare rock without a trace of life upon it. Now it is one of the richest and busiest iron mines in the world. Sixty million tons of ore lie close to the surface, so that half a dozen men in one day can raise several hundred tons with picks alone, and ships can be loaded at the rate of a thousand tons an hour. The ore breaks into rhomboidal junks, and requires only occasional blasting to loosen the jointed cleavage. It is not of high grade, but is so easily worked and contains so much phos-

phorus that it finds a profitable market in Nova Scotia, whose iron ore is less tractable.

We lunched at the Octagon Hall—the fantastic creation of a whimsical American, who has added to a quaintly original restaurant the allurement of a bridal chamber and a mortuary of his own handiwork. Of course there were speeches. The passion for oratory grows in the Briton the further he is from home. I cannot deny that I returned to St. John's with more hopeful impressions. From members of the Government, from merchants and traders I heard much of the resources of the country—of fertile tracts that await the farmer, of forests of pine and spruce that will abundantly repay the lumber merchant and maker of wood pulp, of coal mines already profitable, of railway projects, and other enterprises to quicken the sluggish life of the island. The one subject on which I was most anxious to have information—the French shore question—interested nobody. Every man whom I consulted—and they were many of the most prominent in the colony—declared that it is nothing more substantial than a political bogey, and that, if left alone, would settle itself. A much more real grievance is the loss of revenue in consequence of smuggling from the French islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon. These islands, M. Faure suggests, we should allow the French to fortify and use as coaling stations in return for the withdrawal of the French claims on the shore of Newfoundland. This disingenuous proposal to have a French *place d'armes* at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and close to the French-Canadian province of Quebec, has no support in the colony.

At daybreak on Friday, October 25th, we steamed

out of St. John's harbour on the homeward voyage. The *Crescent*—Vice-Admiral Bedford's flagship—bore us company for some miles. No sooner were we clear of the coast than we felt the broad heaving of the Atlantic under us, and for five days we rolled steadily toward the Irish coast. Two incidents broke the painful monotony of the prolonged struggle to recover an unstable equilibrium. While in the Arctic current we saw three huge whales spouting near the ship, and after midnight on Sunday I was summoned on deck to see an iceberg. The *Diadem*, steaming a mile ahead of the *Ophir*, reported this tardy wanderer from the regions of eternal snow. A strangely beautiful sight it was as the radiant ghost of a mountain floated along in lambent light. Silently and stately it glided past, like the wraith of a cloud, and vanished in the night.

Fifty miles south of Cape Clear, on the morning of Wednesday, October 30th, we sighted the Channel Fleet under Admiral Wilson, and were escorted to the Isle of Wight, where we anchored next day off Yarmouth. Their Majesties the King and Queen, with the children of the Prince and Princess, came from Portsmouth in the Royal yacht on November 1st, and on the following day their Royal Highnesses received from the citizens of London the welcome due to the successful performance of a responsible and arduous public duty, and to the termination of a journey without precedent in the history of any country.

APPENDIX.

ITINERARY OF THE TOUR.

	Arrive.	*Depart.*
PORTSMOUTH	... ...	MARCH 16
GIBRALTAR	MARCH 20 ...	,, 22
MALTA	,, 25 ...	,, 28
PORT SAID	,, 30 ...	,, 31
SUEZ	APRIL 1 ...	APRIL 1
ADEN	,, 5 ...	,, 6
COLOMBO	,, 12 ...	,, 12
KANDY	,, 12 ...	,, 15
COLOMBO	,, 15 ...	,, 16
SINGAPORE	,, 21 ...	,, 23
ALBANY	,, 30 ...	MAY 1
MELBOURNE	MAY 6 ...	,, 18
(OPENING OF FEDERAL PARLIAMENT, MAY 9).		
BALLARAT	MAY 13 ...	,, 13
BRISBANE	,, 20 ...	,, 24
SYDNEY	,, 27 ...	JUNE 6
AUCKLAND (NEW ZEALAND) ...	JUNE 11 ...	,, 13
ROTORUA	,, 13 ...	,, 15
WELLINGTON	,, 17 ...	,, 21
LYTTLETON	,, 22 ...	,, 22
CHRISTCHURCH	,, 22 ...	,, 25
DUNEDIN	,, 25 ...	,, 27
HOBART (TASMANIA) ...	JULY 2 ...	JULY 6
ADELAIDE (SOUTH AUSTRALIA)	,, 9 ...	,, 15
ALBANY (put back by weather)	,, 20 ...	,, 21
PERTH	,, 22 ...	,, 26
FREMANTLE	,, 26 ...	,, 26

	Arrive.		*Depart.*
Mauritius	August 5	...	August 8
Durban	„ 13	...	„ 13
Maritzburg	„ 13	...	„ 15
Simon's Bay	„ 18	...	„ 19
Cape Town	„ 19	...	„ 23
St. Vincent	September 3	...	September 5
Quebec	„ 16	...	„ 18
Montreal	„ 18	...	„ 20
Ottawa	„ 20	...	„ 23
Winnipeg	„ 26	...	„ 26
Regina	„ 27	...	„ 27
Calgary (Night at Banff) ...	„ 28	...	„ 28
Vancouver	„ 30	...	„ 30
Victoria	October 1	...	October 2
Banff	„ 4	...	„ 6
Poplar Point (Shooting Expdtn.)	„ 5	...	„ 8
Toronto	„ 10	...	„ 12
London	„ 12	...	„ 12
Niagara	„ 13	...	„ 13
Hamilton	„ 14	...	„ 14
Kingston and Thousand Islands	„ 15	...	„ 15
St. John	„ 17	...	„ 18
Halifax	„ 20	...	„ 21
St. John's, Newfoundland	„ 24	...	„ 25
Portsmouth	November 1		

Members of the Royal Suite.

Captain His Serene Highness Prince Alexander of Teck, 7th Hussars, K.C.V.O.

Ladies-in-Waiting: Lady Mary Lygon, Lady Catherine Coke, the Hon. Mrs. Derek Keppel.

The Right Hon. Lord Wenlock, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., Lord-in-Waiting and Head of the Household.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge, R.A., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., C.M.G., Private Secretary.

Commander Sir Charles Cust, Bart., R.N., M.V.O., Equerry.

The Hon. Derek Keppel, M.V.O., Equerry.

The Rev. Canon Dalton, C.M.G., Domestic Chaplain.

Sir John Anderson, K.C.M.G., representing the Colonial Office.

Sir Donald Wallace, K.C.I.E., Assistant Private Secretary.

Commander B. Godfrey Faussett, R.N., A.D.C.

Major J. H. Bor, Royal Marine Artillery, C.M.G., A.D.C.

Captain Viscount Crichton, Royal Horse Guards, M.V.O., A.D.C.

Lieutenant His Grace the Duke of Roxburghe, Royal Horse Guards, M.V.O., A.D.C.

Lieutenant-Colonel Byron, Australian Artillery, extra A.D.C., who left the party in West Australia.

Major Denison, extra A.D.C. for Canada, who joined the party at Quebec.

Chevalier E. de Martino, M.V.O., Marine Artist.

Dr. A. Manby.

Mr. Sydney Hall, Artist.

Royal Proclamations and Messages.

Queen Victoria's Message of Assent :—

"Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to assent, on the recommendation of the Marquis of Salisbury, to the visit of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York to the Colonies of Australasia in the spring of next year. Although the Queen naturally shrinks from parting with her grandson for so long a period, Her Majesty fully recognises the greatness of the occasion which will bring her Colonies of Australia into federal union, and desires to give this special proof of her interest in all that concerns the welfare of her Australian subjects. Her Majesty at the same time wishes to signify her sense of the loyalty and devotion which have prompted the spontaneous aid so liberally offered by the Colonies in the South African war. And Her Majesty's assent to this visit is, of course, given on the assumption that at the time fixed for the Duke of York's departure the circumstances are as favourable as at present, and that no national interests call for his Royal Highness's presence in this country."

After the funeral of Queen Victoria, the following announcement was made by cable message to the Governor-General on February 10th, 1901 :—

"His Majesty the King has decided that the visit of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to Australia for the opening of the first session of the Federal Parliament should take place. The desire of her late Majesty to mark the greatness of the occasion,

and her sense of the loyalty and devotion which prompted the generous aid afforded by all the Colonies in the South African war, and the splendid gallantry of her Colonial troops, is fully shared by His Majesty, who desires also to signify his heartfelt gratitude for the warm sympathy with himself and the members of the Royal Family in the loss they have sustained by the death of his beloved mother which has been exhibited by his subjects in the Colonies. His Majesty is confident that in the arrangements for the reception of their Royal Highnesses his people will not fail to recognise duly the sad circumstances in which the visit will take place."

At the opening of the Federal Parliament on May 9th, the Prince of Wales delivered the following speech :—

"Gentlemen of the Senate, and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives :—

"My beloved and deeply-lamented grandmother, Queen Victoria, had desired to mark the importance of the opening of this, the first Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia, and to manifest her special interest in all that concerns the welfare of her loyal subjects in Australia, by granting to me a Special Commission to open the first Session. That Commission had been duly signed before the sad event which has plunged the whole Empire in mourning, and the King, my dear father, fully sharing her late Majesty's wishes, decided to give effect to them.

"Although His Majesty stated on the occasion of his opening his first Parliament that a separation from his son at such a time could not be otherwise than deeply painful to him, His Majesty had been pleased to consent to this separation, moved by his sense of the loyalty and devotion which prompted the generous aid afforded by all the Colonies in the South African war, both in its earlier and more recent stages, and of the splendid bravery of the Colonial troops. It is also His Majesty's wish to acknowledge the readiness with which ships of the Special Australian Squadron were placed at his disposal for service in China, and the valuable assistance rendered there

by the Naval Contingents of the several Colonies. His Majesty further desired in this way to testify his heartfelt gratitude for the warm sympathy extended by every part of his Dominions to himself and his family in the irreparable loss which they have sustained by the death of his beloved mother.

"His Majesty has watched with the deepest interest the social and material progress made by his people in Australia, and has seen with thankfulness and heartfelt satisfaction the completion of that political union of which this Parliament is the embodiment.

"The King is satisfied that the wisdom and patriotism which have characterised the exercise of the wide powers of self-government hitherto enjoyed by the Colonies will continue to be displayed in the exercise of the still wider powers with which the United Commonwealth has been fully endowed. His Majesty feels assured that the enjoyment of these powers will, if possible, enhance the loyalty and devotion to his Throne and Empire, of which the people of Australia have already given such signal proof.

"It is His Majesty's earnest prayer that this union, so happily achieved, may, under God's blessing, prove an instrument for still further promoting the welfare and advancement of his subjects in Australia, and for the strengthening and consolidation of his Empire.

"I now, in His Majesty's name, and on his behalf, declare this Parliament open."

OFFICERS OF THE "OPHIR AND ESCORT.

H.M.S. OPHIR.

6,910 *Tons.* *I.H.P.*, 10,000.

Captain	... Alfred L. Winsloe, M.V.O. (*Commodore, 2nd Class.*)
Secretary	... Walter Gask.
Commander	... Rosslyn E. Wemyss.
	(N) Philip Nelson-Ward.
Lieutenant	... William G. E. Ruck-Keene.
	Reginald A. Norton.
	Hon. Herbert Meade.
	Coventry M. Crichton-Maitland.
	Hon. Sereld M. A. J. Hay.
	Gerald A. Wells.
Major, R.M.	... Charles Clarke.
Lieut., R. M. A. ...	... George L. Raikes.
Lieut., R. M.	... Henry H. F. Stockley.
Chaplain	... Rev. Hugh S. Wood, M.A.
Staff Surg.	... Hugh W. Macnamara.
Staff Paymaster ...	... Edward D. Hadley.
Sub-Lieut.	... John H. Bainbridge.
	John B. Waterlow.
	Gerald L. Saurin.
Surgeon	... Robert Hill.
Assist. Paymaster ...	... Grenville A. Miller.
Senior Eng., R. N. R. ...	... George Gray.
Engineer	... Sydney M. G. Bryer.
Gunner	... (T) Alfred Turton.
Boatswain	... John Paddon.
	(S) Matthew Allen.
Carpenter	... William Banbury.
Bandmaster, R.M. ...	... John Wright.

H.M.S. JUNO.

Twin Screw Cruiser, 2nd Class. 5,600 *Tons.* *I.H.P.*, 8,000.

Captain	Henry P. Routh.
Commander	Albert S. Lafone.
Lieutenant	William D. Church.
	(N) Alfred A. Ellison.
	(G) Cyril B. Hampshire.
	Francis R. Wood.
	Philip H. Waterer.
Capt., R. M.	Jasper Baker.
Chaplain and Naval Instructor	Rev. Ebenezer T. Fyffe, B.A.
Staff Surgeon	Charles Strickland.
Paymaster	William L. Davy.
Fleet Eng.	William W. White.
Sub-Lieut.	Arthur G. Muller.
Surgeon...	William H. Pope.
Assist. Paymaster	Reginald F. Brown.
Engineer	Samuel P. Ferguson.
Assist. Eng.	Frank M. Attwood.
Gunner	Frederick J. Russell.
	(T) William J. Bonsey.
Boatswain	John M. Piper.
Carpenter	John B. Watson.
Midshipman	Charles M. L. Scott.
	Herbert L. Lucas.
	Arthur G. Sparrow.
	Trevor R. Chamberlain.
	Quentin O. Grogan.
Naval Cadet	Gordon F. Markwick.
	Cuthbert P. Blake.
	Delorest J. D. Noble.
	Arthur M. Longmore.

H.M.S. ST. GEORGE.

Twin Screw Cruiser, 1st Class. 7,700 *Tons.* *I.H.P.*, 10,000.

Captain	Paul W. Bush.
Commander	Alexander L. Duff.

Lieutenant	(G) Charles F. Thorpe.
	(N) Henry W. Grant.
	Philip A. Bateman-Champain.
	(T) Charles W. Trousdale.
	Cyril P. Ryan.
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Surgeon	William J. Codrington, M.B.
Assist. Paymaster	Arthur Mudge.
Engineer	Alfred E. Everitt.
Assist. Eng.	George M. Gay.
	Robert D. Nelson.
Gunner	George J. I. Stroud.
	William Ford.
Carpenter.	James W. Dodd.
Boatswain	William M. Taylor.
Midshipman	Bernard Buxton.
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	Alfred E. A. Freemantle.
Clerk	Louis J. McSheehey.

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Surgeon...	William E. Gribbell.
Assist. Paymaster	Frederick C. V. Brown.
Engineer..	Percival R. T. Brown.
Assist. Eng.	Robert Preston.
	Percy C. A. Hillier.
	Thomas G. R. Davies.
	William H. Mitchell.
	James M. Walker.
Gunner	Thomas Hulme.
	Alexander Grant.
Boatswain	(S) Arthur G. Collis.
	Thomas Middleton.
Carpenter	William T. Searle.
Midshipman	James G. Fraser.
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	Graham C. Glen.
Naval Cadet	Douglas Faviell.
	Andrew Johnstone.

Naval Cadet	Peter Mackinnon.
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Fleet Eng.	Arthur J. Johns.
Sub-Lieut.	James H. Thom.
Surgeon...	Hardy V. Wells.
Assist. Paymaster	C. Betton Roberts.
Engineer	Walter C. Johnson.
	Gilbert Northey.
Assist. Eng.	Percy L. Edmonds.
	Frederick J. L. Heath.
	Ebenezer J. Allen.
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	Arthur C. Turnbull.
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Boatswain	Thomas G. Southwood.
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Midshipman	... Ralph Tindal-Carill-Worsley.
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Naval Cadet	... George F. Hammick.
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Clerk	... James E. Pitcairn.
Assist. Clerk	... Richard G. T. Sennett.

Mr. Edward Chichester and Mr. Frank Terry, who had charge of the Royal barges, were transferred from the *St. George* to the *Niobe* at St. Vincent.

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